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ON BOARD THE "ST. PAUL." *Frontispiece.*

TWO WOMEN IN THE KLONDIKE

The Story of a Journey to the Gold-Fields of Alaska

BY

MARY E. HITCHCOCK "Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock"

With 105 Illustrations and Map

G. P. Putnam's Sons
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To

MRS. ELISHA DYER

THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

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NOTE

THE author hereby expresses her cordial acknowledgment to all those from whom she has received assistance by the contribution either of stories or of photographs, which she has recorded in her journal or has utilised in the preparation of her volume.

Special thanks are due to Miss Edith M. Van Buren for certain facts and stories, and for a number of photographs; also to Dr. Dow, Mr. Arthur D. Spiess, Mr. Von Millengen, Dr. DeCow, and Mr. E. A. Hegg, for their kindness in permitting the reproduction of photographs belonging to them.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1899.

THE story of Two Women in the Klondike, written by Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, who with her friend Miss Edith Van Buren, braved all the hardships and dangers of a journey to the Klondike and all the discomforts of a life along the very skirmish line of civilization where the turning of a spade has oftentimes led to the discovery of a fortune, cannot fail to be most interesting and most instructive.

Mrs. Hitchcock is the widow of the late Commander Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the U. S. Navy, who was the son of Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, for many years President of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Mrs. Hitchcock herself is descended from Lord FitzGerald. Her grandfather and father were born in Norfolk, Virginia, where many of her relatives now live and where the old family mansion is still a landmark, although it has passed into other hands. Miss Van Buren is a grand-niece of President Van Buren and daughter of General Van Buren, who was United States Consul-General to Japan in the eighties.

The two travellers were born and reared in luxury and refinement and the narrative of their daily life in that terrible Wonderland of the North is of itself not only a tribute to their own perseverance and determination, but to the character of intelligent and fearless Anglo-Saxon women, who, among all sorts and conditions of men, never fail to secure protection and respect.

ELISHA DYER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND,
April 11, 1899.

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TWO WOMEN IN THE KLONDIKE

TWO WOMEN IN THE KLONDIKE

CHAPTER I

HO FOR THE LAND OF GOLD!

OUR magnificent Great Danes, Queen and Ivan, met us near the wharf, which was crowded with such a mass of people that it was no easy task for our coachman to guide his horses to the gangplank of the steamer which was about to make her maiden trip to St. Michaels. Although it was still early, her decks were thronged. We slowly worked our way to our cabins, where we found that our maid, who had preceded us, had carefully arranged such articles as she thought necessary for so adventurous a journey. We were sorry to leave her behind us, but the responsibility of taking a young and pretty girl into such regions as we had planned to explore would have been too great.

In San Francisco our outfitting kept us in one mad rush, so that, during the last week, our rule was twenty hours for work and four for sleep; but the work had been so interesting, the various projects so exciting, that the four hours were passed in planning, rather than sleeping, as our brains continued to act, and would not be stilled. At half-past five writing and making up accounts began; then we hurriedly took a cup of coffee while dressing; rushed to reach the shops as soon as opened, had no time for luncheon, and the stores were closing before we were aware that it was time; then dinner, with only half an hour to spare for it, and a hasty comparison of notes before starting to listen to "records" for our graphophone, and music for our "criterion"; to learn to prepare the beautiful acetylene light with which we intended to illuminate our tent. We were taking extreme pleasure also in outfitting a protégé, whose stories of life in Dawson, and whose many schemes for making a fortune had greatly interested us. Preparations for the trip were often retarded by dear, kind friends who wrote: "Cannot understand your silence"; or, "This is my fourth letter, but not a line have you deigned in reply"; or, "It is hard to believe that you have so changed and have no longer a thought for me." The last night was spent in reassuring those who could not understand.

Thanks be to the Lord! It is all over now and we have before us at least a fortnight of blissful repose—even seasickness will have no terrors. We are just passing out of the beautiful Golden Gate. As we were leaving the dock, Mr. W—— appeared with his machine for taking moving pictures, shouted a request for us to stand in the bow of the steamer and wave our handkerchiefs. From his smile of satisfaction we judged that the resemblance would be striking and that we should soon be *en évidence* at some of the vaudeville shows, where "The Departure of the *St. Paul* for the Klondike" might be announced in loud tones. Such is fame!

This longing of ours to see one of the few countries unknown to us had created such astonishment among our friends and acquaintances that we were considered quite mad—fit subjects for an insane asylum. The remarks we heard on all sides were also far from flattering or consoling. At each stage of our journey from New York to San Francisco, reporters by the dozen came to interview us. Such questions as these were asked us: "Do you mean to say that you really intend to give up all the luxuries and comforts of home life to camp out and endure such privations and hardships as we read of? Have you ever climbed mountains? Tramped through swamps? Stumbled over rocky precipices? Lived among rough miners? Do give it up—you have no idea of all the perils that are in store for you."

In Colorado Springs we were charmingly entertained, but not one of our friends there believed that we really would carry out our plans. In Denver a party of us went to visit a famous mine in Georgetown; we were shown every attention and courtesy, and deep interest was expressed in the success of our plans. "She ought n't to have any future," growled an old miner standing near; "any lady wot leaves a fine home an' fine friends and luxuries to take up with hardships wot 's hard enough for strong men to bear ought to be locked up in an insane asylum."

The others did not hear. I smiled and thought of the friend who wrote me: "So you are actually going to Dawson and nothing we can say or write will prevent it. Well, wilful woman must have her way; so I hope you won't regret it." All these thoughts arose in my mind as E—— and I stood on the deck of the steamer, *not* watching the disappearing land, but looking eagerly, hopefully forward to that which was to come.

It had not been our intention to sail on an Alaska Commercial Company's steamer, as a friend had so highly recommended those of the Empire Line that we engaged passage on the *Ohio* at once, never having seen her. We were, therefore, filled with annoyance upon receiving a notification that the owners could not keep to the contract made with us, as the Government had chartered the steamer; but when we found that it was to be sent with reinforcements to our hero Dewey, we readily accepted the situation and made our plans to go by the *Indiana*, belonging to the same company. Again the Government stepped in, and we were obliged to look about for other means of transportation. Upon inquiry, we found that the reputation of the Alaska Commercial Company was so high, their ships so well manned, and their contracts so carefully carried out, that we went to the office to ascertain how soon one of their steamers would be leaving for the desired land. We were informed that the *St. Paul* had just been finished; was fitted with all modern conveniences; that a reception on board was to be given that very evening, and were urged not only to attend but to bring our friends. We did so, were received by one of the courteous owners most charmingly, treated with distinguished consideration, and told to select whichever cabins we pleased, as, although all were engaged, the passengers, being composed mostly of men, would "willingly change in favour of ladies." We were next taken to the dining-room for a champagne supper; after tasting the chef's bouillon and one or two other dishes, we immediately decided that the wants of the inner man would be well cared for and booked our passage at once, so charmed were we with the equipments and many advantages of the *St. Paul*, to say nothing of the extreme courtesy of her officers.

And now begins a most truthful account of incidents just as they happened, copied from the journal of daily events, in order to show women who feel inclined to make the trip exactly what they may expect.

* * *

CHAPTER II

"WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE"

STEAMER "ST. PAUL," Thursday, June 16th.

WAKENED early. Opened the blind, and was sitting up in bed rapidly jotting down a dream-inspired article, when the curtains parted, the head of a man appeared, and a big, hearty voice called out: "Hulloa! how are you this morning? Why don't you get up? I 'm up! Have a piece of orange? I 've been seasick for four days. This is my first day out of my cabin. Have been awfully generous. Gave the captain the ocean, and the purser all the land we 've left behind. Did n't think I should ever want either of them again; but, say—why *don't* you get up?" "Because it is so much more comfortable resting here than walking on a wet deck, and so much easier to write." "Writing—do you have to write? What yer writing about? Write a letter to me; I 'm your next-door neighbour. Suppose you don't mind my looking in your room and trying to jolly you up?" "As for the 'looking in,' one grows accustomed to that on this ship where the cabins open on the promenade deck and kind neighbours feel it a duty to cheer up those who are supposed to be ill, and Miss V—— and I intend to 'rough it,' and to live and do just as the people of the country do." "That 's right, and we 'll look after you well. I never expected to go back, but have half a dozen claims at Rampart City, and my partner 's just written for me to come as they 're turning out fine. You don't want to buy any claims, I suppose? You ought to get off at Rampart—much better than Dawson. House lots selling there for a thousand dollars apiece. Excuse me a minute." . . . Later—same voice: "One o' your dogs is loose. What yer going to do with them when you get to the first landing-place? I 'll help you look out for 'em and get 'em ashore, while you carry your revolver, as the other dogs will all pounce on 'em and it won't be a fair fight—twenty against two. What! you don't know how to use a revolver? That don't matter. Just fire in the air, and the dogs 'll run. Why, women shoot better than men, anyhow. I did n't know my wife could shoot until I offered her a pair of gloves for each time she hit the bull's-eye. She did it twice before I was sure it was not an accident, and then I cried quits. So-long; I 'll come and jolly you again by and by."

Second face at the window: "Good-morning; how are you feeling?" "Good-morning, Mr. Purser." "Well, are you going to get up to-day? It 's perfectly fine out. Anything I can do for you? Just call on me in case you want anything."

Third face appears: "I 've got some very bad news for you, Madam." "Not the dogs?" I cried in alarm. "No, Madam." "Nor the parrot?" "No, Madam, but one of the canaries is dead. I did all I could for him, and left him two hours ago bright and lively, but returned to find the other mourning his mate, who was lying cold in the bottom of the cage. I 'm very sorry, but as the two dozen pigeons are in perfect health, you must see that I have given great attention to your birds and animals."

Face number one again: "Say! I 've thought of a splendid scheme for you. There 's plenty of old canvas on board. Why don't you hire one of the sailors to sew a tent for your dogs out of it? On the quiet, of course. You can do anything on the quiet. I 'll get one for you. Here, Bo's'n, this lady wants a tent for her dogs. Look in this window an' you fix it with her, an' she 'll fix it with you afterwards—that 's all right. Say! what was your friend [E——] kicking about this morning? She looked thundering black at me while she was talking in your window to you. Oh! she did n't like our talking outside her door! Wanted to sleep later! Well, why the deuce did n't she say so? You can bet your life we would n't 'a' done it if she 'd 'a' said she did n't like it. Well! so-long! I 'll come back and jolly you some more if you don't get out soon. I 'm feeling fine! Your mandolin disturb me last evening? No! bless your soul! if I 'd known you had a mandolin I 'd 'a' been in. Next time you play it you can count on me as a sure enough visitor."

June 17th.

I am not enjoying much of the rest to which I so longingly looked forward. Letters home must be written, and my pen is also kept busy in trying to depict in my journal the many novel characters on board, and to write of the warm hearts which show so plainly beneath the rough exterior. I hurried through dinner and went to my cabin for a quiet hour's practice of zither and mandolin. With closed door and spirit far away in the realms of music, I was brought back by hearing: "Ain't that the sweetest music you ever listened to?" "Egad! I could stop here forever if she 'd never stop playing." "I say, Missus, do you mind letting us open your cabin door, for we ain't heard no such music as that never; you won't be too cold, will you?" and the door was slowly opened even as the appeal was made. Those who had heretofore been able to promenade in single file before the cabins waited, as the passageway was blocked. "No use trying to pass here, old man," someone cried, as a short fellow with a gray beard partially covering a soiled white shirt-front wriggled, finally, to a position from which he could obtain a sight of the instrument, and was chaffed unmercifully. "You 'll get there, Colonel." "Push ahead, ole man." "Get in der front, now, Nanny-Goat." "What 's she playin'?" "Why, a zither," and the informant, bolder than the others, worked his way inside of the tiny cabin and seated himself on the wash-stand. Another dropped into the corner of the sofa, while still another seated himself on the door-sill. The old man stood before me, listening intently, with beaming eyes and a smile which never disappeared until the tears rolled down his face as I concluded with the touching strains of *Home, Sweet Home.* "Why, that 's as fine as my fiddle," said he. "Do you play the fiddle?" I asked, rising (in order to disperse the crowd) and returning the zither to its case. His eyes sparkled as he eagerly replied, "Yes; you want to hear it? Somebody borrowed it, but I 'll find it"; and, as he hastily disappeared, one of the passengers called out: "Oh, *you* don't want to hear him! You 'll ask him for an opera, an' he 'll play *Yankee Doodle.* You ask for something sad—same old thing again; ask for something lively—same old thing—always just the one tune." Shouts of "A whale! a whale!" sent the entire party for'ard, and music and the old man were forgotten as we watched the sport of several monsters of the deep.

COLONEL B—— AND HIS FIDDLE.

June 18th.

"Thought you' d like a flower," a voice shouted early this morning, as the curtains were pushed aside and a rose fell on my bed, stopping my hurrying pencil. "Bet you don't know where I got it from, but I was sure you 'd appreciate it. Still writing? I say! you work hard, don't you?

Why don't you come out and enjoy yourself like the rest of the people?" and the man who had offered to look out for the dogs at the first landing-place disappeared, as E—— entered to give me the morning news. "Do you know who your friend is, the one who gave you the rose?" she laughed; "his name is J——, and he keeps a saloon in San Francisco." "Saloon or no saloon," replied I, "he is much more polite and considerate than your friend, who, representative of an enormously wealthy syndicate though he be, bows to a lady without seeming to remember that he has a hat to touch." "Oh, he 's absent-minded," said E——; "I 've already spoken to him about it, though. He and the Judge are wild to know why we are taking such an enormous tent to Dawson. They have spent the entire week in trying to discover for what purpose it is intended, and say that it is the first time that they have ever found a woman who could keep a secret; so they are waiting to see if they can't prevail upon you to divulge the great mystery." "Let them continue to guess," said I; "their questions may give us some suggestions of value."

Upon leaving the dinner-table early in order to indulge in music before all the world and his wife should start upon the evening promenade, a refined-looking young man, with delicately cut features, approached, saying: "It 's very dull on board, and I enjoy your music so much that I thought by coming early you might allow me to listen, and may I bring my mandolin and try some duets with you?" The request was willingly granted, but only for a short time were we permitted to indulge uninterruptedly in practice. The crowd soon discovered us; the gangway was blocked, while those on the outside suggested that we could give much pleasure by moving into larger quarters—Social Hall, for instance; but the performers being modest and of retiring natures, the concert came to an end after some of the listeners had managed not only to gain entrance to the cabin, but to ask if I minded smoking. Accustomed to the odour of a good cigar, I made no objection, but oh! the pipes and vile tobacco! I had not counted upon them, so laughingly told my unexpected guests that the canary was objecting seriously, put aside the music, and we all went out into the delicious pure air. Had a delightful chat with two modest Italian priests. They had expected to be sent to Dawson, and had made all their plans to that effect, but orders had been changed and they were going to an unknown region. No comment did they make—no unkind criticism at this unexpected news: they were in the Master's service, their only thought to do good and to lead souls unto Him. May they reap a rich reward.

A steward approached, saying, "Madam, would you mind lending your mandolin for a little while?" As my mandolin is a Vinaccia, and one especially selected for me by my Neapolitan teacher (who, by the way, is instructor to her Majesty, the beautiful and well-beloved Queen of Italy), I felt some reluctance, but asked him to see that it was treated with the greatest care. "Oh, that 'll be all right, Madam," was the response; "I 'm going to play it myself." We adjourned to the stern of the steamer, where we found about fifty of the passengers gathered—they standing, the waiters all seated; but those who had appreciated my music rushed to find a chair for me, saying: "You kin bet your bottom dollar we 're a-goin' to look out for you." There were two mandolins, two guitars, and a banjo, but the centre of the group was the old fiddler, Colonel B——, whose eyes sparkled and whose expression was one of the keenest delight at having so large an audience. We listened to sweet, pathetic songs, then came a jig from the Colonel's fiddle, and this was followed by several solos to the accompaniment of the guitar and banjo. Faster and faster played the old man, his excitement so great that he stopped to remove his hat; he rose, from side to side he swayed, holding the audience spellbound; the banjoist dropped his banjo, the notes of the guitar were stilled; finally a burst of applause rang on the air as the Colonel dropped into his seat, saying, "I knowed I could play 'em all down." Our evening entertainment on the *St. Paul* ended with *My Country, 't is of Thee*, after which a collection was taken for the stewards who had so well helped us to pass an hour, the generous captain heading the contribution. As I was being escorted to the cabin by half a dozen musical acquaintances, my attention was attracted by something to me quite novel: it looked like a search-light coming from the bottom of the ship. On questioning, I was told that instead of irritating the nerves of passengers by the old-fashioned method of hoisting and throwing overboard cinders or ashes, they were washed out in a stream of water. That explained the unusual quiet, so different from the noise endured on my last long voyage.

"I KNOWED I COULD PLAY 'EM ALL DOWN."

CHAPTER III

LAND IN SIGHT!

June 19th.

A COLD, damp, dark day, and, what with wet decks outside, Social Hall crowded with its usual complement of passengers, some playing cards, some reading, others in a reclining position, thus occupying space intended for three, I felt not inclined towards its stuffy, hermetically sealed quarters, so concluded that the inducement to rise was not sufficiently great, and that reading and writing could be done to much greater advantage in the privacy of my own comfortable cabin amidst the luxury of an abundance of cushions. Air, pure and invigorating, could be obtained through the open window even with drawn curtains. However, interruptions came often from the well-meaning passengers who ventured on deck, and stopped to inquire for my health, as they could not understand any one who failed to care for "three full meals a day." When the Captain made his regular inspection, my hand was aching from hours of steady writing. "Hulloa," said he, "in bed, still? I guess you must be lazy. Want anything? Just let me know if you don't get all you want."

Towards evening there was a great commotion on board. A head appeared at the window and a voice said: "Pardon me, but land 's in sight, and we shall reach Unalaska before midnight." What a delightful announcement! Scarcely had the head disappeared ere I was dressing rapidly and soon joined the excited passengers. "Hulloa," was the greeting on all sides, "so the sight ot land has accomplished what no one on board could manage and has

UNALASKA.

brought vou among us once more!" Oh! the grandeur of the scene before us! A long chain of mountains on either side. Snow everywhere, and above the snow the most beautiful blue clouds, not with silver lining, but golden. As we approached the entrance, three islands lying on the left seemed to be surrounded by fishing-boats, and we gazed eagerly; but, upon drawing near, they proved to be only rocks. Sea-birds flew before the *St. Paul* as though carefully guiding the good ship on her first voyage; smaller birds flitted to and fro across the bow, while sea-fowl skimmed the water in search of prey. The icy wind was so penetrating that my companions soon sought the warmth of Social Hall, but the inspiring scene chained me to the deck, and my soul was filled with gratitude towards Him who in His infinite mercy had brought us safely across the ocean.

"We shall not make it to-night," I heard at length, so reluctantly sought my cabin. Some natives who were returning to their Alaskan homes came out from Social Hall. "Oh the Priest, the Priest, we have passed the Priest," they cried, pointing to an enormous rock. "We shall soon be there." Shortly after, we were at anchor, and all was quiet.

June 20th.

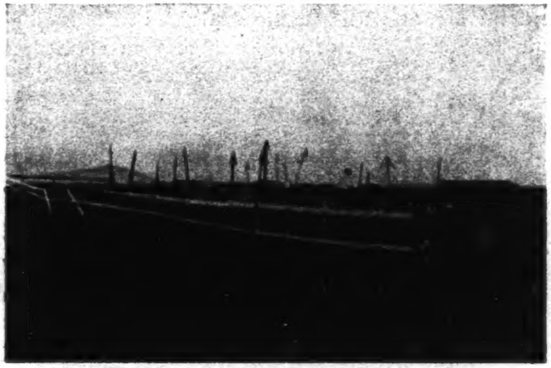
At seven A.M. I sprang from the bunk, threw back the shutter, and started with surprise and admiration. It was as though our grand Palisades of the Hudson were looking down upon us. Not, however, until one gazed upon the mountain-tops, covered everywhere with snow, could one realise to what a different clime the good ship had brought us. As she swung at her moorings, my first view was of a range of low hills covered with beautiful green grass, a few tents scattered here and there, a partially built river steamer on the ways, a large, two-storied, brick building with high-windowed roof, and in the water before it something that looked like the covered house-boat of Japan. Beyond the row of tents stood a wide, two-storied brick building with five windows, in front of which rode at anchor one of the Alaska Commercial Company's steamers. Then came a range of low buildings, a white edifice with two cupolas or spires, and that was all that could be seen from my cabin window. The whistle of a tugboat next attracts attention, as she comes alongside with a lighter. Two sturdy sailors are rowing three men to the *St. Paul.* A sailboat also is approaching, its several occupants taking as much apparent interest in us as our passengers are showing in them.

Evening.—Such an exciting day on shore! A large party of us pushed off in the steam launch, and after all were comfortably placed I took a seat in the doorway to be sheltered and also to enjoy the beautiful view. A young woman, finding it too cold outside, asked if there were room for one more in the cabin. I willingly moved aside to allow her to enter, instead of which she coolly took my place and allowed me to remain standing. We passed a rock completely covered with gulls, which reminded me, I scarcely know why, of a certain rock in China which was pointed out to me as the one on which superfluous girl babies were placed to be disposed of by the birds of the air. On reaching the wharf, great was our dismay at finding it towering high above our heads, necessitating a perpendicular climb on slats which shook under the feet of lighter weights than ours. As we were thinking sadly of turning back, E—— had a happy inspiration. A rowboat was near, and its occupant hailed. He quickly came to our rescue. We had but to transfer ourselves to his boat, and presto! we were landed safely on the beach. Several women who had followed our lead dashed on with never so much as a "thank you" to our assistant. We stopped to offer him remuneration but he assured us so cordially of his pleasure in having been able to oblige us, that we thanked him profusely and decided that we were going to like Alaskans.

At the very end of the town we came to a collection of tents. At the entrance was a sign which read, "Laundry by the Lake." We inquired if we might enter and inspect the "Laundry," and the request was readily granted. After peeping first into one tent and then another E—— at last said to the good-looking young woman in charge: "But where is the laundry ?" "Here," said she, pointing to the tub in which her arm was immersed. "Are you getting rich ?" "Oh, no ! Madam ; I did not come for that. The laundry is only to keep me from feeling lonely while the men are away, as the days would otherwise be too long." "May I take a picture of your laundry ?" said I. "With pleasure, Madam; but may I have the time to put on my red shawl and my cap ?" "By all means, and call some of your friends to join in the group." A shout brought a number of men, who entered into the spirit of the thing and posed to make an interesting picture. One threw a bag over his shoulder, another caught up a grip-sack, a third pretended to prepare a mess of porridge in a pail ; while a fourth looked hesitatingly as though to inquire whether he were really wanted. "Come along," cried E——, "we are waiting for

EXTINCT VOLCANO IN UNALASKA.

you; the picture would never do without so handsome a fellow," and the others laughed at his embarrassment and pleasure. The laundress, who had been searching unsuccessfully for her cap, was obliged to pose without it. After a short chat we asked for an address to which we might send one of the photographs. "Oh, we 're only tenting here," they replied; "we 'll meet you in Dawson, and get it then." One of the men explained that they had bought their tickets to Dawson, with the distinct understanding that the company had river boats waiting for them, so that they should be carried safely and speedily up the Yukon, without delay; upon reaching Unalaska, however, they were landed on the beach to make their way as best they could to their destination, and many others had suffered a similar fate. This goes to prove that it is far wiser to travel by a first-class line, even though the cost of transportation be greater.



THE CEMETERY.

Our next visit was to the cemetery, which we reached after climbing a short hill. Many mounds were unmarked; others had a wooden cross, but no name. There was one with a marble slab and the inscription, "Sheltered at last," and three with pretentious iron railings which looked incongruous. As we wandered back towards the little town, we stopped to gather many beautiful wild-flowers and violets, that seemed so out of place under the snow-capped peaks. I stopped at the "Jesse Lee Home," to make inquiries in regard to this mission, feeling that the information would be grateful to those who could hear but seldom. On sending in my card I was ushered into a sitting-room, and while waiting I was pleasantly entertained by an interesting young couple who had been boarding at the "Home" for a fortnight. They were waiting for the Yukon to be free from ice that they might continue their journey, and were enjoying their stay immensely. "There is always something going on," said they. "The officers of the *Bear* have entertained us extensively, and many little festivities have been given in our honour." One of the teachers then entered, and, telling me that she was in the midst of great preparations for an exhibition to be given in the evening, asked if I would accompany her to the "Village store and Post-office," thus allowing her to kill two birds with one stone, and talk to me while at the same time accomplishing her errands. She spoke of her love for the work of helping and educating Indian girls, but said, that the immorality in the village was so great that it was often most discouraging, for instead of having the assistance of the mothers, they seemed rather to encourage their daughters to intimacy with the white men. She also stated, that the Russian priest, disapproving of their sectarian teachings, tried to undermine their influence, and to wrest from them their charges. Here we reached the Post-office, and our ways parted. I was cordially invited to the evening entertainment, also to pay another visit on the morrow. I left, sad and pensive, to think that here among those dedicated to the service of the Lord, instead of love and brotherly aid, there should be dissension, strife, and bitterness! Why, if both were equally earnest, could they not work in unison?

"*Seattle P. I.*" [*Post Intelligencer*] was called by a news-vendor, and I made my first purchase of an ordinary daily journal of June 13th which had the mark "five-cents," in the corner. It was sold to me for twenty-five. "You will soon amass a fortune at that rate." "Oh, no! I have been getting one dollar for them; these are cheap," the man replied He had just disposed of three dozen five-cent badges at twenty-five cents each, he informed me. What will the prices at Dawson be? E—— then joined me, and we wended our way to the wharf, expecting to take the steam-tug and reach the *St. Paul* for the noon lunch-hour, but, on reaching the dock, we were told that the next trip would be at one o'clock, so we secured a rowboat. We were expressing some doubt as to its sea-worthiness, when its owner exclaimed that had it not been a fine one, he never should have brought it all the way from Seattle. As he rowed, he informed us that he also was waiting to get to Dawson, having been landed on the beach by an irresponsible steamship company which had taken his last penny in payment for a ticket, yet had fulfilled

A KAYAK OR NATIVE BOAT.

less than half of their contract. He was now trying to turn an honest penny and earn sufficient to enable him to reach the promised land. On reaching the *St. Paul*, we found the ladder far above us, and after rowing several times around the ship, calling in vain for someone to lower it, we went back to shore to escape the ropes thrown to us by kindly hands, as we feared being lassoed. Another walk and chat with men who were as anxious to talk and explain, as we to ask whys and wherefores. At last came the launch, and as we neared the steamer's side, we trembled at thought of the chaff to come, after our ignominious retreat. Instead, we received a round of applause as we boarded, for which we could not understand the reason. Our luncheon had been saved for us by an attentive steward, and needless to say, was thoroughly enjoyed after our long tramp. The afternoon was passed in writing and watching the natives in their boats.

UNHAPPY BUT RESIGNED.

Towards evening, the tug came alongside, with an unusually fine-looking body of men on board. To our surprise, instead of climbing the gangway ladder, they stepped on board the coal-lighter and began taking off their coats. "What does this mean?" we asked in astonishment. "Who are they?" "That 's the night-gang come to 'coal ship,'" replied one of our officers. We could scarcely believe it possible that these great big splendid specimens, whose appearance of culture and general refinement bespoke a fitness for some higher calling, should so willingly perform a work apparently far beneath them, and to our expressions of astonishment the same officer made answer, "Oh, they 're down on their luck just now; been dropped here by different steamers that could n't fill their contracts, an' then some o' them, the Alaska Commercial Company 's been feeding all winter, an' they 'll probably take a lot o' them on to Dawson an' give 'em their grub besides. Why this 'ere Company 's fed over three hundred men this winter, an' there ain't one of 'em but 'd be glad to work in the most menial position for 'em."

June 21st.

A steady drizzle, but I dressed and went up to feed the dogs, who were softly crying at sight of the land which they could not reach. Our plans were made to spend the day in a trip to Dutch Harbour, close by, a visit to the Russian church, also to the Mission. The rain alone would not have prevented, but the thought of trying to climb up the wharf on slippery, shaking slats, of being pushed by those from below, and pulled by those from above, of the trouble we would give the men accompanying us—this all combined to cause us to remain on board, consoling ourselves that we might be able to carry out our programme on the return trip. The few merchants of the place might have made a good investment by arranging an attractive landing-place, as there were a number of small articles which we would gladly have purchased.

June 23d.

At sea once more. After a quiet, peaceful day, the passengers congregated in the stern of the boat, where they were entertained by the stewards with mandolin and banjo music, until some of the women indicated a desire to dance. Partners were abundant. One of the characters—a Mr. O—— asked me if he might " have the honour." I declined most politely, saying that I had only come to look on for a few moments, then walked rapidly forward. Footsteps quickly followed and a voice caused me to turn as it shouted, " Say! you may not think it, but I 'm a prize dancer, I am ! and 't ain't often a lady gits a chance to refuse me ! I don't want you to think I 'm a-stickin' feathers in my cap, but I jess want ter tell you, that I kin put on a dress coat an' go to the finest kind of a ball, and have half the girls in the ball-room a beggin' me to dance with 'em, or I kin go inter a beer-hall an' dance with the best of 'em." " Evidently you 're not proud." " No, I ain't ; but you seem to be. You keep by yourself and seem to be stuck on your own sassiety. Why don't you give some o' us the benefit o' your conversation, inste'd o' writin' all the time ? Why don't you never dance when everybody else does ? Ain't that coz you 're proud ? Now you might n't think it of so heavy a man as me, but I tell you there ain't no one in it so far as dancin' 's concerned. I 've been the prize dancer all over the United States, and people mostly is proud to get me for a partner. Anyway, it 's the first time I 've asked and been refused, and it 's gallin'—that 's what it is." He was finally mollified, and his wounds healed by hearing that no one else should be granted the privilege which he had not been able to obtain.

June 24th.

Shouts of " land," awakened passengers this morning, and King Island was announced, but, unfortunately, it was too far off for pictures to be taken. After luncheon there was great excitement, and the upper, or shade deck, was crowded by many who gazed upon icebergs for the first time. Down they floated towards us, singly, and in fantastic shapes. We steamed through them carefully—then the pulse-beats of the engine were slowed, as we saw in the distance what seemed to be an impenetrable barricade, and we began to realise the meaning of the old saying, "We could hear ourselves think." A man was sent aloft to indicate a passageway. To our inexperienced eyes, that long wall of ice before us seemed to shut out all hope of entrance, but the sailor guided us to a narrow doorway through which we passed into a clear sea. Not for long, however, did we steam at full speed. Far in the distance a small cake of ice appeared, then another, and still another, until we were soon in what could only be termed an ice-field, with the stillness of death around and not even the voice of a bird calling to its mate to be heard. It is difficult to describe the solemn stillness which pervades this vast region, dotted with ice-floes speeding noiselessly to destruction; the silence unbroken by a single sound save the throbbing of the steamer as it advanced slowly through this wilderness

"TEN O'CLOCK AND THE SUN WAS SETTING."

of space. Language becomes too poverty stricken to express the awe and admiration which fill the soul at such a time.

We were aroused from revery by hearing, "Yukon 's broken up, sure enough. Would n't a' believed she could a' held so much ice. We 're all right to go in now if the river boat 's waiting for us as the Company promised, and we 'll be the first ones in, too. Won't 'the boys' give us a rousing welcome!" It was ten o'clock and the sun was setting. How we longed for the perfection of colour photography. No artist could ever have placed such wonderful shades on canvas. At 11 P.M. our kind fellow-passenger, Dr. D——, took this photograph for me, hearing me express a wish for the magnificent cloud effects.

CHAPTER IV

ST. MICHAELS

June 25th.

THE dropping of the anchor, the shouts, the lowering of boats, brought many a head to the windows. Three bells struck. Only half after five, and no further sleep, for there is St. Michaels, flat and uninteresting in appearance from this distance; nothing to be seen but a few houses and tents, several ships and barges. We hear the shout, "River has been open two weeks," so, expecting to be transferred at once, packing begins, and plenty of it there is, too, after a fortnight at sea. At eight o'clock we were told that there was not a river steamer in, and that we might be obliged to remain on board a week or more. After luncheon everyone hung about the gangway in "store clothes," ready and waiting for an opportunity to explore St. Michaels. Finally someone said to the First Officer, "Can't we go ashore?" "Not in the ship's boats," replied he gruffly, and as the barge came alongside, on which the river freight was to be stowed he gave orders to rope the passageway, and we were penned in like a lot of sheep. Good Father R—— approached, and, listening to the complaints, which were loud and long, insisted that we should be allowed to cross before the work of changing freight began. He was assisted in his efforts by a man who seemed to be in charge of the St. Michaels department of the Alaska Commercial Company, and who proved to be as helpful as their employees generally are. He quickly called for the gangplank, had the ropes cast aside, and a happy lot of passengers were soon on the tug. We found the point of attraction to be the store of the

Alaska Commercial Company, a large roomy building with post-office in one corner, similar to the arrangement at the settlement of Iliuliuk, Unalaska. The hooped veils were being inquired for by men as well as women, who expected with such protection to be able to escape the mosquito pest which makes life miserable in these regions. A very funny picture was thus presented as we looked at one another through such novel screens. The supply soon gave out, so an enterprising passenger purchased netting and wire from which she soon fashioned the required article, for which she charged and received one dollar each.

NOVEL MOSQUITO SCREENS.

On to the Custom House I went, but the door was locked, and the Indian on the porch informed me that the Inspector was taking a walk. He pointed him out in the distance. I followed, soon reached the end of the plank walk, then struck into the grassy, muddy soil, jumped several ditches or crossed on a plank, until a particularly marshy spot was reached, over which the Inspector, his wife, and friend had easily passed, being properly shod for such soil, but as they were within hailing distance, I called out and told my errand, which was, that as our Government does not take our word, even under oath, it would be necessary for me to have my sealskin wrap stamped before going into British territory, in order to prove on my return that I was not swearing falsely as to having been its lawful possessor before crossing the boundary line; otherwise I must be deprived of it, no matter how cold the weather, or submit to unjust payment. Truly, a brilliant idea, which Uncle Sam would never approve of could he but realise the humiliation thereof.

Some years ago, when about to make a trip through Europe, a brilliant and prominent foreign ambassador kindly presented me with a paper, addressed to custom-house officials, testifying as to my position and that I was worthy of every consideration. This not only passed me through every custom-house of the Old World, but caused me to receive the most distinguished marks of courtesy. I first presented it in Italy, where the chief himself came to see that my boxes were passed and asked if he could be of further service. After thanking him most warmly I looked about for someone to fee. I tried to slip a sum of money into the hand of one of the underlings near me, but he drew himself up and said, " Signora, to a soldier of Italy, never ! " On my return to New York, after a long absence from " my own, my native land," on showing this paper and explaining what it had done for me in other parts of the world, I meekly said, " It is probably of no use here," to which came the quick reply, " You bet your sweet life it ain't," and the gowns which had been so carefully packed were tumbled into a hopeless mass of chiffons, which caused me to assert mentally that if ever women do have their rights, and should I have a little brief authority, my first movement would be to have " packers " on the wharf to soothe the injured feelings, smooth out the wrinkles, and repair damages done by this insulting search. Of course this is all irrelevant, but I feel as the small boy described his mother's state,—" Ma promised she would n't tell Pa, but she jess could n't help it, an' now she 's done it she feels *bully*."

When the St. Michaels Inspector was informed that I had been told in San Francisco that it would be easier to have the stamping done by him, he replied, "Oh yes! they think we have nothing to do up here, but I have no appliances whatever for that sort of thing; however, if you will send in an application describing the wrap, and have the purser or someone, sign that you purchased it in the United States, then I will make out a paper with the official seal, and you may sew it inside the lining. This ended my first interview in St. Michaels. I took snap-shots of many of the little one-story houses that faced the water, made groups of small Indian children, who seemed always ready to be photographed and obeyed readily the motion of the hand. The interesting pamphlet arranged by the Alaska Commercial Company tells us that "the natives about St. Michaels and all over the big Yukon delta, are Eskimo belonging to that strange race which stretches from the domain of the Aleuts on the west to 'Greenland's icy mountains' on the east. They have nothing in common with the Chukchi of the easternmost Siberian land, any more than they have with the Aleuts of the islands, which fact has gone against the theory of the original settlement of America by way of Bering Strait. These people form a most interesting study during the brief wait at St. Michaels, while baggage and freight are being transferred from the ocean liners to one of the swift and commodious river steamers. They are among the mildest, and unquestionably the filthiest of humankind. Personal cleanliness in the winter is entirely unattempted. The Eskimo diet consists principally of rotted fish and rancid seal oil, which give to their habitations an odour from which the nostril of the white man recoils. Though lazy and improvident past all belief, they are tractable, have the powers of mimicry exceptionably developed, readily unravel the puzzles of white children, and even master chess in a way to put to shame their missionary teachers." It then goes on with a description of the geese, ducks, snipe, and other water fowl in countless thousands, willow grouse, deer, caribou, and larger game, while the fishing "is merely a matter of dropping in a line with properly baited hooks, when the creel of the angler will soon be full."

Time and space will not permit me to give further extracts in regard to the history of St. Michaels, nor the romantic story of how a massacre was averted by a warning given through an Indian maiden to her white lover in the fort; while, as for the "outfit" instructions, already too many books have been published on the subject. I paid a visit to the Russian priest, but he proved so uncommunicative that, aside from learning that he had been there since 1882, there was no other information of value to be obtained. He devoted but five moments to showing me the interior of the church. As I, in parting, slipped fifty cents into the hand of his attendant, he whispered to the priest, "*ichi ban*." This incident is only worth relating because these Indians had already seemed to me very much like the Japanese (except that the latter are probably the cleanest race in the world) and "*ichi ban*" is Japanese for number one, or "first class."

ON BOARD THE ST. PAUL.

It was pleasant to return to the cool, comfortable ship after such unwonted exercise. Those who had visited the native quarters, advised us by all means to avoid them. Old Alaskan travellers on board told of a dance that could be seen, by crawling through a hole and then dropping into a cavern. The dancers enter from a subterranean passage, and perform until exhausted. The greatest objection to being one of the audience (we were informed) is, that one reaches daylight with clothing so covered with vermin that it is unfit for further service. I innocently asked if we might not hire the dancers to entertain us in open air, but was laughingly told that underground performances would not be appropriate to such changed surroundings. Six bells! and it was still light, and difficult to imagine that it lacked but one hour of midnight.

CHAPTER V

A TRIAL OF PATIENCE

Sunday, June 26th.

THERE is something decidedly wrong with the water-tanks, and the water has been growing worse daily. Stories vary, as do all stories on board ship. The popular theory is, that the oil from the machinery has leaked into the tanks; it is also said that they are trying to make them less porous, but their efforts prove the remedy worse than the disease, so that, to quench one's thirst in "Adam's ale" means accepting a most nauseating dose. It is a great pity, for we have been given an unusually fine chef; not even on the Atlantic greyhounds have such delicious and tempting dishes been placed on the table, but for those who care not for wine, nor tea, nor coffee—well, perhaps they are to blame for not being more "up to date." We take into consideration that this is the *St. Paul's* first trip and that any slight defect will be remedied before a second voyage, but that is not very consoling at the present moment.

A party is just returning from a morning spent on shore. One of the passengers whom we have named "the cherub" climbs the ladder and shouts enthusiastically: "Oh, everyone on shore tells me that my brother Harry is a multi-millionaire; that he owns dozens of claims, and has sent word for me to join him in Dawson at once." And as the "cherub" seated himself at my side, he gave me a little sketch of his life. Every one rejoiced at the "cherub's" good news, as his kindliness had endeared him to the roughest on board, so that many and fervent were the wishes that he was not being deceived by a "Yukon lie." Next came one of the passengers, a Mr. Q——, who said that he had decided to winter at Dawson, and offered me his return ticket for one hundred and fifty dollars, saying that if purchased at the office of the Company its price would be three hundred dollars. Woman's love for a bargain caused me to consider the proposition, but upon consulting someone able to give me good counsel, I was advised: "Buy your ticket only when you are quite ready to return; there will soon be much competition on the river, and prices are likely to tumble, so that 'sufficient unto the day,' etc., should be borne in mind."

And now the question is asked on all sides, "How soon may we leave St. Michaels?" In San Francisco, where many Alaskan companies were trying to cut each other's throats, we were told at different offices: "*Our* river boats are at St. Michaels waiting the arrival of our ocean steamers. No matter what you may be told by other representatives, they have *no* river boats there, of that we can assure you, and you may be obliged to wait at St. Michaels all summer if you fail to exercise great care in the selection of the line by which you go. We make *immediate* connection, and, by booking here, you will be the first up the Yukon to Dawson." Well, we followed the best of advice, selected the line of the oldest and most reliable company, and here we are, and here we are likely to remain, the Lord knows how long; for the water in the Yukon is so low, we are told, that all of the Company's river steamers are high and dry on bars. The pessimists say, that "the tide will not rise sufficiently to release them from imprisonment, and that even should we succeed in reaching Dawson there will be no possible chance of returning before next year." Such stories, however, are always received by me with a very big grain of salt; so I am not ready to listen to the wiseacres who say, "Take my advice and turn back ere it be too late."

A negro on shore entertained a group of listeners yesterday with the following: "Git ter Dawson? Mebbe you thinks you 's a gwine to git dar; that 's what I thought when they dropped me yere ten days ago, but I ain't a thinkin' that no more. Every day they 's said, 'River steamer comin' sure to-day!' I 's heard dat for ten days—yes, siree! ten days I been here a waitin' on it—same old story eb'ry day for ten days an' mebbe after you all 's been a waitin' ten days you won't believe no more 'bout dem ribber steamers dan I do."

Not far from our anchorage a barge is being constructed which we are told will soon be finished—some say in a week; others, in a day or two. There is a tiny river steamer near, which *might* carry some of our ninety-four passengers, three in a room.

Monday, June 27th.

So many wild tales of detention here were floating about the ship last evening, that, when we heard that according to the latest yarn we should have at least a fortnight to remain, it seemed to me quite necessary to get facts from headquarters; so, sending for one of the owners, who was himself a passenger from San Francisco to St. Michaels, I requested him kindly to put all doubts and conjectures at an end, and reveal to us our fate. He said that only once in ten years could it happen as at present, that there would be nothing ready to take us up the Yukon. The boats of the Alaska Commercial Company had always been the first to enter the river, but this year, owing to the very low state of the water, they are grounded, and their new steamers are not quite finished. "However," added he, "one is so nearly ready that we hope to be able to transfer the passengers in a day or two. It will accommodate about forty, while the others will have good quarters prepared for them on the freight barge." To my question as to how the cabins would be lighted, he smiled and said, "Oh, you won't need artificial light where you are going." He then kindly offered to have my sealskin marked, to save me the trouble of visiting St. Michaels again. At 10 P.M., while sitting on deck reading by the light of the setting sun, the "cherub" came to inform me that the *Roanoke* was coming into the harbour, towing two river steamers, which, we were informed, were freighted, and ready to make the trip to Dawson without delay. How we groaned ! we, who had had the advantage of being the first to reach St. Michaels, could not bear the thought of being passed by the *Roanoke*, or any other ship. What sympathy we felt for some of our fellow-passengers who were taking in large cargoes whose value would be greatly depreciated in case of not arriving on time, and here we had not only the *Roanoke* to contend with but another steamer of the Columbia Navigation Company. Two rivals !

A Mr. S——, of Brooklyn came on board and was presented to us. Said he had married Miss L——, of same town, who was urging him to return, "with or without his pile," but as he had staked claims about Rampart City, he thought it unwise to abandon them, for he considered that the first year was only a preparation for the real work of the year to follow. His stories of camp experience were most interesting, but as we expect to have personal ones, his will not be recorded.

Tuesday, June 28th.

Still in the harbour of St. Michaels with "all hands" impatient and growling at the detention ; however, the old saying that "misery loves company," seems most true in this case and few there are who are not delighted to know that although the *Roanoke* and the steamer of the Columbia Navigation Company towed their own river boats, for some as yet unexplained reason they are not able to go farther. Those who have cargo on board are almost frantic at the thought of prospective losses through this delay, while the less interested members of the party fear that the best claims, houses, and sites will be gobbled up before our arrival. Meanwhile, all are praying that the *Portland*, with our new river boat, may be seen soon entering the harbour, and are straining their eyes in search of her. What a lottery is life ! and how our fortunes hang upon the slightest contingency. This afternoon, while almost all our passengers were on

35 CLOUD EFFECTS AT MIDNIGHT.

shore, I remained to give the dogs a run, and was well repaid for it by a visit from a New York man who is on his way home, having "made his pile." Only eight days ago he was in Dawson, so was able to clinch the "Yukon lies," and give me late information. According to his story, the river has never before been so low. Steamers are lying aground all along its banks. They have little chance of coming down, nor have we of going up, unless a heavy rain sets in, for the snow and ice have already melted and disappeared. Nothing can go through now drawing more than scant four feet of water. My informant left Dawson on a tiny steamer scarcely fitted to carry twenty-five of the hundred men who crowded it, but so determined were they to reach the "outside," that, although they were literally wedged in like sardines, no complaint did they utter. He was surprised and amused at the questions that people put to him simply because of his having wintered in Dawson, and said indignantly, "Why, one woman even asked me how much money I had made this year, and did not seem to realise the impertinence of the question, so I told her seven hundred and fifty thousand (might as well have said that as anything else), and she replied, 'Oh, how nice! Annie, come here! Here 's a gentleman who 's just made seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Dawson this winter! Just look at him!' and they stared at me as though I were a wild animal!" He laughed heartily at the tale that we should be obliged to pay one thousand dollars a month ground-rent for a place to pitch our tent, and said, "Although Dawson is now so crowded that men jostle each other in walking, prices have not begun to reach that figure except in the business street on the water-front." Upon telling him that I had the option on a house and lot with a spring on the ground, for two thousand dollars, he advised me not to conclude the bargain until after having seen the habitation.

Another visitor was a most interesting man who had staked some claims on the Koyukuk River and was about to return to work them, but as many of our passengers arrived just then from an afternoon on shore and all were desirous of obtaining information from him, I returned to my writing. While at dinner, the steward announced that a lady on deck wished to see me. "Who can it be?" said E——. "You know nobody in St. Michaels." I rushed up, to find Mrs. U——, of Chicago, whom I had last seen a schoolgirl at Fraulein H——'s "pension for young ladies," in Dresden. The astonishing part of the incident was that she was a passenger on one of our rival ships—the *Roanoke*, on her way to join her husband, who was engaged in stock-brokerage and real estate in Dawson. Only a short time had we for reminiscences, as Mrs. U—— was engaged to dine on the *Bear*. After her departure, a small party of us spent the evening on the upper deck watching the glorious sunset, after which Dr. D—— took some midnight photographs which were very successful.

CHAPTER VI

WE MEET OLD FRIENDS

Wednesday, June 29th.

"GOOD-MORNING," said a pleasant voice at my window. "Your friend Mrs. U——, is coming over from the *Roanoke* to dine with me this evening, and I came to ask if you would join us at half after seven. We shall be twenty-five at table, and only six of the party ladies."

"How delightful! quite makes one feel as though at home again," and a hasty search is begun in the steamer trunk in order to find something worthy of so unusual an event, before resuming the writing of home letters, as this may be the last opportunity for many a long day, and it helps to pass the weary hours of waiting for the river boat which never comes.

Later. Did not go on shore to-day as the water is so rough and the facilities for landing so poor that the temptation was not sufficiently great. Those who made the trip were obliged to climb ladders and perform gymnastic feats, before reaching *terra firma*, while some waited hours for the return tug, as rowboats were out of the question. The New York man called again, and among other stories, told us of a Klondiker, who had taken a frozen turkey to Dawson, for which he was immediately offered one hundred and fifty dollars, but refused, preferring to raffle it. The result was that he pocketed three hundred dollars by this proceeding.

The monotony on board was varied this afternoon by the kindness of Dr. D—— and Mr. H——, who gave me my first lesson in developing photographs.

Thursday, June 30th.

Such a brilliant entertainment and delicious dinner as we enjoyed last evening must be recorded as one of the most pleasing incidents of our trip, no matter what delightful events fate may still have in store for us. Our host, Mr. R——, has evidently had good experience in entertaining, judging from the very successful result. My near neighbours at table were the Captain of the *Bear*, who, with his inexhaustible fund of amusing and instructive stories, divided honours with brilliant Mr. S——, whose conversation sparkled with witticisms and repartee. The dinner could not have been surpassed, even "Eastern oysters" being supplied. During the feast we were regaled by the music of mandolin and banjo, and, later, adjourned to the large hall below the main-deck, where dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. As I started then to take leave, protests were heard on all sides. "Don't break up the party so soon. Why, it's still daylight; how can one go to bed before dark?" etc.

To-day, after luncheon, Captain T——, commander of the *Bear*, called for a party of us to spend the afternoon on board his craft. We met there a number of passengers from the *Roanoke*, the general and officers from the station, and the *élite* of St. Michaels, besides three officers of the U. S. S. *Wheeling*, which had just come into the harbour. The genial Captain entertained us most charmingly, and as I was leaving, presented me with an excellent photograph of the *St. Paul*.

After dinner the steward handed me the card of Captain S——, commanding the U. S. S. *Wheeling*. The *St. Paul's* captain kindly offered his cabin as a reception-room, which E—— and I gladly accepted, delighted to have an evening with an old friend. He expressed great astonishment at our desire to visit so uncivilised a portion of the globe, and kindly asked to be called upon in case he could be serviceable to us in any way.

July 1st.

After many days without going ashore, I went this morning under the escort of the Doctor, who assisted me over the ditches, in the tramp to "Hotel Fort Get There." Many times we stopped for a group or a novel view. The exterior of the modern hotel was really far superior to anything we had imagined. There were rocking-chairs on the balcony and a piano in the drawing-room. Crowds of miners everywhere. Mrs. U—— (who, in common with all other passengers of the *Roanoke*, had been landed at St. Michaels, there to remain until time for the departure to Dawson) was at home, received us at once, and complied readily with my request to allow me to peep at her room. I supposed it would be very tiny, but that it would be at least all her own. Tiny it was, but to my astonishment there was a bed in each of the four corners, and above these beds other four. There were two women dressing in the small space in the centre. Handsome silk gowns hanging on rusty nails looked most incongruous. Just a board floor with not even a rug. Two Chinamen rapped at the door to ask if they might "do the room, Missie?" I begged permission to photograph just one corner, which was granted upon condition that I would not send the photograph to H——, "for she will be sure to say," added Mrs. U——, "same old Minnie—room always in disorder." The light was so poor that the result is sure to be unsatisfactory. I asked for a glass of water, which was brought in a tin cup! The colour of the water was that of weak coffee, but the taste was delicious. With Mrs. U—— accompanying us, we inspected the storehouse, but the mosquitoes were so thick and ravenous, that, although men and women were heavily veiled, there was not much relief to be found, as the insects, which have not learned to sing as do their cousins at home, were able to crawl under the screens undetected.

We walked back to St. Michaels, where, meeting Mr. S——, he was kind enough to accompany me to the custom house to get the certificate which he had not yet been able to secure. It seemed such a farce that he should be called upon to testify that E——'s sealskin wrap and mine had come from the United States. He then escorted me to the barge, which was being prepared to take us up the river.

Every carpenter in St. Michaels had been secured to work night and day, so we still have hopes of reaching Dawson before the others, even though we are making a late start. On returning to the *St. Paul*, we photographed four natives in their kayaks, which they handle in the most marvellous manner. Our passengers, who try them for the first time, are unable to balance themselves, but the Company's pamphlet tells us that the Indians "venture in these skin-boats into troubled seas; with a flirt of the paddle turn themselves completely over, bobbing up after completing the under-water round as lightly as so many corks, and in these frail cockle-shells hunt the leviathans of the deep." They remind one of the Japanese, and have the same good-natured, smiling faces; they laugh heartily as Europeans try to bargain with them, taking as a huge joke the offer of two dollars for an article which they are presenting at double that price, and, finally, they paddle away without having made a sale, but looking as happy as though they had accomplished a successful stroke of business.

ALASKAN INDIANS IN KAYAKS.

An interesting visit this afternoon was from a man who carried mail over the Pass to Dawson. Government facilities being far from satisfactory, the miners at Dawson—rich and poor—longing for news from home had promised one dollar a letter to anyone brave enough to undertake the perilous trip. "I needed the money," said our visitor, "and so took the job, but was detained and delayed by many hard and unpleasant experiences, until, just before getting back, a friend came to meet me and said that as I had been so long on the trail the miners had held a meeting and decided that they would not pay me. I just walked right in, put the mail on the table, put my shooter on top of it, and said, 'Gentlemen, you are several hundred, and I 'm one and unarmed, but not a man touches a letter without paying his dollar for it; otherwise, back they go to the post-office from whence they came.' Well, I got four thousand dollars on that one job. I came here without a penny, from a farm that did n't pay. The first year I sent three hundred and fifty dollars home to my wife and children; the next year seven hundred dollars; each year more, and now I 'm sending three thousand five hundred dollars at a time. Have been out here seven years, and intended to go home this month, but my three partners all went home at this season of the year, and the summer heat killed 'em. So I 'm a-goin' to wait till autumn. I 've got plenty o' claims an' I 'll sell every one so soon as I can get my price," added he, with a wink, as he went over the side to take the tug for shore. "What did you think of your visitor?" said a passenger to me. "Most entertaining," I replied. "Other people think so, too," said he, "or at least I suppose so, as he has earned the name of 'Windy Bill.'"

At 10.30 P.M. Dr. D—— approached rapidly, saying, "Come to the stern of the boat; I want to show you an unusual sight." The "cherub" and I followed, wondering and silent, until the Doctor said, "Look!" A great ball of fire was rising in the east—in the west, a similar ball of fire was sinking. The grandeur and magnificence were so impressive that we gazed in silence upon the wondrous works of the Lord.

July 2d.

There are so many prognostications that we may not be able to get "out" (entering Alaska is always spoken of as "going in;" leaving it, as "going out") this winter, that I am sending home by this mail to get an outfit for developing photographs, as the Doctor has been good enough to promise me all necessary instructions.

Later. A man-of-war's boat came alongside. An officer in uniform boarded the *St. Paul*, and inquired for Mrs. H——. It was my old friend, Lieutenant C——, who said: "How unexpectedly we meet, and in what curious parts of the world. I could scarcely believe it possible when I heard that you were here, on your way to Dawson. Whoever would have dreamed of your becoming one of a band of pioneers." Reminiscences of life in Europe, Japan, and at a certain navy yard not far from San Francisco made the evening pass rapidly. We were joined by Captain S—— and Lieutenant T—— of the *Wheeling*, and, although it was 9 P.M. I photographed the group on the upper deck successfully. After they left, we chatted with the Doctor, the "cherub," and Mr. R—— until six bells struck and reminded us, that, although still so light that the canary was singing and the dogs could not decide to enter their tent, it was quite time for us to separate.

July 3d.

A cold, rough, rainy, windy day, the steam turned on, and everyone trying to keep warm. At half after eleven Captain S—— came to take us to lunch with him on the *Wheeling*. We were obliged to watch our chance as the seas dashed against the side of the boat and jump into the steam launch as she rose. After an exciting spin across, we found ourselves once more upon the deck of an American man-of-war. We were so delightfully entertained, that we might have found it difficult to make our adieux had we not happened to see the arrival of another steamer from Dawson, the sight of which put us in a feverish state of excitement to obtain the latest news from our future home. Our first news was, that the "cherub's" brother had arrived, and presented him with any number of claims, to sell or to work as he pleased; the dear "cherub's" face was beaming, and we, in common with others rejoiced at his good fortune. The captain exclaimed, "I 'm glad those boys are in luck, for their mother is one of the loveliest of women."

Wild stories were circulated by the new arrivals, and we could choose for ourselves those we thought most worthy of credence. Some said they were leaving enormously rich claims behind them, as it did not pay to work them with Canadian laws becoming more stringent and the royalty so exorbitant. They had come to the conclusion that a syndicate was trying to force the true owners out, and take possession of the abandoned property. On one side we heard that those in Dawson were so wealthy that they did not care what they paid for desired articles; on the other, they were so poor that they were unable to raise the money to leave the country; as for our informants, *they* declared that they were taking out two millions among them, while there was five hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the safe of their steamer,—which may or may not be true.

SUCCESSFUL MINERS RETURNING HOME.

The Doctor, who has become enthused with the unlimited possibilities in this wonderful country, has decided finally to remain for the winter, and is now fitting himself out with furs and other necessary articles, as are many of the passengers, who came only "to see," but remain hoping to conquer. E—— and I have already grub-staked trusty men, to go to the rich Koyukuk River—two we have sent in with supplies for two years each, while to another we have given a sufficient amount for assessment work on six claims. All in life is a lottery. One prize from this river, which we consider the richest in Alaska, would more than repay us.

Midnight. Such excitement ! The *Bella* came in from Dawson this evening, towing a barge containing over two hundred passengers, and, although it was still raining, they had but a canvas cover over their sleeping accommodations. As the barge was made fast to the *St. Paul*, we watched the crowd of returned miners to see if we might judge by their faces whether they had been successful in their search for gold. The greater number were clothed in Jerseys, and trousers made from blankets. The gangway ladder was let down. The purser stood at the head of the landing, and the miners came up in the most orderly fashion, after having made room for the half-dozen women to precede them. Some had grips so heavy that it was necessary to set them down on each step for a moment's rest. Others were so burdened by a bag on the back that it needed no X-rays to tell us of the gold within; then came men with weighty boxes, followed by men whose necks were decorated with what looked like bologna sausages, as they dangled at their sides, but were only skins stuffed with gold dust. "They 're just carrying their gold that away for effect," whispered one of the women from the barge, "and they 'd oughter have it stolen to teach 'em not to put on so many airs."

Two men climbed the ladder, staggering under a box over which they had stood guard from Dawson. We were told, also, that it contained seventy-five thousand dollars. Then came two men with an enormous valise on a stick, an end of the stick on their shoulders—the weight bending them almost double. After that, followed the reverse side of the picture—a poor fellow carried on board with frozen feet and legs; another, too weak from scurvy to walk, borne in the arms of two men; still another who had been blinded by snow was carefully led up the ladder. As we watched those who had been unsuccessful, we were filled with great pity. Those who had started out with high hopes only to return helpless! Pity also we felt for those who had gained enormous riches, knowing but too well of the many traps prepared for them, and from which some of their number might not escape. This large addition to the ship's guests was stowed away in a remarkably short space of time, and the joyful announcement was made that we were to be transferred to the new barge on the morrow, after an early breakfast.

July 4th.

Scarcely had we finished breakfast, when the second complement of guests appeared upon the scene and took our places; they were followed by a third. Luncheon was announced, and still no order to transfer our effects. A man-of-war's boat came alongside, bringing me a note, the latest papers from Seattle, *Harper's Weekly*, and, to my great delight, a two-gallon demijohn of delicious sparkling water. Mr. O—— caught sight of the demijohn through the open door, and shouted, "Hulloa! where did you get that whiskey? Looks good! Sampled it yet?"—"No, but you may." An eager hand was outstretched for the demijohn, and the crowd that had gathered at O——'s loud tones laughed with delight at the surprised air of the victim when he realised his mistake. After luncheon we had visits from Lieutenants C—— and A—— of the *Wheeling*. Captain S—— also came to bid us good-bye, as the *Wheeling* was to sail on the morrow, and we wondered in what part of the world we should meet next. We were much interested in a Mrs. C——, from Dawson, who modestly showed us the nuggets from her several bags. They were of all sizes and she had panned them herself, or taken them "from the dump" she said. One alone was worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

Dinner is over, and we are still on board, although the barge workmen are allowed scarcely a moment for sleep. Those waiting for our rooms are very patient and uncomplaining, which is rather unusual in so large a party, as they had fully anticipated being given our comfortable beds to-night. The harbour is crowded; several barges have been lost while being towed from Unalaska here, and if the owners of the *St. Paul* were inclined to be grasping, they could send us up the river three in a cabin; but we have been treated most handsomely, as though to atone for the keen disappointment which this unexpected delay is causing us, and the *St. Paul* is seemingly kept here for our comfort, although long overdue in San Francisco.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSFERRED AT LAST

Tuesday, July 5th.

STILL on board, waiting to be transferred. A man-of-war's boat has just left the side, having brought us a few extra luxuries for our voyage, and letters wishing us a successful expedition, and we are once more indebted to the kind officers of the *Wheeling*. We watch the boat as she skims over the water carrying our note of thanks, watch the sailors as they haul her up; all is ready, and the *Wheeling* steams slowly out of harbour while we wave a last adieu. I had almost forgotten a little incident in connection with her when she first came into port. Many of our passengers were desirous of visiting her, but were ignorant of the ways and means. One of them approached E——, saying, " May I have the pleasure o' takin' you on board that there American man-o'-war?" " Thank you, no," said E—— politely. Mr. Boastful drew himself up, and in loud tones said, " Well, you 'd much better go with me than any o' the other fellows on board o' this 'ere ship, coz I bet you they don't know a livin' soul on board the *Wheeling*, an' as for me, why the bos'n 's a pertikler friend o' mine—known him all my life—an' you 're makin' a big mistake if you think yer kin git anyone else to show yer round half as well."

At 11 A.M., not having received any orders, we decided to go on shore for the mail. Scarcely had we boarded the tug, when the gong was sounded and we heard the shout, " Passengers from the *St. Paul* return and take over their luggage to barge." As we rejoiced loudly that the summons had come at last, a returned Dawsonite exclaimed, "You would n't be so happy if you could realise where you are going."

We had some difficulty in getting our pets off. The dogs were crowded into the pilot-house, leaving room only for the man at the wheel; the parrot was scolding at being disturbed; the pigeons were frightened and fighting each other; only the canary was contented and continued to sing merrily. We had heard such exaggerated stories about the river boats that we were pleasantly surprised at the reality, but preferred accommodations on the barge, as the cabins had but two berths, while those on the steamer *Leah* had three—one just off the floor, one very near the ceiling, and one between the two. Neither E—— nor I felt equal to the gymnastic per-

THE WHEELING.

formance required to " turn in " and " out " and were decidedly averse to sleeping where we could not sit up without bumping our heads and bending our backs double. The cabins on the barge, although very primitive and constructed in the cheapest possible fashion, were new and clean, with comfortable mattresses ; the beds, table linen, and blankets were also all new, and the basins, carafes, and toilet articles of enamelled agate. We could nowhere see prospective discomforts such as we had read of, so started out determined to enjoy all that was pleasant, and to close our eyes to anything which must be endured because it could not be cured. A table of pine ran through the centre of the barge, but as the galley was not quite complete, all barge passengers were to have their meals on the steamer *Leah*, which was to take us in tow. Her dining-room was far too small for so large a number, consequently it was first come, first served, and the stools at the table made one feel as though at a lunch counter.

There was a rush for rooms, but, as Mr. S—— had distinctly told us that in case there should be a sufficient number of cabins E—— and I should each have one, we made no effort to " scramble " with the others, but went on shore to give the dogs their first run since leaving San Francisco. We had been many times warned that the native dogs would attack them in a body, so we kept as near to headquarters and the miners as possible, knowing that the latter would be ready to help us keep our beauties from a fight; but we had neither the attack from the native dogs, nor the enjoyment of seeing Ivan and Queen dashing in mad joy and rolling on the turf. They walked sedately by our sides as though they had never been weeks from shore, while the enemy skulked in the rear, waiting for a chance to bite and run, and were so cowardly that they disappeared if we but raised our hands in a threatening manner. A very unexpected thing did happen though. The few cows of the place, that had never been known to seem aware of the existence of other dogs, immediately gave chase to ours, and in such a determined manner that the men had to stand in front of us and pelt them with stones, shouting to us to seek cover.

After the danger was over, the cows followed down a side street, in a manner which we should not have believed possible had we not been eye-witnesses, hiding behind the small houses to dodge the men and stones, but peeping around the corners as though to watch a chance to break through the ranks.

The Collector of the Port took the greatest interest in Ivan. An old man stopped to ask many questions about his pedigree, saying that he had owned a descendant of one of Bismarck's dogs. All whom we met were very talkative; one poor fellow said he was coming "out" after a five years' stay in Dawson, thoroughly broken up with malaria. On our return to the barge, we were informed that there were at least two in each cabin, so that E—— and I made no complaint at being at last obliged to room together. "There is some advantage in being unpopular," said one of the passengers; "everyone on board has absolutely refused to share X——'s room; consequently he is triumphantly telling that he is the only one lucky enough to have a cabin to himself, all unconscious of the reason for his solitude."

About a year ago, while sojourning at Point-a-Pic, my imagination was greatly excited by articles about the founder of Dawson, with which the newspapers were filled. The more I read, and the more I heard of the Klondike, the more necessary it seemed to me to meet this wonderful man, if one would gain information as to where to prospect, where to stake claims, where to locate, and how to gain untold millions. Dreams developed into plans, arrangements were made for the trip to the promised land, and J—— L——'s hand held the key which was to unlock the golden chests. Suddenly appeared a notice in the New York *Herald*: "J—— L—— will sail from San Francisco June —— for the Klondike." "That is to be my steamer," cried I; but to my great disappointment, on reaching California, it was only to learn that L—— had already sailed, and was "going in" over the Pass. So I read with avidity all articles in regard to the promised land, in order to gather the information which I had hoped to obtain from him.

And now (after this prelude), to go back to our first evening on the barge, as I sat talking to one of the passengers, a tall, fine-looking man came on board, and stopped a moment to greet my companion, who, after he had passed, said to me, "That 's J—— L——; did you ever hear of him?"—"Hear of him? More than of any other man of this part of the world."—"Do you want to meet him? I 'll go and get him," but, after a few moments, he returned, saying, "I 'm very sorry, but he 's so surrounded I could n't get near him. I 'll introduce him, however, before night." After dinner his promise was fulfilled, and a most interesting chat we had. The information which he gave us was most valuable, and when we asked what chance there was of getting a house in Dawson, he immediately said, "I 'll give you one rent-free." "For how long?" said I. "For a year," he replied. "Is there a stove in it?" inquired practical E——. "You can buy all the stoves you want in Dawson," said L——. "It must be a curious sensation to go alone to a place, and watch its development, as you have done," I remarked. "Oh, yes; but if I had it to do over again, I 'd do differently," said L——. "I 'd have a cinch on everything, and that 's what I did n't do in the first place. But do let me give you ladies a bit of advice. Don't go to Dawson; people are dying there like sheep, and they will probably have an epidemic this summer," and off he went to watch the trial trip of his new steam-launch.

It seems strange to have no light and no heat on board, and not to feel the need of either in this Arctic Circle, but we had no difficulty in undressing by the dying rays of the sun.

Wednesday, July 6th.

A long, enjoyable tramp on shore, with an Englishman. We finally went to the Alaska Company's stores, which were crowded. The men kindly offered to make way for me, on account of my sex, but, their time being as valuable as mine, I followed the example of other women, and sat on the counter until my turn came. How we laughed at each new experience! My purchases consisted of a pair of muck-a-lucks, four dollars, which they say are worth three times that in Dawson; a small tin of ginger wafers, fifty cents; and a bottle of lime juice, seventy-five cents. Not such extravagant prices as we had been led to expect.

A nasty, rainy afternoon. Nothing to do but to sit on deck, talk with returned miners, and listen to the fascinating stories of Klondike life. Some of them so alarmed E—— about the many dangers in store for the dogs, that she suddenly decided to send Queen back to San Francisco on the steamer *St. Paul* in charge of the porter who had cared for her when outward bound. Such tales never affect me, as I have learned from long experience that they are generally greatly exaggerated, so Ivan remained. After dinner, another most agreeable visit from L——, who brought his agent with him, instructing him that should our stores not reach Dawson in time we were to be allowed to help ourselves to his.

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CHAPTER VIII

WE HEAR THE SIGNAL

Thursday, July 7th.

AFTER this morning's shopping experience, will retract all written yesterday about prices. Ordinary single blanket for Ivan, the cheapest made, seven dollars ; a very common skirt-braid, two small pieces, twenty-five cents ; writing-pads, twenty-five cents each ; ink, twenty-five cents for a five-cent (retail) bottle, and the slimsiest kind of calico, twenty-five cents a yard—all to be carried home by the purchaser. A short walk with Mr. S——, another interesting Englishman, and after stopping to inspect the cannon we returned to the *Leah*, to find that the early birds were being served with luncheon, and that it remained for us to stand in line until the others had finished and departed, a method certainly not calculated to aid their digestion.

At two o'clock came the long-waited-for signal — three whistles—and we rush to the barge, watching the last passengers come on board. During the half-hour of suspense before starting, tales were told of a terrible gale outside, and of barges that had gone to pieces between here and the entrance to the river, until women were not the only ones who were in a wild state of alarm. At three we were off, and the last stage of the journey had begun. Side by side went the *Leah* and the barge, then the *Leah* went ahead, and we were taken in tow, quite a distance behind. As we fell back our former messmates shouted: "So sorry to leave you." "We 'll meet in Dawson, *perhaps.*" J——, who celebrates everything, rushed for his flag, and headed a procession on top of the barge. No lack of enthusiasm could he charge against the men this time. He was followed up the ladder by doctors, dentists, barkeepers, millionaires, an ex-senator, hotel-keepers, and two Englishmen. On they marched, backwards and forwards, in serpentine fashion, all singing or shouting anything and everything, whistles screeching from steamers and tugboats, hats and handkerchiefs waving, parting words, pathetic and amusing, called out and almost drowned in the distance. A photographer was on the wharf, taking pictures of the party.

Retiring to my cabin to indulge in the usual pastime of writing, a face at the window startled me. One of the passengers, walking on the extremely narrow ledge which surrounded the barge, was on a tour of investigation, clinging to each window as he passed; said windows having no shutters, curtains, or mosquito nettings, the investigator was regretting his temerity, as an attack was being made upon him by my next-door neighbour with an umbrella, which he captured and passed into my room, begging me to take charge of it as confiscated property. At that moment E—— opened the door and exclaimed, "Romeo and Juliet!" then asked me to go with her to see the first egg in the pigeon-coop, which was attracting general attention. "May n't I come through the window?" begged Romeo. "This ledge is so narrow, and the people on this row are so unfriendly that I 'm in danger of being thrown overboard." "Yes, if you 'll solemnly promise that it shall be your last offence," said E——. "I never should have tried it at all had I realised the enormity of my sin," pleaded the culprit, as he finally extricated himself and accompanied us to the bow of the barge. "Did you see the new passenger? Does n't she look like Mrs. W——?" said Y——. "Which Mrs. W——?" queried E——. "Why, the wife of Mr. W——, to whom you have just bidden farewell at St. Michaels." "Oh! he has no wife! he 's a widower," said E——. "You remember his sad story" (nodding at me). The crowd smiled. Some even dared to laugh, while one, bolder than the others, haw-hawed, "A widower! well, that 's pretty good! How did he get the news? I had a few words with his wife myself when she came down to see him off, so she was all right at San Francisco!" "Oh, that was n't his wife," said E——; "you are mistaken. He told me all about *her*. She is the sister of his most intimate friend, and came to explain why her brother could not get away." "Well, if that 's not a good joke! And you believed him?" said Y——. "Certainly—why should I suppose him to be telling me so useless a lie?"

W——, whom we had met on the *St. Paul*, was a fine-looking man, but without much education, and E——, thinking it a pity that he should speak so ungrammatically, had taken him in hand, and he had proved a willing pupil. Later on he confided to her a most pathetic story of the death of his beautiful wife, and of his intense grief which had caused him to eschew society for many years. Imagine, then, with what astonishment E—— learned that her pupil had not only been deceiving her, but that nearly half of the passengers of the *St. Paul* were either acquainted with or had seen Mrs. W—— very often during the eight years which (according to her husband's story) she had passed underground. E—— was justly indignant.

Now the tables are being prepared for the first meal on the barge; small cliques are being formed. E—— tells me that we have had three invitations—first, to join Mr. O——'s party; second, the party of Mr. P——; lastly, to be seated with four others near the head of the table, but, in order not to sow the seeds of discord, she decided that it would be better to follow the plan of the majority, who insisted upon having chairs in front of their cabin doors. Mr. P—— was asserting that he was tired of the crowd with whom he had been associated on the *St. Paul;* while members of that crowd confided to us that they had made up their clique carefully in order to exclude Mr. P——. Mr. O—— said we had better come to his table as he was going to boss things. Finally, as it was impracticable to keep to our decision, we accepted an invitation given by our former host of St. Michaels and the two Englishmen, and so congenial was the society, so delightful the stories with which they entertained us, that we did not mind the "tinned" food set before us three times daily, and concluded that "roughing it" had not yet begun.

As we were enjoying our first meal, a German woman came late to dinner. The steward motioned her to a vacant seat, but she stood immovable. "Here is your place, Madam," he called. "No, that is not mein place," she stoutly maintained; "mein place is before mein door, und before mein door will I sit, wenn this frau will get from it aus." "This frau" continued to dine quite undisturbed by the discussion. The one from Deutschland remained until mince-pie was brought, then weakened, and finally accepted the chair which she had so scornfully declined. When we found that our napkins were to do service a second time each one went in search of a bit of ribbon, seeking a favourite colour; besides that, the men wrote the number of our chairs in big letters on the damask.

After dinner a breeze sprang up, and great excitement was caused by the breaking of the barge rudder. Many of the passengers declared that it was defective when we started and, on investigation, it was discovered that the tools required for making repairs had been left on the dock. Another story was circulated that the barge was leaking; one of the men declared that he had been down below, that the pumps were being used and the cargo ruined. I finally appealed to the purser, telling him that our outfit was of some value, after which he assured me that he had made a thorough investigation and that the story of a leak was absolutely false. We were next informed that the rudder of the steamer was showing signs of weakness, and as we had sixty miles through Bering Sea to make before reaching "the bar," the passengers were very much frightened, and declared their intention of remaining dressed and ready for emergencies should any arise. The barge was then placed in front of the steamer and pushed instead of towed. The floor of the barge vibrated with a serpentine motion as though each wave would prove fatal, and, recalling the accidents that had taken place so recently, many of the passengers crossed to the steamer and remained on deck until 3 A.M.; the men, seemingly, were more alarmed than the women, as we were told that some of them slept in life-preservers. Plans were made as to our actions in case of disaster. One of the Englishmen said that if I would promise to keep cool and only rest my hands on his shoulder he could easily save me by swimming to shore. Heated discussions ensued among the passengers at things having been so rushed—the same passengers who had protested vigorously against the long delay. At 3 A.M. we came to anchor and, on retiring to our cabins the light of the coming day was so strong that we were obliged to hang our wraps before the window.

Friday.

Still waiting outside the bar! No one could tell why, so I inquired of the captain, who replied, "Barge rudder broken, shy on the steamer rudder, and the tools to repair them were left on the dock." There is a carpenter here, but he is wanted everywhere at once, consequently the skylight is not yet finished, and the opening is covered with canvas, excluding light, but admitting rain, to the great discomfort of the passengers, some of whom are now shifting their quarters to the *Leah*. This leaves a few vacant rooms, and E—— at once informed the purser and the steward of Mr. S——'s promise. The former said, "Have you got it in writing?" the latter, "His words don't go here," and we were obliged to accept the inevitable, as we saw that others were taking advantage of what had been given to us conditionally. Moral, be sure and have everything in writing before you start! Indians came with salmon and plover for sale. They wanted whiskey in exchange, but that, being too rare and precious, could not be given,—not from conscientious scruples, however,—so they took tea instead. After dinner, some of the passengers amused themselves by telling stories. They declared that the following "took the cake":

"Last year, when I went 'out' from Dawson, thought I'd go and see what kind of a feller that little sister o' mine had married. She deserved the best that's goin', coz she was as pretty as a peach when I left home, and just as sweet. I never 'ud 'a' knowed I had a brother-in-law had n't Jim Bullock cum ' in ' just as I was goin' back to the mines, and from something he let drop it struck me that Nance had married a second ' Fightin' Bill,' an' as I 'd been strikin' it pretty rich I determined to go ' out ' all of a suddint-like, and jess tie up that property o' mine so as nobody but Nance could git a-hold of it, in case I should happen to pass in my chips. Well, I went back to the old home and found it rented to new people, an' they told me that Nance's husband had taken her way out West somewhere. ' That looks bad,' sez I to myself. ' Why could n't he 'a' let her stayed 'mongst them as ez knowed an' loved her all her life? By jingo! I 'm goin' to git on his trail if it takes me the rest o' my natural life. So I followed day an' night, first behind the engine, then in a waggon, then on horseback, until I got way out into the Indian country. And one night I saw bright lights ahead and knowed there was a merrymakin' goin' on.

" ' I ain't a-goin' to be out of everything,' sez I, so jess made straight for them lights, got a small boy to shelter my horse and gimme somethin' to eat, an' then I peeked into the parlour. Of all the games you ever heern tell on, this one was the funniest. There was a great big galoot sitting in a easy chair in the middle of the room, and sayin' like a sick kitten, ' I 'm a-pinin'.' ' Who you pinin' for?' said another fool. ' Mary Muggins,' sez he; so when I seen a girl a-blushin' an' a-tryin' for to hide her face I made sure she was Mary Muggins, and the durned fool led her right up to the other fool in the easy chair and would you believe it, she had to kiss him square on the mouth before he could stop a-pinin' an' walk back among the others. Well, they kept up this tomfoolery for about an hour, when a great big, splendid-looking fellow commenced a-scowlin' at 'em an' a-frownin' at 'em, as though he intended to kick 'em all out. I peeked round a little farther to see what all the fellers were a-lookin' at all the evenin', and bless my soul if there did n't sit Nance, prettier than ever! I was going to spring for her but ' restricted ' myself to find out what the man by her was a-scowlin' for, an' then decided that he must be 'Fightin' Bill,' who was ready to kill any man who dared to 'pine' for Nance. I was wrong this time, my boys, for just as I sez, 'There 's goin' to be a thunder-storm or I ain't no judge o' human natur,' 'Fightin' Bill' rose in his wrath an' sez, sez he, 'My wife 's the purtiest woman here, an' if no one pines for her, there 's goin' to be trouble, and that soon.' In two seconds every feller in the room was a-pinin' for Nance until I just rushed over and sez, 'Nance, Nance'—an' then knew no more. When I kum to, Nance she was a-cryin' over me, an' 'Fightin' Bill' held out his hand and said, 'I 'm durned sorry, partner, but how could I tell you was Nance's brother?' Well, that 'Fightin' Bill' kin have all my pile when I 'm gone, an' more, too. He an' Nance gave me the time o' my life, an' they named the baby arter me, an' I 'm goin' back to Dawson to sell out and then back to Nance to eddicate that boy, an' if he don't turn out a high-flyer it won't be his uncle's fault."

At eleven we retired, quite exhausted after the long watch of the previous night. To bed, but not to sleep, as games commenced; tag was played around the table in front of our doors, shrieks of laughter arose from the young women who were caught, and songs, shouts, and whistling all combined to drive away any chance of sleep.

Saturday, July 9th.

Hardly had the night's fun (?) ended, and we again settled to rest, when the clatter of dishes and the preparations for breakfast began. We awakened to find mosquitoes coming in through the window in swarms, and the never-ceasing rain leaking through the roof. Some articles of clothing were thoroughly drenched, and others too damp for use. The carpenter was persuaded to tack up a wire netting and to plug the knot-holes and other cavities through which the rain dropped. Two of the passengers were drying pillows at the stove in which they had made a fire of drift-wood and broken boxes. One man had a stiff neck, another a cough, while several complained of rheumatism. Many were searching for bits of wood, and making shelves to hold basin and toilet articles. Mr. Q—— kindly presented me with a carpenter's bench, which is most useful in lieu of table or shelves. We made friends with the cook, a most excellent one, who told us that he began work at 2.30 A.M., finishing at 9 P.M. At table we were allowed one plate for fish, meat, etc., a knife, fork, and two teaspoons, and that, we were told, was more luxurious than anything that had before been known in these regions. We had many a laugh at our companions at table, and they at us, as we forgot to retain our forks, or were obliged to spread butter with a spoon, or use it for pie, the never-failing dessert.

The captain came one day to explain to me why E—— had not been given another cabin, and offered her the "chain-room." E—— declined with thanks, saying, "a place reserved for storage and which no one else will accept! I prefer to remain where I am, and have Mr. S—— inquire on my return why his instructions have not been carried out, when men are being allowed rooms quite to themselves." After luncheon, we stopped to put off a couple of French missionaries. They entered the compartments fore and aft of the tiny canoe, leaving the Indian guide and boatman to take the seat in the hole in the centre. Not a complaint did they utter as they squeezed into the tight-fitting box and were paddled towards the solitary and uninviting shore. Such bravery showed a noble spirit of self-sacrifice. As they heard the shouts of "Good luck to you," they waved a last adieu, and said, "We shall pray for you."

Had a most interesting chat with the wife of Archdeacon ——, who, although a great sufferer from seasickness and a martyr to neuralgia, is bravely returning for another seven years in the Arctic regions. She and her good husband first entered the country from the Canadian side in small boats over the lakes. This, which seems to the majority so primitive a style of travelling, is, to them, by contrast, most luxurious. Their hearts are filled with love for the work they have attempted, and no discouragements are allowed to interfere with the anticipated glorious results.

At 11 P.M. we tied up to the bank for wood. Indians by the dozens lined the shore, but the light was not sufficiently strong for snap-shots. A white man came on board enveloped in a mosquito-shield (as was everyone else except the Indians). He was greatly surprised that we had but ninety passengers, instead of the expected two hundred. In answer to our question he said, "We call this Andreafsky, though Andreafsky is twenty miles beyond. We stopped here to build a boat which is to take us to Dawson, and the name of our camp is Black Foot." That explained the red flag with a black foot in the centre, which was flying under the American. One of the passengers asked for my decanter that he might fill it with pure water from the spring. It was deliciously cool. A—— brought me back a big bunch of ferns, bluebells, pink flowers resembling clover, and cotton-buds. Poor Ivan, whom he had taken for a run, returned almost frantic from the sting of mosquitoes and sand-flies, which had taken possession of his entire body.

Sunday, July 10th.

Have searched the Alaska Commercial Company's pamphlet to glean some information about our stopping-place last night. It must have been Kollik, of which it tells us that "it is near the discharging point of the Aphoon mouth," and adds: "Here there is a rude Russian church, the store of an ancient Russian trader who dominates the place, and the drift-wood dwellings of a small settlement. The surroundings are characteristic of the entire delta —flat, rich soil which might support a nation, if in a kindlier clime, but which, frozen to within a short distance of the surface, produces nothing but thick grasses, and low scrub-willows, or other Arctic trees. Water-fowl flit in every direction, or chatter continually on the flats. Here, too, the traveller has the first experience of taking on wood for fuel. The Eskimo cut up and split the drift-logs, and pile them on the bank. Then, when the steamer hauls up at the landing, the natives, who compose a greater portion of the crew (not so on our ship) bring on the wood as rapidly as their naturally sluggish natures can be spurred to work."

Upon leaving the cabin this morning, late, I found that we were again "taking on wood," not that we needed it, but simply to prevent one of our rivals from obtaining it, and thereby overtaking us. The men were on shore with their rifles. The "cherub" brought back a very pretty tame fox in a box. The women purchased the skins of muskrats and swans. Mr. A—— was the last one to return, with a beautiful bunch of wild roses. He was held up several times and robbed of one or two sprays, but finally handed the remainder to me, saying in his modest way, "Mind you don't cut your hands, as they 're full of thorns." The Doctor, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, was delighted at having been able to get a good light on the tomb of a princess, saying that the box containing her remains was

TAKING ON WOOD ON THE YUKON.

kept on top of the ground, while on a board were nailed the paddle of her canoe, her bracelets, hunting-knife, and many trinkets of value. As we started off the Doctor escorted me to the upper deck, from which we had a magnificent view of this wonderful river. It was laughable to see poor Ivan stumbling up and tumbling down the steepest ladders in order to be always at my side. After luncheon we tied up again to the bank; as the decks were completely covered with wood, and there was no wood-pile visible, everyone was on the *qui vive* to know the cause of detention. Some said the boilers were being cleaned; others, that the wheel was broken. No one seemed to know the truth, but here we have been for hours, tightly enveloped in nets, but still fighting mosquitoes. One of the passengers found the tracks of a bear on shore. Then there was a rush for shotguns and the men were soon working their way through the thick underbrush. They were obliged to give it up, however, and returned none too soon, with their faces and hands badly swollen. Those who had no rifles remained on top of the barge making napkin-rings and shelves for their cabins.

5 P.M. Moving once more, and all are uttering hearty thanks, as there are fewer mosquitoes away from the banks. The general opinion seems to be that some part of the machinery needed repairing, but all queries meet the same reply, "don't know," while those uttering complaints against irregularities are called "kickers"; consequently many things are submitted to without a murmur which should never be allowed to exist, and of which the owners would probably be very glad to receive information.

Monday, July 11th.

No respect for Sunday is shown by a large number of passengers. Last evening, after dinner, a dance was organised, J—— leading and calling out "the figgers." The orchestra consisted of Mr. P—— with his violin, Colonel B——, with his fiddle, and one of the waiters with a mandolin. The dancing being too tame to suit J——, he shouted, "Here, give us some ginger! we must have some ginger! This dancing ain't got no spice in it." We sat on deck and watched the glorious scenery until eleven. Scarcely had we retired to our cabins, when the assemblage adjourned to the top of the barge, which was very near our heads, and commenced a march to the accompaniment of songs and shouts. The poor Archdeacon and his wife, who had been sitting on deck with us during this desecration of the Sabbath, were most unhappy, but there was no one to whom to complain, so the dear lady, with "a splitting headache," was obliged to wait until the crowd disbanded.

DRYING SALMON ON THE LOWER YUKON.

While dressing late this morning, the whistle blew and we saw a town in the distance, with a beautiful Russian church standing out prominently. We hastily finished our toilet and hurried on shore; but no sooner had Ivan touched land than the native dogs came dashing from all directions, and as they failed to run away at my shout of "Moosh!" which only evoked peals of laughter from the Indians, the poor beast, who was quite ready to whip every dog there, had to be sent on board without his exercise, as I did not wish the winner of twenty-two prizes to be debarred from further honours by disfigurement. Salmon was hung out to dry before every house, and all along the banks. A small boy of not more than three years of age was smoking a pipe. As I turned the Kodak in his direction he took the pipe from his mouth to refill it from the contents of the bag which he held in his hand. I motioned to the father that the pipe should be replaced in the child's mouth; he understood the gesture, and an interesting group was taken, as the father had a tiny papoose in his arms. Mr. A—— kindly escorted me to the Russian church, but service was over, and we had not the time to photograph the interior. We climbed to the graveyard, but the mosquitoes were so ravenous and attacked us in such swarms, that we beat a hasty retreat, only stopping to gather a few flowers. At eleven we returned to the ship and as my English friend said we had been visiting "the most swagger place on the Yukon," I immediately read the following in regard to it from the pamphlet heretofore quoted:

"Ikogimut, or the Russian Mission, as it is generally called. This mission has been established many years and is the principal station of the Greek Church in the northern portion of Alaska. The church itself is a picturesque structure, and its services most interesting. This is a favourite place for picking up curios and small furs. The water in the river at this point has been sounded to a depth of four hundred and eighty feet, indicating that it flows through an ancient crater. Here, too, the birch-bark canoe of the up-river Indian begins to be seen in competition with the skin kayak of the Eskimo, for Paimut, about five hours' run up the stream from the Russian Mission, marks the dividing line between the Innuits and Ingaliks. The Eskimo and the Indians of the interior were, in former years, frequently at war, but it has been many years since any great battles were fought. Still, they occasionally shoot on sight, when hunting-parties chance to meet on the ranges."

4 P.M. Met two rowboats coming from Dawson. Their occupants shouted: "Turn back,"—"Go the other way,"—"Thousands waiting to get 'out.'" A river steamer approached heavily laden. Everyone rushed to her cabin, hoping to be able to mail letters already prepared, but only friendly greetings were exchanged from a distance.

Tuesday, July 12th.

Pandemonium let loose! Last night after a sunset so glorious that it surpassed all others, we retired as usual at eleven. At 2 A.M. we anchored, or rather tied up to the bank at Koserefsky. As we had read in the same pamphlet, this "Holy Cross Mission is maintained by the Sisters of Saint Anne and the Jesuit Fathers. Here the voyager will be greatly interested in the gardening, which shows what may be done in the way of raising the hardier vegetables whenever an increasing population shall put Alaska to the test of its capacity for supporting life. Turnips, radishes, lettuce, potatoes, cabbages, and celery are grown with more or less success, and continuous experiments are made with different seeds. The work among the Indian children shows their wonderful capacity for receiving a certain measure of instruction, although as yet the moral results have not been all that the devoted missionaries have hoped for." We had been anticipating with great pleasure a visit to the church and the wonderful gardens, but, unfortunately, the hour of arrival was not propitious, and we again sought repose in sleep. Alas! that was impossible, for, having no officer on the barge at night, the Indians were allowed to board her, and roam at will, not only on the narrow ledge outside our windows, but to congregate in groups before our doors, or tramp through the hall, chattering like magpies. Then came the whistle from an approaching steamer, and we were soon aware that the long-expected *Alice*, from Dawson, was being secured to the barge.

In a few moments many of her two hundred passengers had landed on our decks, and were loudly calling for those whom they hoped to find on board. One or two of the most popular men were surrounded, and their conversation would have been of great interest at any other time. The same advice was reiterated on all sides—"Turn back. Don't go to Dawson. People are dying there like rats in a trap." Only one man was affected sufficiently to follow this counsel, and his companions said that he was dreadfully homesick, and only too glad of an excuse. It was nearly 4 A.M. when the *Alice* left and broad daylight, but we settled down to sleep, when the howling of the pack of dogs belonging to the purser reached our ears; then came the opening of the pantry, preparations for breakfast, and another day had begun. On deck, the heat of the sun was intense, but I discovered a shady nook, and was quietly reading an Italian romance, when a voice said, "Wa'al, you do want to be exclusive, but I'm goin' to stay, coz I kin git rid o' them pesky mosquitoes here; they 're a-bleedin' me to death, an' I kin truly say that I fought an' bled my way to Dawson." 'T was the old fiddler. Then came other voices. "Mosquitoes! Well, I should say! they 've bitten me till I don't need no collar-button, for there 's plenty o' bumps in the right place, and as for K——, why he has buttons all over his face. Never dreamed anything living could want ter tech him."

After luncheon we stopped at another small village, the name of which it was impossible to learn, and there remained until five, leaving stores on shore. Mr. A—— escorted Ivan and me for a short walk, but the sun and mosquitoes soon drove us back; we watched, with great concern and anxiety the purser bargaining for more dogs, and groaned as first one and then another was purchased and sent on board, where the howling and crying make such an agonising concert that the passengers would gladly have clubbed together and paid the higher price demanded farther up the river, rather than suffer night and day. Many of our passengers decided that the hot sun was conducive to laundry work. Even the dignified and pompous Q—— found a tub, and no laundress could have put more energy into the work, but his indignation was great when he found that the Doctor had secured a fine picture of him at his novel employment. My English neighbour said that someone had offered to teach him how to wash his linen, that he had taken great interest in the lessons, but never succeeded in learning until the work was quite finished.

The tramping on the roof of the barge has caused great annoyance to all those who were anxious to sleep before midnight, but we had made no complaint, and were not aware that the ladder had been taken away, until we were asked to sign a petition that it should be replaced, upon condition that all tramping overhead should cease at 10 P.M. Shortly after, the roof was again covered with promenaders.

Late this evening the *Leah* sounded a whistle which told us we were to stop; so hasty preparations were made for a walk on shore, but no plank was put out, only a man got off to inquire if the husband of Mrs. ——, one of our passengers, was there. The story quickly went the rounds that, while she was on her way to meet him in Dawson, he, learning of her intention, had "skipped," and was "hurrying out." She had traced him to this little settlement, where he had evaded her by three hours. As we wended our way to our cabins, we found them with great difficulty, the night being unusually dark. Lamps have been hung in the mess-hall, but the stewards say that the oil was forgotten, as well as soap and many other articles usually supplied; we are thankful, however, at being safely carried thus far on our trip, but there are plenty of "kickers" who complain at getting so little for three hundred dollars.

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CHAPTER IX

UP THE YUKON

Wednesday, July 13th.

DURING breakfast we stopped at another small settlement for wood, and again at lunch-time, when we had an opportunity to take a very short walk and to get a few photographs. The squaws all covered their heads at sight of a camera. We thought them bashful, but a young Indian girl explained: "They want you to pay them for being allowed to take their pictures." At four, another stop, long enough for some of the passengers to have a swim in the Yukon, and for the camera fiends to obtain some good views; a delightful chat and tramp on shore with a new passenger, Mr. ——, who gave me most interesting information about Dawson.

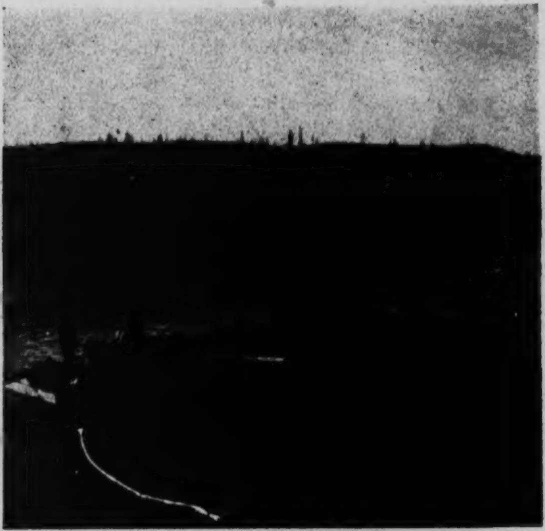
While reading after dinner, who should approach but Colonel B——, saying, "Do yer mind if I take one o' your nice easy cheers? It looks so comfertable an' there ain't no one a-usin' it. My wife she 's got a nice rockin'-cheer in her cabin, made special for her; yer see she 's so fat an' so heavy she can't sit in no ordinary cheer. She weighs nigh onto three hundred pounds. You 'd oughter seen her when we was married, tho',—the slimmest thing yer ever sot eyes on."

Thursday, July 14th.

At two o'clock this morning, we tied up at Nulato, where we remained cleaning boilers, so we were told, until eleven. Before going on shore we read the following from the pamphlet which has so often been referred to: "At Nulato, to which the Koyukuk River pays tribute, will be found another ancient Russian post, and a well-established Catholic Mission. In 1838, one Malakhof ascended the Yukon to Nulato, and there built a small blockhouse. He was forced to return to St. Michaels for supplies, however, and while he was gone, the Indians burned his post. In 1842, Lieutenant Zagoskin built a new fort at Nulato, and established relations with the Indians. Zagoskin was aided in his work by Derzhavin, one of the intrepid pathfinders who had set out with Glazanof, in 1833, to penetrate the frozen wilds. He it was who was in command in 1851, when the since famous massacre by the Koyukan Indians occurred—famous because in it Lieutenant Barnard of the English Navy, who was there with a party searching for the lost Sir John Franklin, was butchered with the rest. The Koyukuk River, whence these fierce Indians came, has produced some gold, and the tales of the richness of its bars have spread far and wide among the Alaskan miners. The river is navigable for a long distance, but the fact that the diggings are so far from its mouth has prevented their development on account of the difficulty in getting supplies to them. This will soon be obviated, and the Koyukuk will offer comparatively virgin ground for the prospector. The Alaska Commercial Company maintains a post at Nulato, and will be prepared to provide the necessary service on the Koyukuk."

We started for a tramp with Ivan, but the native dogs, which dared not face him, set upon him in a pack when his back was turned, causing him to be ignominiously sent on board. A large rowboat from the Koyukuk, containing two men and a woman wearing a sunbonnet, interested us greatly, and still more, when the latter told us that just around the bend, in a boat with a tent, was a Mr. N——, partner of one of the men whom we have "grub-staked" and whose stories of his life on the Koyukuk were so thrilling that we were strongly tempted towards that river rather than to make the trip to Dawson. His nuggets were so large and so valuable, his plans so wonderful, that had it not been for fear of the Indians who we were told were very savage, we should have joined our man and his family on the small yacht which was being prepared in San Francisco. We had a short interview with the partner, met a great number of men who had "gone in" with our man the previous year, and heard his story and learned of his daily life and what he had accomplished up to the last moment of his departure for home to sell his mines.

After dinner, we were comfortably ensconced in our easy chairs in the bow of the barge, admiring the scenery, which was still wonderfully beautiful, the air balmy and soft as that of springtime at Lenox, when someone wished aloud for an ice. E—— said, "Your wish can easily be granted, if you can get our freezer from down below." Up jumped J—— and two other men, and in a few moments the freezer was on deck, taken to the steward, who supplied the sugar, cream (tinned, of course), and extract, and half an hour later we indulged in the first ice-cream, according to all accounts, that had ever been served on the Yukon.



SCOW ON THE YUKON.

Many boats have passed us to-day, containing from two to eight miners returning home. Everyone shouts the same question, "How far ahead is the other steamer?" (meaning the one belonging to the Columbia Navigation Company, which started two days before us.) Latest information is, that we are separated only by four hours, consequently we are wild to overtake her, and most impatient at any detention. Just before retiring, J—— came to me and said, "I 'll give you ten dollars for your freezer." "It cost fifteen before paying fifteen cents a pound freight," I replied. After some reflection he offered E—— twenty dollars for her half, but she told him that he could not have it at any price.

Friday, July 15th.

E—— came in before I was dressed this morning, in a great state of indignation. "They 've taken Ivan away," she cried. "He was lying quietly on the deck at my side, when the steward approached and without saying so much as 'by your leave,' caught him by the collar, and dragged him—not led him, but dragged him—to the steamer, and chained him with the band of native dogs that make night and day hideous with their howls. 'By whose orders?' said I," E—— continued. "'If you want to know you can ask the purser,' he replied impertinently. 'I don't wish to ask the purser, but simply want a civil answer to a civil question.' 'Ask the captain, then,' said he; 'the dog 's a d——d nuisance.' I then told him that his language and behaviour were so disrespectful that he should be reported to Mr. S——, whereupon he sneered, 'S——, he 's got nothing whatever to say of this part of the trip. I 'm in charge o' this barge, an' I 'll do as I please.' One of the passengers whispered to me, 'Bet you did n't give the steward five or ten dollars before you started, else you 'd never 'a' had this trouble.' I told him we always treated those who served us most generously, but not those who had earned nothing. Then X—— said, 'This steward 's not onto his job'; while B—— replied, 'He wants to get rich too fast, that 's what 's the matter with him.'" There was, however, no redress, and we were glad to have our attention diverted by the boat's stopping at Novikakat. The pamphlet was brought into requisition, and I read the following: "Here, there is an old-time Russian trader named Korkorin, now engaged with the Alaska Commercial Company. He has reminiscences of the day when the yearly trip was made to St. Michaels to meet the lone vessel of the Russian American Company, of the feasts of that holiday time, and of the struggle against famine during many winters. There has been some prospecting in the streams about Novikakat, but the results are as yet indefinite."

On shore we went, but failed to find Korkorin at his post. E—— stopped at an Indian tent, where she had just concluded the purchase of a lot of marten skins at four dollars each, when one of our passengers entered, and, being a half-breed, engaged in a fluent conversation with the proprietor in the native tongue, which E——, consequently, was unable to understand, so was filled with astonishment when informed that the skins were not for sale. Shortly afterwards a relative of the Indian maiden came on board, with the skins of which E—— had been deprived. My time on shore was spent in gathering wild pink roses, with which to decorate the dinner-table, and quantities of a flower the colour of heather, but with very long stems. I have omitted to say that at the preceding stopping-place we found groundsel growing wild, and many were the offerings to the only canary on board, who appreciated it immensely. We sat in our easy chairs in the bow of the boat enjoying the marvellous scenery, and the freedom from gnats and mosquitoes which here are replaced by enormous horse-flies. Tales were being related of the different passengers who were anxious to be grub-staked, and Mr. R—— said, "Women are certainly incomprehensible. Let a man go to them as a gentleman, and offer them fine claims! Do you think they will listen to him? No! they suspect a swindle every time; but he has only to pose as a rough miner to be at once believed, and to fill their souls with confidence."

Towards evening, the *Margaret*, belonging to the Alaska

Commercial Company, was seen coming toward us, and excitement was rife as she tied up alongside. The usual rush was made for letters to send home. Instead of asking us for war news, her passengers told us that papers of the 29th had already reached Dawson from "over the Pass," bringing tidings that although we had captured Havana, Hobson and his brave men had been shot, and two of our ships lost.

RAFT ON THE YUKON.

They also warned us to turn back, as had all those in the small boats passed during the day; but such advice only creates laughter, as the constant repetition seems ridiculous to those who have more than half finished so long a journey. We lost but one of our passengers. The Indian maiden who had interrupted E——'s purchase of furs, being on her way to Dawson to meet her sister, found that she was on the *Margaret*, "going out," so her gripsack was quickly packed, and she departed. The *Margaret* was crowded to that degree that men were sleeping on tables, under tables, and even on the cords of wood on deck, and they informed us that, as there are still thousands waiting to "go out," there was little chance for newcomers to secure transportation down the Yukon. Before reaching the *Margaret* we had a pilot who had landed us on sand-bars twice during the day, so we speedily exchanged him for the one who had brought this craft safely down the river.

Saturday, July 16th.

If the scenery yesterday was grand, what can be said of that through which we have been passing to-day? Mountains, and relays of mountains, narrow gorges, rapids, all that is most wild and picturesque! We had been too rapt in admiration even to read, but, as there must be ever a slight blot on all that is beautiful, so this scene was partially marred by the gradual approach of a heavy fog, as we thought it, until the air became laden with smoke, and, as night came on, we saw that the mountains on all sides were on fire. Truly a gorgeous sight, which would have been still more brilliant had it not been for the ball of fire that hung in the west, making all else insignificant by comparison. All day we had steamed without stopping. At last in the distance we beheld great stacks of wood piled high on the shore, so all made preparations for a short tramp, until the captain shouted, "How much for the wood?" "Fifteen dollars a cord," was the reply. "Keep it,"—and on we went. Just beyond, another lot was plainly visible, but for that seventeen dollars a cord was asked; at the third place, twenty, which caused the passengers to discuss the likelihood of being called on to fell trees, in order that the Alaska Commercial Company should not be obliged to pay such exorbitant prices.

At last, Fort Adams was in sight, and as we had read of the "Episcopal church and Mission," where the children of the school were "particularly proficient," and that there was also "a trading post and something in the way of gardening," we were looking forward to an interesting half-hour, only to be disappointed, as no one was allowed to land.

We also passed in the night, without seeing, "Tanana or Nuklukyets—an important trading post, for here there comes into the Yukon, from one side, the trade of the Tozikakat River, and from the other, that of the great Tanana. The Tanana drains the country lying between the Copper River and the Yukon, as far south as the White River. It is expected that the country about the head waters will prove one of the richest in all the land, when once it has been prospected. Little is known, however, of the river, and the Indians who guard its treasures are inclined to be hostile. However, at Tanana, there is an interesting store and an enormous turnip patch, which latter indicates that could all men live after the famous recommendation of Colonel Sellers on 'turnips and water,' there need be no starvation in the land. The store is operated for the Alaska Commercial Company by A—— M——, once a circus man, but who has been in Alaska for thirty years. Here, the Indians, from as far as the sources of the Tanana, come to exchange their fish and furs for powder, lead, and some of the edible comforts of civilisation."

After dinner there was a concert in the mess-hall of the barge—music-box, graphophone, violins, etc.,—but although we heard at intervals the clapping of many hands, the grandeur of the scenery kept us spellbound to the deck. "I 'd just like to catch him at it," growled a voice near us. "Me too! I would n't give him time to say his prayers! Why, that 's the lowest kind o' stealing, to take our champagne when it 's all we 've got and no more to be had for love or money. How do you s'pose he managed to smuggle them out o' the cabin?"—"Oh, did it when everybody else was on shore."—"Yes, but where has he hid the stuff? I move we have a general search made."—"How many bottles did he take?"—"Why, eight; we had four the other night between us, out o' the dozen. Pity we had n't drunk 'em all; and now here 's R—— had six pairs o' muck-a-lucks stolen right out of his bag, and no trace of them or of the thief. If you leave a paper or magazine on the table you may bet your life you 'll never see it again, but what 's the use o' complainin'? nobody pays the least attention to it." This recalled to me that E——'s fountain-pen had been taken from her cabin, and that the thief must have had abundance of time, as he had stopped to fill it; while my bag, which was in the mess-hall with three locked straps on it, had been cut down the side and the articles extracted therefrom. I had sent the purser a note calling his attention to the fact, but not a word did he condescend to give in reply, although my cabin-boy had orders to wait for an answer.

We remained on deck until eleven, hoping to catch a glimpse of Rampart City, but found that we were not to make that settlement until 2 A.M. We might just as well have remained up, for when we did get there sleep was impossible. One of the passengers had brought out some whiskey, and was treating the crowd in the hall before our door. Such a babel of voices! And we were told the following day that the supply of whiskey in Rampart having given out, her citizens were offering our passengers nine dollars a bottle. We breathed a sigh of relief as the whistle blew, the men rushed for shore, and we slowly steamed away; then came the howling and yelping of the dogs, which lasted until drowned by the clattering of dishes and preparations for breakfast.

Sunday, July 17th.

Women in the dining-room sewing; men on deck with rifles, waiting for something at which to shoot! At ten, we stopped at a bank where there was a coal sign. The usual question was asked, and as this fuel cost only ten dollars a ton we took on board a goodly quantity of stuff which looked like black dust. We were told that this condition was due to the coal's having been frozen, so that it could not be extracted in large bits. Poor Ivan was let loose from the terrible heat of the engine-room and the howling of the other dogs, which is so racking to the nerves that we now fear his good habits may be spoiled and his training prove noneffective by association with these "Siwash" mongrels. To think that sixty dollars was the price paid for such quarters and companionship just from St. Michaels to Dawson, and we supply the dog's food! How we longed for Sunday peace and quiet after such a night, but it was not to be.

Scarcely were we again on our way when our ears were pierced by the rasping noise of a badly played violin, which had to be endured until the bell rang for luncheon. Later in the day, the sky grew dark, then leaden coloured. A storm was brewing. Nervous women, terrified at the thought of a thunder-storm amidst the mountains, flocked into the dining-room like a herd of sheep—only to be together. The scene soon became one of most imposing grandeur, in which I revelled, seated alone in the bow of the boat, well protected by cap and mackintosh, as the rain came down in torrents. I was roused by hearing in coarse tones,—"Wa'al, I 've often heern tell on people what did n't know enuff to come in when it rained, but I never seen one afore, an' detarmined to sit out in such a downpour. Why, she 'll have rheumatiz sure as fate." Another approached, saying, "Mrs. H——, if you don't come in from that there rain, we 'll have to kerry you in, cheer an' all," and so were my thoughts brought down from the sublime and magnificent.

Shortly after, the Doctor came to ask if I would not like to meet and talk with the famous Hank S——, saying, "You don't want me to bring him out here in the rain, so let us all sit inside." Following the Doctor, I soon came face to face with the new passenger, one of the noted miners of this part of the world, who, having passed eight years in Alaska, had left Dawson only eight days previously, consequently, his conversation was of intense interest; but he gave us the same advice as we have heretofore received from all others: "Better turn back, even at this late day, for typhoid fever and malaria are raging. Even those on the hill are not free from what may soon become an epidemic, and there are not steamers enough to transport those waiting to leave. Unless this exorbitant Canadian royalty be soon repealed, there will be no more mines worked, as even the richest claim-owners are unwilling to pay ten per cent. to such extortionists." Mr. S—— then showed us the beautiful big nugget he had first panned out, a ring made from gold taken from one of his claims, and told of the man who had first grub-staked him, to whom he was able to send twelve thousand dollars in ninety days. But grub-staking is rarely so profitable, for many tales do we hear of these men who, after striking it rich, forget those who have assisted them in time of need, sell their claims, carrying the result where it cannot be reached by the rightful owner, who, according to miners' laws and agreements, is entitled to one-half. "Have you seen Rampart?" he asked. "No; what does the pamphlet say about it?" E—— inquired, and I read the following:

"Then come the Lower Ramparts, where the water goes furiously between great walls rivalling in picturesqueness the famed Palisades of the Hudson. During the highest freshets, the current is said to attain a speed of eleven knots in the rapids. But the ingoing miner will be most interested in Rampart City, near the mouth of Big Minook Creek, because this new city is the commercial centre of the Minook Mining District, where will be found the first definite mining as yet encountered on the journey. Here is a bustling town grown up around the big new store and warehouse of the Alaska Commercial Company. From this, the miners carry their supplies in all directions to the claims on Little Minook, Hunter, Alder, and the many cther gold-bearing creeks in the neighbourhood. They are always certain of a plentiful food supply, there being none of the bars to navigation below Minook which make the later trips so uncertain on the upper river. On account of the numbers who have settled at Rampart City, the entire country round about will undoubtedly be thoroughly prospected. Expeditions across the Divide, into the Koyukuk head waters have been planned, and it is quite probable that Rampart City will become the point of supply for Koyukuk mines." What a pity that we were unable to visit so thriving a place, but we 'll do it on our return trip.

At each point we rounded, we gazed longingly for Fort Hamlin, of which we had been reading from the same authority: "It is the next important post. Here are large warehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company. These are generally filled with stores, waiting to be forwarded to the different mining-camps." Towards ten o'clock a turn in the river showed Fort Hamlin directly before us, and a small steamer tied to a tree. We prepared for the anticipated tramp, but to our keen disappointment there was no wood to be had, so on we went, after having "slowed up" long enough to talk with the captain of the *Victoria*. The rumour was that she had come to assist in towing our barge over the Yukon Flats, but we went on without her.

CHAPTER X

DISCOMFORT OF BARGE LIFE

Monday, July 18th.

LAST night on reaching my cabin, mattress and pillow were wet with the rain that had leaked in, but having learned the lesson that "kickers" are treated with contempt and discourtesy, the only thing to be done was to bear it uncomplainingly, and roll up in blankets with a life-preserver for a pillow. Wakened at 5 A.M. by the *Victoria* bumping against the barge, men running along the ledge before the windows, and directions being shouted to make fast alongside; then followed the awful howling of the dogs; then preparations for breakfast, and no chance to sleep for another eighteen hours at least. From overhead we heard shouts of "Moose" and "Bear." Men called excitedly to others to get their rifles, as the animals were swimming across the river, but nothing came within reach. After breakfast we looked for the *Victoria*, which was nowhere in sight. One of the passengers informed us that her captain had let go the bow-line instead of the stern, when the current caught her, threw her against our ropes and broke her paddle-wheel, so that she had been obliged to lay up for repairs. In tying up at the next wood-pile, our barge was detached from the *Leah*, many of whose passengers were visiting us; a plank was thrown across but it was so narrow that they did not dare to cross, and so were prisoners for luncheon.

At our next stopping-place we were met by two men from Halifax, who had spent eight days in Dawson, had had enough, and were on their return trip. They managed to

HORSES SWIMMING THE YUKON.

live by chopping wood for river steamers wherever they happened to camp for the night and received from our purser fifteen dollars a cord. A general "kick" was inaugurated when the steward announced dinner at half-past four this afternoon, the men saying that the hour had been constantly advanced since leaving St. Michaels, until now, by having the last meal so early, they are forced into paying for suppers and feeing the boys for extra work. Another wrong was also righted after a fashion, this evening. During the entire trip, men have been complaining from time to time that their cargo was being ruined. Notwithstanding this, matters were left without investigation, until one of the captain's favourites went down to procure some articles from her trunk. She returned most unhappy over its condition and must have gone at once to him, for scarcely had we finished dinner, when he accompanied her to the hatchway, had it opened, sent some of his men down and had all trunks brought on deck. Up they came, covered with mould, then wet mattresses, and small tents mildewed; the passengers on all sides looked on, groaning, "What a shame!" "D——d outrage!" "Our goods packed where they can be ruined and the Company's goods nicely stored in high, dry space on the steamer!" However, we are lucky to have our boxes up, even though our stores are still in the dampness; and we are told that our beautiful new tent is not fit to be seen.

Tuesday, July 19th.

A very quiet day! Scarcely anything to record except stopping at 10 A.M. to take on six cords of wood, where, unfortunately, the banks were so steep and the woods so filled with mosquitoes, that few of us were able to land, and were thankful to get away from the heat, for there is always a pleasant breeze while travelling on the Yukon, no matter how intense the rays of the sun. At 4 P.M. another hour at a wood-pile, but the drift-wood was so thick along the banks, that one walked with difficulty, as it cracked and broke under the feet at each step. The protest against early dinner has had its effect, and the bell was not rung until after five.

The nights are deliciously cool. Hardly do we finish dinner, before an icy breath passes through the air and robes and wraps are in demand. Not a star has been visible in the heavens since we left St. Michaels, and to-night as we sat in our little corner of the barge peacefully discussing that and other astronomical subjects, we were startled by an unusual invasion of mosquitoes, which attacked so ferociously that even our shields afforded little protection, and we were driven to our cabins, there to wage war until 5 A.M., when the attack suddenly ceased. We fell into a delicious sleep, which lasted about fifteen minutes, then chairs were *dragged* from under the tables, and the stewards, who were sweeping the dining-room, engaged in loud conversation. Groans were heard on all sides, and when the bell rang calling passengers to breakfast they would gladly have had quiet and sleep in preference to all the delicacies of the season.

Wednesday, July 20th.

We are all indignant this morning. The *Sovereign* passed us at six o'clock and here we are three hours later, tied up again to the bank, and have been for the last hour and nobody knows the reason why, although questions have been freely asked. We are chafing under the detention.

9.30. The *Victoria*, having repaired damages, has now overtaken us and is alongside ready to assist in towing. Predictions are rife that she will bring us bad luck. We are now in the Yukon Flats, of which our guide-book says: "These extend from Fort Hamlin clear to Circle City, a distance of about four hundred miles. The river widens and the water flows in many channels, between numberless islands; undoubtedly there was once a great lake in the basin, larger than any lake of to-day. At the Ramparts there probably was a fall greater than Niagara, before the water cut its way through the mountains, and drained the lake into the sea. After the waters subsided the flats became the home of the mastodon, the fossil remains and ivory tusks of this great animal being found here in profusion, especially on Mammoth Island, which seems to have been a burying-place for them. Indian stories come drifting along occasionally to the effect that some of these monsters are still alive in the comparatively unexplored territory around the head waters of Copper River, but the yarns are probably as apocryphal as that about Alexander Badlam's side-hill bear which had the legs on one side of the body 'longer than they really ought to be.'

"Into the Yukon Flats empty the Porcupine River, Birch Creek and other streams, and in its course through them the Yukon touches its most northern point, an elbow sticking up into the confines of the Arctic Circle. Here, just at the point of the elbow is Fort Yukon, and there Russian dominance gave way in the early days to English sway. Old Fort Yukon was established by the Hudson Bay Company, its agents coming over from the Mackenzie by way of the Porcupine, and establishing their post near the point where the northern river entered the Yukon. A few traces of the old fort remain a short distance from the newer settlement. Here the English Company introduced its 'huskies' in place of the wolf-dog of the Eskimo and carried on an extensive fur trade until it was found that the English had no right to the country. All supplies came in, and all shipments went out by the Porcupine, the Mackenzie, and the great Canadian lakes. In this way Fort Yukon became one of the most remote outposts of the white man. At present, there is comparatively little business transacted there, though there is an Episcopal mission and school, and quite a settlement of Fort Yukon Indians. At Fort Yukon, the traveller is well within the land ot the midnight sun, for here at midnight a photograph was taken of great game, killed by the light of the same unquenching orb. Here, too, in dead of winter, the aurora borealis makes its most gorgeous displays when 'the northern lights come down o' nights to dance with the houseless snow.'"

Thursday, July 21st.

After having read and copied the foregoing in regard to Fort Yukon, we passed without running in, but congratulated ourselves, as we saw the *Sovereign* not far ahead, that plans were being made to overtake her. To our great disgust, however, we were soon tied up to another wood-pile where we remained until midnight, groaning and suffering under attacks of myriads and myriads of ravenous mosquitoes and vicious gnats. Some of the passengers assisted in preparations for arranging two new rudders, without which the captain dared go no farther into the Flats. A short walk on shore through the driftwood and dead branches resulted in a torn skirt and defaced shoes, only compensated for by a few new photographs.

After dinner E—— and I were joined on deck by a pleasant party. "What was all the noise last night?" said R——. "Is it possible that anybody on board could have slept through it?" replied D——. "Why, the *Victoria* overtook us, and as she has no cage to protect us from the cinders, they fell in a shower over the top of the barge and set fire to it several times, so that some of the boys had to stay up there with buckets of water. Poor Mrs. H—— lost her beautiful new hammock-chair, which went up in a blaze, P—— and several other fellows had their coats burned, and I guess it is going to do some damage to us now," said he, springing up as the wind changed and a shower of cinders covered us. The gale became stronger, the sky so black that it seemed as though a terrible typhoon was approaching. We sought refuge in the dining-hall where many of the passengers were playing whist, cribbage, and muggins. The stewards, cabin-boys, and cook were seated familiarly at the same table, and, notwithstanding the signs of "No smoking," which are posted in different parts of the mess-room, cigars, cigarettes, and pipes were being freely used, the odour of bad tobacco filling this, the only sitting-room, and penetrating through the lattice-work into the cabins on either side.

Friday, July 22nd.

Awakened this morning by the *Victoria*'s being changed and tied up outside of our cabin window, shutting off light and air, and we were obliged to make it still darker by drawing the curtains, as there were men on her decks, conversing in loud tones. To the usual slamming of chairs and dishes, loud whistling was added, until the noise became deafening. From eleven till two we were tied up to the banks. At noon, to the anger and disgust of all the passengers, the *John C. Barr*, of the North American Transportation Company, passed us, those on board waving handkerchiefs and hats, hurrahing, hurling shouts of derision, calling that they would wait for us in Dawson, etc. Then the "kicking" from our passengers began, and these expressions were heard: "What did they tell us in San Francisco? That we should be the first ones to arrive! that no other company would be able to keep such a promise. Oh, no! and here we are, sent on a steamer towing a heavy barge, crawling at a snail's pace, so as to carry in the Company's freight. Last night we was within thirty-five miles of Circle City and here we are, nearly eighteen hours after, tied up at a wood-pile, with still ten miles to make and everything on the river passin' us. Oh! we 're in luck, we are! The *Sovereign*, the *Monarch*, and the *Barr* all ahead of us, their passengers to get the good claims, the best cabins, the best of everything, while we who paid extra for just such luck are left here to kick our heels on the bank!" Such an unhappy lot!

We had half an hour's tramp on shore, where we were surprised at being able to gather mulberries, currants, and raspberries, which grew wild. We had an interview with Rip Van Winkle's double, who has lived here some years raising turnips, radishes, lettuce, and carrying them over the trail to Circle City. He was doing well until the river rose and carried away his entire garden. What a delicious luncheon we had!—fresh radishes and sweet potatoes, which never before had we properly appreciated. At 4.30 P.M. we reached Circle City, and were delighted to see the *John Barr* tied to the banks, but alas! she pushed off even as we arrived and her passengers shouted, "We will deliver our own messages in Dawson, thank you, and will not trouble you, who have tarried so long by the way, to give them." The plank was soon out, and here some half-dozen passengers left us to tempt fortune in a strange land. The French girl who had informed us that she was to be married on arrival, as her fiancé had sent for her, had basely deceived us if a newcomer was to be believed, who said that she had been sent for to be their cook at one hundred dollars a month.

We were greatly astonished at the size of Circle City. We went first to the post-office, simply to see it, expecting nothing and receiving nothing. We concluded afterwards to post our letters home from there, although told that they would go more quickly *via* Dawson and the Pass; still, we wanted the Circle City stamp on the envelope, for who can tell how much longer the town may exist. The Doctor overtook us, and presented the famous pioneer, Mr. M——, who has been thirty-five years in Alaska, and has a handsome Indian wife. He informed us that, although Dawson has a population of from ten to forty thousand, Circle City contains more houses, and is much healthier, as the former is in a frightful sanitary condition. We peeped into the dance-hall, and were told of an entertainment that had taken place the previous night which, in the words of our informant, "even the nicest people from the other steamer attended, and they did n't put on no airs, but followed the rule of the mining-camp, and danced with every fellow what asked 'em. They don't ask nothing to go in, but you have to order a drink fer each girl you dance with, and every drink costs a dollar." We also peeped into a couple of restaurants, saw fine-looking bread at twenty-five cents a loaf, pies fifty cents each, clam-chowder fifty cents, and the tables covered with dainty white linen. In the midst of investigations which we were highly enjoying the dinner-bell called us back to the barge. There was the usual grumbling,—"Why could n't they have postponed it a little while?" etc. We were stopped by Mr. P——, who introduced to us a man of about thirty years of age. "Have you been here long?" I questioned. "Why, I 'm the Mayor," he replied; "and this is my fourth year at Circle."

A second ringing of the bell reminded us that we were keeping the stewards waiting, and that it was already after five, so we joined the crowd who were all going on board under protest. After dinner we were grieved at being obliged to say farewell to Mr. S——, one of the most popular of our passengers. May good luck attend him! His hand was shaken again and again by those who were sad indeed to leave him behind, and his loss will be mourned by more than one. We had two new and entertaining arrivals who contradicted many of the stories we had heard of Dawson. In fact, all stories in this part of the world seem to be told but to be contradicted. According to the newcomers, Dawson is exceedingly healthy, prices are very low—bacon only twenty cents a pound, whereas we are paying fifteen cents a pound freight, while this, added to original price and duty to be paid, would prove it wiser to start empty-handed and purchase provisions at the journey's end. Another new passenger who has a dozen claims in Circle as well as in Dawson, said: "I 've concluded to let others work 'em, while I take a job on a steamer at five dollars a day. I kin save money by it, for when I 'm on shore I kin never let whiskey alone; why I spend as high as a hundred dollars a day for it."

Our pigeons have attracted great attention, and we have received many fine offers for them, but prefer "squabs on toast." The man who wants the ice-cream freezer has gradually increased his bid, which now stands at eighty dollars, as he has heard he can get ten dollars a glass for ice-cream!

CHAPTER XI

NEARING OUR DESTINATION

Saturday, July 23rd.

OUR guide-book tells us that "the camp called Circle City was founded in the autumn of 1894. Up to the time of the discoveries on the Klondike, this was the wonder city of the north. The mines on Birch Creek and its tributaries proved to be so easily worked that two thousand people from all over the world flocked to the new camp. Four miles of cabins soon extended along the river, in the centre of which line of habitations was the Alaska Commercial Company's commodious post. In this new settlement 'the games never closed.' Here were theatres, restaurants, stores, saloons,—in short, a city. The miners made and executed their own laws. Theft, murder, and outrages upon the person were practically unknown. Fortunes in gold could be left for a year in an unlocked cabin, and none would come to break in and steal. The success of this miners' government at Circle City is one of the most notable examples furnished by history of the ability of the people to govern themselves. Though the rush to Dawson in 1896–97 almost depopulated Circle, much gold is known to remain in the Birch Creek diggings, which are some fifty-two miles away, but reached by a good horse trail. The camp will undoubtedly make a large output of gold for years to come." Bushrod Washington James says of it in 1897: "Circle City is a considerable town of about two thousand inhabitants when they are at home, but subject to variation of population. Many fine placer mines surround this really important city, but the rage for the Klondike gold-fields has for the time almost depopulated the comfortable log houses of which the town is built."

How thankful we were to leave behind us the *Victoria* which had caused loss to so many of our passengers! For the first time we were able to sleep soundly from midnight until 6 A.M., when awakened as usual by the stewards. The tables are never lifted, but always dragged across the wooden floor to the accompaniment of loud conversation. No plate is ever laid on the table, but dropped as though to see from how great a height it may be done without breaking, and some are either growing to be very expert at the game, or else the dishes are of unusual strength. While writing this morning it suddenly grew very dark, and E—— said, "A rain-storm, probably," but as she glanced out of the window exclaimed that the darkness was caused by the immense height of the mountains, that seemed almost near enough to touch. The scenery is growing more wild and attractive.

Someone has been, and still is, dancing a hornpipe over head with such force that the boards above bend with each emphatic kick, which causes me to regret having signed the petition requesting that the confiscated ladder might be replaced; but, thank the Lord, Dawson is only three hundred miles distant, and this tedious fight against the seven-miles an-hour current of the Yukon will soon be ended. If we had only dared cross the Pass "going in," taking this means of leaving the country, we should have had this tremendous current aiding us the entire way. The day has been passed in silent admiration of the grandeur of the mountainous scenery—chain upon chain of rocks crowned with trees, which seem to be growing from the solid stone, and down the sides to the water's edge, with never a sign of earth to support the roots. Smoke on all sides fills the air, as camp-fires are built and not extinguished, and the flames slowly climb the mountain-side, destroying the much-needed wood, and spoiling the picture otherwise so beautiful.

Sunday, July 24th.

So chilly to-day that shirt-waists have been discarded for thicker garments and wraps, and few can remain out of doors. The mess-hall is filled with card-players. The missionaries and those devoutly inclined shut themselves in their cabins, but that does not prevent them from hearing all that takes place in the universal sitting-room. Before luncheon a great shout went up, followed by shrieks, hurrahs, cat-calls, "We 'll meet you in Dawson." Looking through the cabin-window, I saw the *John Barr* replenishing with wood, and the cheers of our passengers meant that we were slowly but surely leaving her behind. "Don't you be so cocky," they called; "wait until you need wood again, and then our turn will come."

4.30. The shrieks are recommencing, which announce to those below that the *John Barr* is again passing us. Shouts of triumph from her passengers and of despair from ours are wafted on the air. Now the *Leah* blows her whistle, and we are off again, probably for an exciting race, should the channel prove sufficiently wide.

Monday, July 25th.

The exciting event to-day was "crossing the line." We were at dinner when someone called out, "We 're just going into a foreign land." J—— left the table, and opened his cabin door, so that we who were seated opposite could obtain a fine view of the termination of the possessions of the United States and of the entrance to the Dominion of Canada. Ogilvie, in his most interesting and useful guide-book, tells us that "the river here is somewhat contracted, measuring only one thousand two hundred and eighty feet across in the winter; but in summer, at ordinary water level, it would be about one hundred feet wider. Immediately below the boundary, it expands to its usual width, which is about two thousand feet."

Several bouquets which had been gathered in the vicinity of the different landing-places were brought to me during the day. We were greatly surprised to find flowers growing in such abundance. We are becoming so weary of this never-ending voyage that we have been asking concerning the difficulties of the Pass, so, after dinner, Mr. P——

came with maps and plans in order to explain to us all the dangers in store for those willing to attempt such an undertaking. Notwithstanding, both E—— and I are longing to see the other part of the country, and are carefully weighing the pros and cons, hoping to find that we can try the trail without imprudence or risk.

SALTING THE PAN.

Tuesday, July 26th.

We are now approaching "Forty Mile," of which Ogilvie says: "Forty Mile River is the only river in the district on which, up to the fall of 1888, coarse gold had been found, and it may be said that much of it can hardly claim that distinctive title. The largest nugget found was worth about thirty-nine dollars. It was lost on the body of a miner who was drowned at the cañon. Several other nuggets of much less value have been found, but the number of pieces which one could call 'nugget' are few. The miners term Forty

Mile a ' bed-rock ' creek—that is, one in the bed of which there is little or no drift, or detrital matter, the bottom of the river being bed-rock. In many places this rock has been scraped with knives by the miners, in order to gather the small amount of detritus, and its accompanying gold. Very little of the gold on this creek was found in Canadian territory, the coarsest gold being found well up the river. In the town of Forty Mile, close up to the Yukon, potatoes, radishes, cabbages, turnips, and lettuce have been grown with fair success, especially the last-named. Another garden in a fairly situated, well-sheltered spot at Cudahy yielded fair radishes, turnips, cabbage, and lettuce. Very fair potatoes were grown on an island at the mouth of the Sixty Mile in the Yukon, by Mr. H——. He had also a garden at Selkirk, in which he planted potatoes for several years, but to protect them from frost went to the expense of having an

A LESSON IN PANNING OUT GOLD.

immense awning made of heavy cotton which he lowered on them every clear night when frost threatened. Without this they would not have ripened. Oats have been sown at Forty Mile for several years, but never ripen, though they develop enough to make fair fodder."

Facing us, and to the right as we approach, is Forty Mile. Nestling on the edge of the water, at the foot of high hills backed by the mountains, lie Forts Cudahy and Constantine. At the right are two small houses, a few warehouses, a flag-pole with a red flag flying, and nine one-story houses. Beyond is the mission where Bishop —— lived and worked for many years. Quite a number of passengers left us at Forty Mile. Others started for a tramp and we waved adieu to them as the *Leah* steamed across the river for wood.

After luncheon, Mr. L——, of Circle City, asked if I would like to pan out some gold, as the ground in the vicinity looked rich. No second invitation was needed—my pan was in my hand and went with me on shore in less time than it has taken to write this. Mr. L—— brought a shovel and helped dig, then showed me how to wash the gravel, which I did with great impatience, shouting with excitement as the colours began to show, until, in a few moments, passengers and stewards had joined us with their pans. The result of my first work was between fifty cents and one dollar to the pan, and L—— told me to stake off the ground at once, and record the claim. Of course there were the usual remarks about someone having salted it, but that did not deter others from digging with a will in this lucky hole, offering to give me a percentage of whatever they found for permission to do so. The whistle blew, calling us on board, and back we went to Forty Mile to pick up our stranded passengers. They brought us the following war-news which they had gathered on shore: that Spain's navy had been completely wiped out; that the *Oregon* had chased and sunk Spain's last ship, but that in capturing Santiago we had lost eighteen hundred men; that "Teddy's" Rough Riders had received worse treatment than those in any other regiment; also that Admiral Cervera had been caught and held as hostage for Hobson, who had not been shot as according to former report. Mr. L—— presented us with a couple of oranges, the first seen since leaving St. Michaels. "Oh, my!" said a woman to E——, "do you know that them there oranges is worth fifty cents apiece? it 's like eatin' so much money. How kin you do it?"

The old fiddler soon joined us and entertained us with his stories. "Wa'al," said he, finally, "I reckon we won't have any worse times at Dawson than we 've seed ter hum. I tol' my wife, sez I, 'if we live much longer we may spend all our money an' then we 'd have ter inconvenience some people in takin' care o' us, an' tho' I 'm nearly eighty, I 'm goin' to that country where there 's gold to be had for the diggin', or where I kin turn my hand to something'; an' so she sez, sez she, 'I 'll come along, too.' Yer know she came

E——'S FIRST PAN.

to me without a change o' clothing when she runned away from home. I 've larned her everything she knows, an' give her a pretty good home in the bargain; so she sez, 'I 'll stan' by you,' and just packed up and brought our two servant-girls what 's been with us so long we could n't leave 'em behind. Dunno what we 'll do in Dawson, but like 's not we 'll run a small hotel."—"American style?"—"You bet your life. None o' your French cookin' for me. Why, durn it, when they begin by puttin' a plate o' soup before me an' nothin' else, I jest begin by crumblin' crackers and bread an' everything I kin reach into it, till I 've made such a hearty mess that I ain't got no appetite for nothin' else. I 'm glad you 've got my picter with the fiddle, coz I think more o' that fiddle than a baby. I got a flannel night-dress for it, an' two or three silk dresses."

CHAPTER XII

THE PROMISED LAND

Wednesday, July 27th.

WE made such fast time during the night, that we are now nearing Dawson at a rapid rate and find the scenery on all sides far grander than we had anticipated. Here is Dawson at last! No pictures we have seen, no descriptions we have read or heard, compare with the reality. Those who were here last year tell us that it has grown at least one hundred per cent. The three long wharves are so packed with people that we expect to see them precipitated into the water by the addition of a feather's weight. Miles and miles of tents of all sizes and descriptions fill the town, and are pitched everywhere on the hillside. Skeletons of many warehouses which are being constructed and a few log cabins are also to be seen. Stores of all kinds line the main street and river-front, some being less than ten feet wide, as rent for ground is ten dollars a foot per month, we are told, in this business part of the town. From the landing up to the Klondike River, boats of every style line the water-front, reminding one of the house-boats about Canton, although those belonging to this settlement are of a much more primitive character, but a better description might be given after a more thorough acquaintance with this unique and wonderful place, which I christened at sight "Circus Town." As we neared the wharf of the Alaska Commercial Company we searched in vain for a familiar face among the thousand before us. Such perfect discipline seemed marvellous. We tied up at the dock, but not one man stepped on board, no one attempted to land, and yet there were only two Canadian officials on duty. There was much handshaking across the boat's side, shouts of "Hulloa, Bill!"—"Why, there 's Jim," etc., for every man is known by his Christian name in this part of the world. Upon inquiring for the two men to whom we had letters, and who had promised to look out for us, we were informed that they had "gone out" on the steamer which had passed us in the night.

At that news we felt indeed that we were strangers in a strange land, when who should evade the police and jump on board, after having rowed around the *Leah* in a canoe, but Mr. M——! a case of the bread which we had cast upon the waters returning to us in a moment of need. We had become interested in him when we were in California. He was land-poor and just about to go to Dawson over the Pass. He looked delicate, and after all the tales that we had read of the hardships of that terrible trip, we felt that he might never live to reach there, so E—— and I talked it over and finally decided to send him in by steamer and allow him to "pay up" when his mines should prove valuable. How glad we were to receive his cordial, hearty greeting! After lunching with us, he accompanied us on shore to look at accommodations.

We first went along the main street to a new hotel which was to be opened that evening with a big dinner, followed by a dance. The house, built of wood, and three stories high, quite towered above the tents and cabins of its neighbours. The only entrance that was finished was through the new and elaborately furnished barroom, within whose walls many a sad history will probably be recorded during the coming year, as we are told that "the liquor business here is bigger pay than the richest mine," and that "even the smallest barroom realises between five hundred and a thousand dollars a night." Separated by a hallway from this saloon is the dining-room, beautifully clean, table covered with damask, and even napkins (something unusual in this part of the world) at each place. The menu, begin-

WELCOMING A RIVER STEAMER IN DAWSON.

ning with "oyster cocktails," caused us to open our eyes wide with astonishment, after all that the papers have told us of the starvation about Dawson. We next visited the kitchen adjoining, where there was a stove that would have gladdened the heart of any cook at home. The chef was said to be from Marchand's, of San Francisco. The proprietress explained to us that she had sent for chairs, which had arrived without legs, they having been left on the dock at St. Michaels, one of the inconveniences that one has to bear through the negligence of transportation companies, so she had carpenters at fifteen dollars a day manufacturing new legs.

On the second floor, a long, narrow hall separated rooms that were about double the size of an ordinary cabin on shipboard. Each room contained a primitive wooden bedstead, but there was no space for wardrobe, closet, or dressing-table. Evidently the pride of the hostess's heart was centred in Brussels carpets and lace curtains, to which she called our attention as having been introduced into Dawson for the first time. The price of one of these tiny rooms was six dollars and a half a day, food five dollars extra, or two dollars a meal. On the third floor the carpenters were busy preparing for the evening dance, after which the large hall was to be partitioned off into small rooms, at five dollars a day each, providing that the sojourn of the guest should be at least of one month's duration, otherwise terms to be increased accordingly. We were cordially invited to return for the dinner at 10 P.M., and also for the dance. Noticing that there were no panes of glass in the windows, which were simply covered with cheese-cloth, we asked what happened in case of rain, and were told that it very rarely rained, but that when it did there would probably not be sufficient to do any damage. Glass also had been ordered, but, as usual, it was impossible to tell when or by what steamer it would arrive.

From the hotel we continued our walk as far as the banks of the famous Klondike River. But of it and its attractions later—in case we have the courage and good fortune to tramp in that direction to pan out gold on a claim of our

LOG CABINS AT DAWSON.

own. Then to the other end of town, to a small cabin 12 x 18 on the hillside, it being the one upon which we had an option for two thousand dollars. As it was crowded in by tents on all sides, with the sun beating down upon it, and as we were exhausted by the long tramp after a six-weeks' voyage, we were finally persuaded to row across the Yukon to West Dawson, which was described to us as being on high ground, healthy and cool, and just the place for our tent. Our guide invited the Doctor to accompany us in his canoe. Going over is very easy, as the current carries the boat at the rate of at least five miles an hour, if not more, but the return trip requires strong oars and stout arms.

We landed at the foot of a picturesque bank, which was already in its favour, as compared with the marshy swamp on the opposite side. Plenty of room there was for an ordinary tent, but it was difficult to find space sufficient for our 40 x 70. Finally, we came to a bit of ground belonging to Mr. ——, who told us that, as he was leaving the following day, he would gladly give up to us his rights of possession, before starting on a prospecting trip. The miners from all the tents in that vicinity were sitting outside, enjoying their evening meal, from which they rose to give us cordial welcome, and to tell us that in case we were prevented from turning up on time they would allow no one else to "jump" the site. They also begged us not to hire men to pitch the tent, as they should like the pleasure of doing it for us. Although they were clad in rough miners' costumes, their gentle and kindly manners showed that at home they occupied positions of no slight prominence. At 9 P.M. the sun was still lighting us on our way, and we decided that with three steamers in port, it would be a fine occasion for "doing the town" as it is called here.

We were first escorted to the dance-hall of the place, and slipped through a private entrance into a box that was curtained, so that we were free from observation while able to see all that took place. Nothing could have been more highly proper than the dancing, which consisted of waltzes, polkas, and military schottisches, interspersed with occasional

MONTE CARLO THEATRE

MONTE CARLO THEATRE. FRONT STREET, DAWSON.

square dances, which seemed more like caledonians than lancers or quadrilles. The "girls," as they were called, seemed to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age. A lot of Dawson "society" men were dancing with them, the handsomest being "Nigger Jim," whom we watched admiringly from our peep-hole as he "trod the mazy" with a sombrero hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, and the most debonair air imaginable. According to the rule of the house, drinks at one dollar each must be ordered after every dance. In case the "girl" does not care to drink, her partner gives her a check which she is allowed to "cash in" later, receiving twenty-five cents from the proprietor of the dance-hall. She is also paid twenty-five dollars a week for dancing, or at least so we were informed. In the rear of the hall was a stage and there were ensconced five men who composed the orchestra, and very good music they produced. We heard one or two songs from the O—— Sisters, and then adjourned to the Monte Carlo Theatre, where we witnessed a thoroughly respectable variety show, which came to an end a little before midnight, after which we were escorted safely back to our barge through crowded streets, where law and order are wonderfully well maintained.

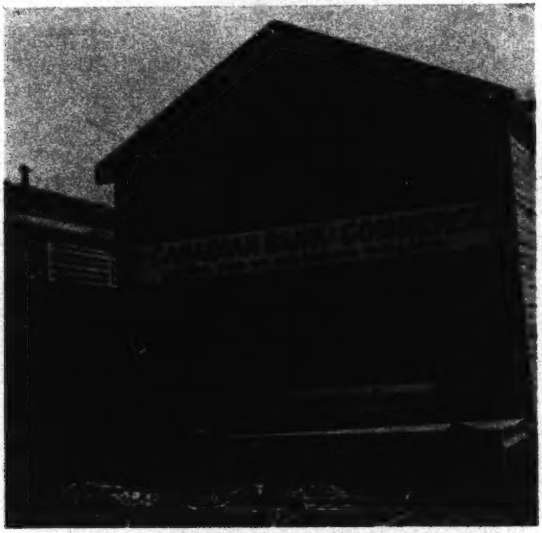
Thursday, July 28th.

The first visit that E—— and I paid this morning was to the post-office, to inquire for the large batch of mail which we supposed had been sent in to us over the Pass. To our great astonishment there was but one letter. We sent for the postmaster, who listened most courteously as we told him of the books, magazines, and papers which we had ordered to be forwarded long before our departure. He politely explained that a very small mail had been sent in over the Pass, but that the greater quantity would come by the *Alliance* according to contract made by our Government. First disappointment.

The Alaska Commercial Company is very generous in allowing passengers to remain on the boats until they have found comfortable accommodations. On returning to luncheon we were greatly interested in the different plans. The old fiddler said: "There ain't nothin' here for me. The whiskey business is overdone—saloon on every corner, an' a dozen thrown in between; restaurants everywhere; houses with only one room, the cheapest on 'em a hundred dollars a month; me an' my wife 's goin' back on this same steamer." One of the most energetic passengers was a German, who, with her daughter and two sons, had already visited every available site in town, had purchased a controlling interest in the swimming-bath, and was planning to partition from it one side, which she intended to run as a laundry; the other for her daughter to serve ice-cream, cakes, and "soft drinks." The Colonel's wife was most unhappy, as the German had engaged the two "servant-girls which I 've raised and brought up here," said she, "and now they won't go back with me."

Before leaving San Francisco, we had supplied ourselves with certificates of deposit on the Bank of California, worth fifty dollars each, which we were told were not only "as good as gold," but "command a premium of from ten to fifteen per cent. in Dawson." Imagine, then, our surprise at being obliged to pay two dollars and a half a hundred for the privilege of exchange. Another surprise was when, after luncheon E—— and I started on a shopping expedition, she was greeted by a man who had travelled through Egypt in her party in '95. After dinner we were asked to accompany a few friends on an exploring expedition, but, feeling exhausted, preferred sitting in our easy chairs on top of the barge, from which point we commanded the entire town. Our first visitor was Mrs. ——, a former passenger, whose husband is a Dawson physician. He accompanied her, and we were greatly amused by the experiences which they related. "Our cabin, although large for Dawson," said she, "is too small to contain trunks, furniture, and a stove, so we do without the latter and take our meals at restaurants, but oh, how I hate to see four dollars passed out three times a day just for our food! As for the Doctor, he is so accustomed to receiving seventeen dollars for a visit that he does n't mind."

Good Father R—— joined our party and told me that one of the Sisters at the hospital here had been in the hospital at St. Josephs, Victoria, during my stay there, and that she was anxious to see me. How delightful it will be to meet her again in this far-away corner of the world! Mr. L—— then presented the correspondent of the New York *Herald* and a Mr. J——, who we were informed was the rightful owner of the land which we have been inspecting in West Dawson. He told me that he and his partner had staked out one hundred and sixty (or perhaps many more—have forgotten the number) acres. They had paid the commissioner a deposit of fifty dollars on the land, which he had accepted. They had spent many thousands in clearing it and in starting a fine garden. Just as radishes, and many other delicacies (for that part of the world) were springing into life, the squatters came, and, as the Government



CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, DAWSON.

had failed to protect his rights, this garden had been abandoned, and he would be delighted to have us as neighbours. Some miners were here introduced, among them one of the "Klondike Kings." I begged for a story, whereupon he said that one of the most amusing things that had happened to him was the receipt of the following letter, which he kindly allowed me to copy :

"Dear ——: Doubtless you will be surprised to receive a letter from your native land in far-off America, but seeing your picture in the paper with details of your sojourn in the Gold Regions, and pleased with your courage and Perseverance thought I would like to make the acquaintance of one that has spent 8 *long* years in the Yukon after so many reverses becomeing the Mineing King How true if you don't succeed at first try try again and you surely have been rewarded for your trials and hardships endured which I suppose was many and *hard* at the time. Yet wherever we are, there are more or less hardships to bear. Though my younger days were spent with *much* Happiness haveing everything that Heart could *wish*. Then I married one of the *best* men of the world and my life was a pleasant Dream of *love*, until he died leaving me alone in this cold, cold world. Not haveing children, I have spent most of my time with relatives here and in the West. I am very fond of travelling, and have been fortunate in that respect. The paper speaks of your Wandersome disposition. True, that is very well when we are young. *My* experience is that there is no place like a Pleasant Home, with a *loveing* and *devoted* husband and it seems to me that a bachelor of *your* age, would conclude that life was not worth *liveing*, without a *dear* little Wife to look after your Happiness in sickness and Health with plenty of this world's *goods*, to make *everything* comfortable *I* have always been *use* to plenty and have an income that keeps me *very* comfortable, but the *Loneliness* of this life. I have been of a *bright* and *Lively* disposition and enjoyed Life untill the passed 3 years but now every thing seems faded and life not worth liveing. I cannot enjoy *annything* without *some* one to share that

Happiness I am rather tall, brown hair, and blue eyes, fond of music and the *fine* Arts; have studdied both. Now that you have *almost* finished reading my letter, I hope you will *reflect* and think *kindly* of me, and answer this poorly composed and written letter through *Friendship* and that *some* day, *some* where we may meet and not be *sorry* that this letter was written. I can give the *best* of Referrence and *of course* expect the same. Thinking you would be pleased to see your picture in the paper, I enclose the same then you can tell me in return if it is *really* you. I *wish* you would send me a Photo—then I will return the compliment. Since July, I have constantly been with my Invalid Mother who has been verry ill most of the time and not expected to Live long, as she is 75 years old and one of the Sweetest in this world and I feel that when her Spirrit leaves that *poor*

VIEW ON THE SHORE OF THE YUKON.

WEST DAWSON, SHOWING "THE BIG TENT."

old Body that it will get to that Land of Rest where all is Piece and Happiness. If you are *pleased* with this letter and wish to *answer* I will promise a Better one in return Respectfully your *true* and unknown Friend

" Mrs. ——."

Friday, July 29th.

As the *Leah* and the barge were about to pull out of the harbour this morning, carrying many of our former passengers, J—— (who had concluded to try Dawson rather than Rampart) said, " Mrs. H——, if you 're going to live across the river you 'll want a boat and there 's a man ' going out ' on the *Leah* who will sell one for ten dollars." " But I know nothing of boats; let me wait and consult M——." " You can't," said J——, " he 's off *now*." The owner then sung out, " You may have it for five," and with a woman's love for a bargain, after a hasty glance at the boat, I handed out the money and was very proud to be told afterwards that in this part of the country the lumber alone is worth between twenty and thirty-five dollars, and still more proud that the *Joseph* was able to hold all our household goods and provisions, weighing over a thousand pounds.

We spent the morning at the Custom House, paying about one hundred dollars in duties. Our tent had already been taken across and was being prepared for our reception, but as it weighed over four hundred pounds, we engaged men to put it up carefully, unwilling to impose upon the good nature of our neighbours. Finally everything was cleared, and a kindly, helpful crowd escorted us and our boxes to the *Joseph*.

CHAPTER XIII

WE BECOME SQUATTERS

AND now we are squatters on the land staked out by Mr. J—— and his partner. Our tent attracts the greatest amount of attention from each side of the river. Tents, as a general thing, run from eight to perhaps twenty feet—but one this size ! ! ! The *Klondike Nugget* wrote of it : " West Dawson is taking metropolitan strides. From this side of the river can be seen a large number of cabins going up, and within a few days has been erected the largest tent in the district. The West Dawsonites are to have the first church services in the town there next Sunday, which will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. D——." The same sheet added in its personal columns : " Miss V—— and Mrs. Admiral (!) H—— are the latest additions to Dawson society. The ladies are wealthy and are very well known in the United States. They travel for pleasure, and are simply ' doing ' the Klondike country as they have done many other famous points of interest in Europe and America. They came in by way of St. Michaels, and expect to go out again before the freeze-up, and possibly by way of the Chilkoot Pass."

To return to the subject of the tent. It took four men to transport it from Dawson. Our neighbours worked under the direction of an experienced man at fifteen dollars a day, with his assistants at one dollar an hour. We had given an order for planking the entire ground, but when we saw as we entered, the wild flowers and plants, or rather weeds, two feet high, the place looked so picturesque that we concluded to allow it to remain in its natural state. The pigeons, permitted to fly about, looked so pretty in the high grass and perched upon the screen; the canary and the parrot made the interior attractive and homelike—the general effect that of a conservatory. Mr. L—— sent us a large bearskin, while our neighbours contributed half a dozen smaller ones. Mr. J—— sent radishes from his garden, and after they had all worked hard and were ready to enjoy a well-earned rest, we started the graphophone which many of "the boys" (they are all "boys" here) had never before heard. How delighted they were and how quickly the evening passed! As they left at 11 P.M., we hooked the flap of our tent and made preparations for retiring. It seemed impossible that I, who had insisted, when at home, upon having doors locked, bolted, and barred, and who had never gone to bed without looking under it, as well as in the wardrobe and every conceivable nook and cranny, and who had also started for the Klondike with revolver, cartridges, and belt, should now be entirely free from fear, realising that the tents of honest miners were all about us, and that, were a burglar to present himself, one call from us would bring the man to justice so quickly that he scarce would have time to repeat a prayer.

We had been advised to purchase air mattresses, as being lighter and more convenient than any other. Ours came from one of the best-known firms in San Francisco. We had them made to order, ordering at the same time canvas hammocks with a boxing all around so that they should be firmly held. Imagine, then, our indignation to find that this boxing was too flimsy to stand, while the air-pumps or bellows had been forgotten, although we had repeatedly charged the clerk not on any account to fail to pack at least two with the mattresses. Let me say just here that it is almost necessary to watch one's goods put into the box and the cover nailed down, no matter where one may outfit nor how responsible the firm, for it rarely happens that articles arrive with everything needed. Then begins a search in the stores and junk-shops for the one essential thing, and should one be so unusually fortunate as to find it, the cost would surely amount to five or ten times more than one would pay for it at home. E—— and I spent an hour in trying to "blow up" our mattresses, but laughter at the funny situation retarded work. Finally we rolled up in two ten-pound blankets each and tumbled into the hammocks on one side only to roll out on the other side, as our novel bed swung, landing us on the soft ground. After a little practice, however, we managed it and slept a few hours until awakened by the icy wind. We then bundled up in heavy wraps, and, as our air pillows were too cool, we substituted those of down from our deck chairs, which were decidedly more comfortable. After another short sleep we again wakened, shivering with cold. E—— called to know if it were not time to start the fire, as it was so light it must be late, so we prepared for breakfast and then looked at our watches—2.30 A.M. ! ! !

July 30th.

The "boys" promised to find us a cook, but as he failed to materialise, E—— made some delicious soda-biscuit and we managed with great difficulty to open a tin of butter and of sardines. We had some nails, so drove one with a log of wood into one of the posts supporting the tent, and what do you suppose was the first thing we hung up? Why, a mirror, of course. Some of the "boys" had opened boxes for us the previous evening, and we had as much fun and excitement in looking through them as though they had been Christmas boxes from home. As we had neither shelf, nor peg, nor table, we could only look into them in order to know where to find things when needed. By ten, the sun came out and shone with such power that it was too hot to continue the inspection, so we placed our chairs where we could get the breeze in the door of the tent, from which we had an unobstructed view of the river, the mountains, and Dawson nestling at the foot of this magnificent background. We began to read the three latest papers from San Francisco and Seattle, but were soon interrupted by visits from our neighbours, the miners whose tents surrounded ours. One of the men was particularly interesting. He was just about to start out on the trail, and had with him his dog carrying a pack. He had been mining in California, he said, with Senator J—— and Senator T——, and was now on his way, with provisions, to join his son, who was working claims on some bars where he had found rich gold. He promised to prospect for us, and in case he found anything of value, to post our names there until we could tramp out and stake for ourselves. People came during the morning from all parts, to have a look at our wonderful tent, the fame of which seems to have gone far beyond Dawson. As they showed a disposition to see the interior, we gave them permission to enter, which they did in the most respectful manner, hats in hand. Their pleasure at sight of the pigeons and our other pets was most touching, and their delight in hearing music from our Criterion was unbounded.

We may be surrounded by rough miners, but never have we met men more courteous or more ready to lend a helping hand, not only to women but to men. Before starting from California we had read that here each man was for himself and had no time to assist his neighbour, nor was he willing to offer him the smallest portion of "grub." All untruths! for no such generosity exists in any other part of the world. Lunch-time and no cook! We are beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, but do not dare attempt filling the coal-oil stove. We look outside and see our next-door neighbour cooking a delicious-smelling mess on his stove out in the open air. He glances towards us and asks if we would like some stewed oysters. We are divided between a longing for them, and the fear of robbing him and his partner, but his offer is so cordial that we accept, upon condition that he will take our box of sardines, which he does reluctantly. How we relish the oysters, and with what an appetite we devour them! Truly it is worth the trip to enjoy food as we now do. E—— borrows a place on her neighbour's stove and makes herself a cup of cocoa. Another neighbour goes to town and brings us two loaves of bread at twenty-five cents each, accepting the money most reluctantly, as they all want to be not only hospitable but generous. Another neighbour presents us with lemons; still another with oranges, which

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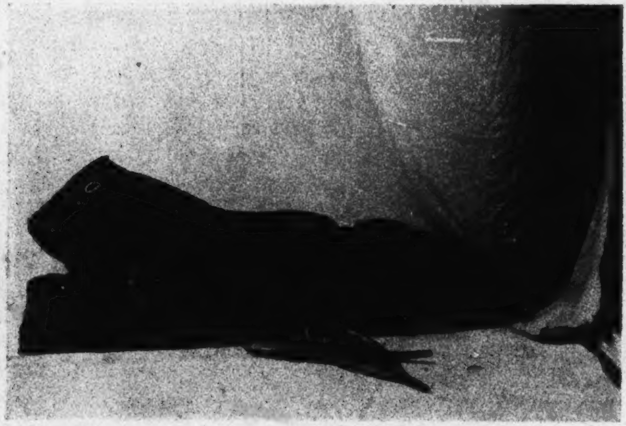
PACK DOGS.

are given in such a way that we cannot offer to pay for them without fear of offending these kind souls. One of the "boys" tells us that in a tent near by lives an English physician who had the pleasure of meeting E—— in Yokohama, when her father was consul-general to Japan; that he wishes to call on her, but has no "boiled shirt" ready, nor "store clothes." To this we exclaim, "But our visitors must not stand upon ceremony. We find that we must keep to jerseys and short skirts while here, and the men must make no changes in their costume on our account. We are all roughing it and camping out, some for one purpose and some for another, and we desire to be treated as are others in West Dawson." In a very short time the Doctor made his appearance, handsome in his jersey, and and needing no "store clothes" to show him to better advantage. How we did enjoy talking over the Orient and those we had known in China and Japan! Thus occupied, the afternoon sped by rapidly.

Towards 5 P.M. the tent grows delightfully cool. M—— appeared with delicious salmon steaks for dinner and we could hardly wait for him to fill the coal-oil stove, so famished were we. It did not take long to light the fire and to heat some of Van Camp's delicious tomato soup. This is one of the articles of food we brought in which more than equals our expectations. E—— also cooked the salmon and heated a tin of corn, all of which we enjoyed more than any feast. E—— was then allowed a well-deserved rest, while M—— and I washed and wiped our aluminum dishes and hung them up on the high weeds. Poor M—— had been scouring the town all day for a cook but the search was in vain. "The boys" came and sat in the tent door after dinner, while we had some of our best Criterion music, and it was delightful to see how they enjoyed *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, as well as Italian opera and Sousa's compositions. All parties break up here at eleven. So at that hour our tent flap was closed, and we followed the directions given to us by our neighbours and had a fine night's rest. We put rugs *under* the hammocks this time, so that the dampness from the ground should not rise; then we made a bag of one pair of blankets, stepped into it, and rolled into the other instead of getting into a carefully made bed, and, although the night was quite as cool as the previous one, we slept as warmly and comfortably as if at home. One amusing thing occurred. The fur robe was under E——'s hammock, while under mine was placed the pair of blankets purchased for Ivan, but which we were told he ought not to be allowed to use so early in the season. Hardly had we fallen asleep before the dog recognised his blankets and tried to crawl under my hammock in order to take possession of them. As he pushed under on one side, the hammock tipped over on the other and sent me rolling out on the grass, which caused me quite as much merriment as it did E——, whose laughter was soon hushed, lest our neighbours should be disturbed.



A SLEEPING BAG.

Sunday, July 31st.

Another glorious day! Temperature delightful. While E—— lighted the fire and heated some of our tinned stores, I fed and watered the pigeons, parrot, canary, and dog. By the time we had finished breakfast and our few chores, it was too late for church. Some of our neighbours came to invite us to row across in Peterboro canoes, which are considered the safest boats to use against the tremendous current, but we have a deadly fear of anything bearing the name of canoe, so had private services at home. Lunch hour, and still no cook, although the "boys" are scouring the town in search of one. We cooked a bit of salmon which was brought us from Dawson, heated some tinned vegetables, and, with our appetites, it was a feast.

As we were sitting resting and reading at our tent door, who should appear but our shipmates, Mr. R—— and Dr. D——, bringing with them a very handsome fellow named A——, who has been in this part of the world so long that he thinks it would be difficult to live at home again. Hardly had they seated themselves, or rather thrown themselves on the rugs (for we have but three chairs), when Mr. M—— and Mr. R—— joined the party. They had all rowed across and were hot and thirsty. We remembered a powder which had been prepared for us by our San Francisco chemist, so we mixed it with the cool spring-water, making a delicious cider. As our guests had come to spend the afternoon in the country, we treated them without ceremony, and opened a box containing the latest periodicals of all kinds, which they had not yet been able to obtain, so that they could enjoy the illustrations as well as conversation. M—— spied my mandolin, and told me how charmingly R—— played, and he was right. He drew from it more exquisite music than I had ever heard, even in Italy. Such a restful, peaceful sabbath! We also heard the songs of the Salvation Army, as the airs floated across the Yukon to us.

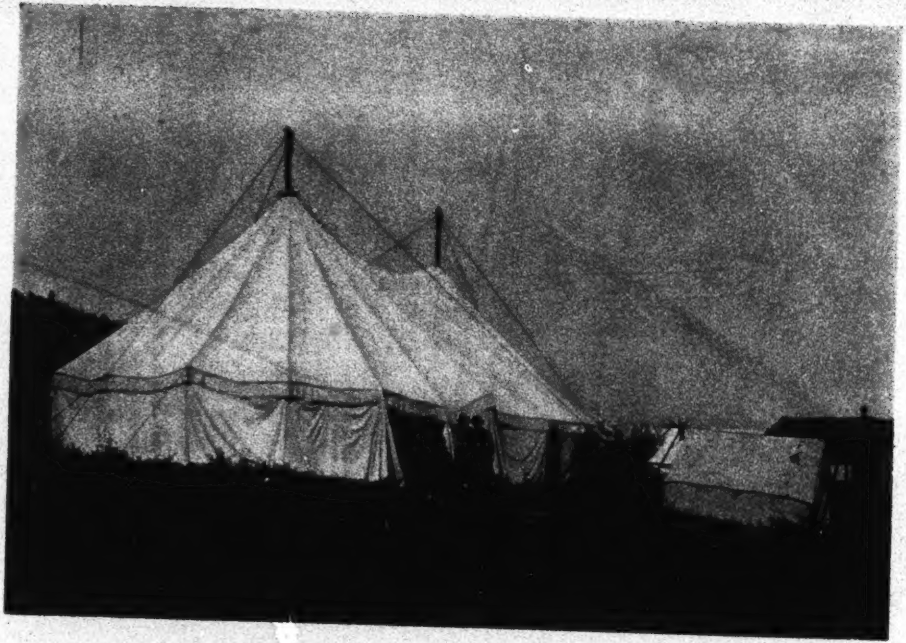
We were sorry to tell our guests *au revoir*, but could not feel lonely, as one neighbour after another stopped to see if we needed anything. Mr. O——, who is three tents away from us, came to ask if he could row one of us over in the morning. E—— gladly accepted, as she is to do the shopping. O—— said there were two great causes of excitement in Dawson, from which town he had just returned. One was the preparations for the departure of the *Bella;* the other, the arrival of two of our pigeons, which were quietly seated on the roof of a low building, with an admiring crowd about them, as many had not seen pigeons for years, and were revelling in the sound of their cooing. "I hope they won't shoot them for sea-gulls," said E——. "Never you fear," replied O——; "every man, woman, and child knows that they belong to you two ladies, and they would be only too ready to bring them back to you, did they not think they would come of their own accord." Just then M—— appeared with a fellow whom he introduced as his friend Mr. Isaacs, saying: "He is in hard luck just now. He took out last year eight thousand dollars from one of his claims; went home to find his father had died, gave his mother seven thousand to pay off a mortgage on the old home, then put the remainder in an outfit and returned to Dawson. After a short rest, he started out on the trail, and after locating one or two claims, returned to find that his tent and entire outfit were burned to the ground. But his pluck never deserted him; he determined to take the first job which presented itself, so he is willing to be your cook, boatman, and Jack-of-all-trades for five dollars a day and his 'grub.'" The news of our acquisition was soon spread abroad, and we are now spoken of as millionairesses and are told that we shall probably have claims offered us by the thousand.

CHAPTER XIV

THE "SICK BOY"

Monday, August 1st.

MR. O—— had promised to row E—— to Dawson at nine o'clock. At ten he had not yet turned up, so we sent Isaacs to inquire whether he had changed his plans. He quickly came to tell us that he had been sitting up with a sick boy all night, and had just finished breakfast, but would be ready in a few moments. I immediately went to the "sick boy" to see what he needed. He was sleeping in a small tent, on a bed made of pine boughs, covered with a fur robe; his head was in an uncomfortable position, with no pillow; he was feverish, and able to retain nothing on his stomach. To get him a nice cool air-pillow, to bathe his head and give him the juice of an orange, was the work of a few moments, and then I left, fearing to weary him, but giving him a whistle with which to call me in case of need. The poor fellow said he had never been ill before, and would rather be dead than on his back, but he had had a long, tough tramp over the mountains, "which knocked me out," said he. On the way back to "the big tent," as it has been christened, while exchanging salutations with the miners, I said, "It is sad to have an invalid neighbour" "Yes, but it 's nice to have one who brings sympathy and oranges," they replied. During the morning, Isaacs busied himself making a music-rack with four shelves, which is most useful, as, besides the purpose it is intended for, it holds magazines, illustrated weeklies, novels, and all the literature with which we filled one box, and to which our neighbours are offered free access.



THE BIG TENT.

E—— returned from town, having purchased the commonest kind of a wooden table for eight dollars, but glad to get it at any price, although it was badly warped. Upon expressing a wish that we had half a dozen of them, Mr. J——, who was calling upon us, said, "I have one that I 'll gladly lend you, and it won't be depriving me a bit, as it 's too large to go in my cabin." E—— had also purchased moose-steak at a dollar a pound, but, although she had searched all the shops of Dawson, she was unable to find at any price a tub, large or small, for bathing purposes. She brought an invitation for Wednesday evening. Mr. M—— had asked us to dine, in case we would not mind eating as the miners do from a table with no table-cloth, and from sauce-pans instead of dishes.

While at luncheon, five passers-by put their heads into the tent; they were evidently from a distance, and were abashed as they caught sight of us, but we had been inspired by the hospitality of our neighbours, and called out, "Come right in if you want to see the tent." They entered almost on tiptoe, and twirling their hats between fingers and thumbs, but at sight of the birds their feelings overcame them. One sat down near the canary and almost wept as he listened to its beautiful notes. Another said: "I used to have a parrot at home, an' it knew my footsteps so well that whenever I came into the house it always hollered, 'Papa! Papa!' Many a one tried to deceive it by walkin' like me, but it warn't no use, it never hollered for anybody else. Tell you what, parrots 'ez got a heap er sense. Another thing yer could n't fool my parrot on was this: yer 'd take some money out o' yer pocket and shake it, en' she 'd holler, 'Gimme a nickel, gimme a nickel'; but yer might shake other things that sounded like money all night, an', though she could only hear it an' could n't see it, she 'd look as wise as an owl, an' never say a word." The appreciation and the deep feeling shown by these guests to whom chance had revealed some relics of home life were most touching.

Towards evening I went again to the tent of the "sick boy" who seemed very much better and thanked me most heartily for the air-pillow which had been such a comfort to him. There was a heavy towel on his forehead, which I replaced with a soft handkerchief, dipping it occasionally in the icy spring-water until he assured me that his head was greatly relieved. As there was only a box on which to sit, Isaacs brought over one of our steamer chairs, and the invalid listened attentively as I read to him some of the war-news, for which he begged in preference to stories from novel or magazine. He interrupted occasionally to tell me of his life of wandering, of his adventures, and how, recently, he had been lying and watching, from his cot in the tent, the burials that took place across the river, "sometimes five to ten a day," said he. "But you must remember that the population is said to be nearly forty thousand," said I, "and that the Dawsonites are living in a marshy swamp, while we are are on high, dry ground." Just then a blonde head appeared, and a pleasant voice exclaimed, "How are you feeling, Mr. Jones?"—"Oh, much better, thank you," and turning to me he said, "Mrs. H——, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. A——," and I was soon deeply interested in listening to Mrs. A——'s experiences in crossing the trail from Dyea, which she declared to be so wonderfully beautiful that it more than repaid one for all the perils of the undertaking.

Next came Mr. O—— to see if he could be of assistance; so taking my departure I walked down the bank to the cabin of a feeble neighbour, who had appealed to my sympathy the previous day, but his tent was empty. A neighbour said: "Oh, I got him off by the *Bella*, and, although it 's a great relief, I 'm filled with anxiety lest he should not live to reach home. You see we started out as partners months ago, and were to share half and half in all claims we might stake, but before we reached the Lakes he had a hemorrhage which was so alarming that I tried to persuade him to return, but he would n't listen to it, consequently he soon grew worse and I had to carry him on my back whenever we reached a landing; from a strong, stout man he soon became the wreck you saw him. My seven months have been spent in nursing him, we have staked no claims, and I am about seven hundred dollars out, but don't mind that if he only gets home safely. I intend now to pack up and go on the American side, where one has no ten-per-cent. royalty to pay." As the *Bella* was leaving, our man Isaacs rushed from the tent exclaiming, "Excuse me, marm, but as I helped caulk that ship when I was down on me luck in St. Michaels, I must see how she goes. Well, she do behave beautiful, she do."

Although this is mainland, we call it "our island," because it seems to us, as though we are leading a Robinson Crusoe life. We went on an exploring expedition this afternoon and our imaginary boundary lines are an eighth of a mile on either side, consisting on the left of a poultry-yard and small slaughtering establishment, from which the odour was so unpleasant that we hastily retraced our steps ; on the right, a rivulet or creek coming down from the mountain-side which supplies us with drinking water. As walking over this boggy ground is ruinous to shoes, we have decided to imitate the neighbours and wear either muck-a-lucks or rubber boots. We were greeted pleasantly from each cabin, where the miners are taking their summer's rest after a hard winter's work. Returned to find Dr. H—— waiting to pay us a visit ; he had brought photographs of his cabin, and talked of the friends we had in common in Japan. M——, who had been shopping for us in Dawson, brought us rice, ropes, buckets, and numerous other little things needed, which it had been quite impossible for us to obtain. He joined us at dinner, and how we did enjoy that moose-steak ! After dinner the rain came down in torrents.

For two days we have been waiting for the man who superintended the erection of our tent, as the poles are entirely too short, causing it to sag, and now we are punished for his neglect, as the sagging forms everywhere pockets which hold water and allow it to drip through as does the fruit-juice from a jelly-bag. There are twenty-four big pockets, and innumerable smaller ones, so we rush from one to the other, raising the canvas with sticks, to hear the water drop with a thud on the ground outside.

E—— and I have both grown tired of swinging in hammocks and want something more stationary, so Isaacs, with the assistance of our neighbours, cut down some trees, made them into four bedstead-legs, which they drove solidly into the ground, nailed across these side-poles, and then pieces for the head and foot. The frame being finished, a double thickness of burlap was tightly stretched across it, and this was E——'s bed, upon which her hammock and mattress were placed; a similar one was then constructed for me and finished by 11 P.M., and it was still too light for a candle. Isaacs had had an unusually hard day's work, but had been unwilling to leave until he had made us thoroughly comfortable. The "boys" had divided their time between rendering him assistance and entertaining us. Mr. A—— gave us his experiences in crossing the Chilkoot Pass to which we listened intently, wondering whether we should be able to screw up our courage to the point of attempting so difficult a feat. He said that, like many another, he had quarrelled with his partner and made the usual division—cut the tent in half, the boat in twain, and even divided the stove. All night long the rain continued, but we, tightly wrapped in blankets in our fine new beds, thought of the old song,

> "Oh 't is sweet to lie at even
> On the lowly cottage bed,
> And to hear the rain-drops patter
> On the roof-top overhead."

'T would have been sweeter except for the fact that our fifty-pound sack of flour, and all our worldly goods were lying on the ground, and we wondered whether they would be ruined by the dampness.

Tuesday, August 2d.

Not enough sun to dry anything, but it is a blessing that the rain has ceased, and we are praying to be protected from rheumatic pains, for dampness reigns supreme this morning. It was quite ten before we were able to have breakfast, but that is an hour earlier than any of our neighbours, who are seldom about before noon. Isaacs prepared us a delicious breakfast, and we are thankful for such a perfect oil-stove, which is always ready at a moment's notice for cooking of any kind; we had nice fresh salmon taken from our Klondike refrigerator, which, by the way, I have not yet described. By digging from one and a half to two feet underground, one strikes ice, so we have a large subterranean ditch in the kitchen corner of the tent, in which we place boxes containing meat, fish, or whatever one would preserve on ice at home.

Mr. O—— and Mr. J—— paid a friendly call to ask if we wished to be rowed over to town, but we were so very busy unpacking and decorating our tent, that we had to depend upon them to bring us back a roast for dinner. Isaacs busied himself making a couple of benches for our table; chopping trees, and breaking boxes, from which he made us shelves and a couple of stools. 'T was three o'clock before we knew it. Isaacs prepared soup from a "beef-stock powder," while E—— made most delicious scalloped tomatoes. We partook of these dishes and hot biscuit with keen relish, while our cook, being such a hard worker, got the remains of the moose-meat of the day previous, with some "evaporated" potatoes.

At four o'clock Dr. H—— brought two most attractive young Englishwomen, who had come from Dawson to have tea with him. They had "come in" over the Chilkoot Pass. One had crossed the summit, suspended in a basket, one thousand feet above sea level. Naturally we were deeply interested in their descriptions. Mrs. F. had lived in Victoria, B. C., and knew many of my friends there, so the visit seemed all too short.

5 P.M. A Mr. S—— has just been here, attracted by our pigeons, having raised fancy pigeons at home for his own amusement. He gave us much excellent advice in regard to building their cotes, and kindly offered to assist in their construction. He sat on the ground, Japanese fashion, outside of our tent door and related some of his experiences.

He said that most of the "boys" had struck it rich, but that his turn had not yet arrived, as he did not intend to work his claims until those on either side had found plenty of pay gold, after which it would be easy for him to trace the vein. "There 's nothing makes a man cuss so much," said he, "as continuous but unsuccessful hard work. Why, I cuss by the hour sometimes, an' it 's like a thunder-storm—it clears the air." "Perhaps, should you do less 'cussing,' and a little more praying," I mildly suggested, "you might have better luck." "I 'll bet the Missus is right," said Isaacs, tying his necktie and drawing up a bench on which he comfortably seated himself, "but by gosh ! it do comfort one a lot to say it all out." E—— and I looked at each other but dared not speak, as Isaacs commenced questioning our visitor, and relating experiences which had caused him also to use strong language. Cooks are rare in this part of the world, even at one hundred and fifty dollars a month and grub, and it would never do to offend one ; so, as we came to camp among this people and to write experiences, we determined to accept everything in the kindly spirit in which it was intended, and if our "Jack-of-all-trades" is "down on his luck" just now, a turn of the shovel may make him a millionaire. In this country there are no cliques of any kind, and all are really upon a perfect equality ; besides, Isaacs whispered to me to-day, "I say, Missus, don't you give it away, but I 've struck quartz just up here where I 've been digging, an' if there 's much of it there, we can stake out all this land, and a mill-site as well."

6 P.M. "What you doing ? Writing up all your troubles ?" said Mr. O——, as he stood at the entrance to our camp. "How could we have any," I answered, "with such kind neighbours, and where all is so peaceful ?" "I came to see if you ladies would n't like to go to a dance to-night—a real nice, respectable dance, and something you could write home about." "Where 's it going to be ?" called out Isaacs, from behind the kitchen stove.—"Over at C——'s ; you going ?" "No ; I 'm too tired," replied Isaacs. "I 've been up all night for two nights and I must

get some sleep to-night." "Won't you go, ladies?" pleaded O——. "I 'll row you over and back, and give you a fine supper into the bargain." "It is really most kind," we exclaimed, "and we appreciate it very much, but we 've been unpacking all day and are thoroughly exhausted; there 'll be other dances, will there not?" "Yes, but this is going to be a splendid affair, and the supper 's going to be fine." "Supper!" interrupted Isaacs; "why, that would cost eight dollars a head, and if you should give 'em fizz at forty dollars a pint, you 'd blow in a hundred dollars." "Oh! I don't mind that," said O——, "if they 'd only go; and they surely ought to see everything in Dawson."

Just then someone passed and said that the "sick boy" was not so well. I went at once to his tent and found that his illness had changed its form to one for which I happened to have an infallible cure. Its effect upon the invalid was marvellous, and saved him from the dysentery with which he was threatened. He was in a talkative mood, so I sat by his bedside and listened to a short and interesting sketch of his life, which I regret not having time to jot down just now. "Was n't you and Miss V—— in Denver?" asked he; "I thought I saw you there at a swell hotel. This little tent o' mine ain't no place for you to be. I 'm glad you come on this side o' the river to live, coz the 'boys' are all nice an' kind, an' the likes o' that. If you 'd 'a' gone to Dawson in that new hotel, you 'd 'a' been shut in with an awful rough lot o' fellows. When Mrs. B—— arrived on this side, an' said she did n't want to live in a tent, and wished the boys would help her build a house, I said, 'Certainly we will; come ahead, boys,' an' we had her cabin nice an' snug an' ready for her to go into it in a day; but we can't do nothin' for you; you 've got not only every comfort, but every luxury, besides a man to wait on you. But there 's my boat, an' she 's a dandy, an' I 'd be powerful glad to have you take her and row to town whenever you feel like it, an' when I git well, I kin stake out a claim an' give it to you. Have you got any relations named General H——? I used to see him a long time ago, an' thought perhaps he might be a re-

From a photograph by E. A. Hegg.

A GOAT TEAM.

lative of yours. Not much fun having a man o' the same name in the same town with you. Now last year when I was in Dyea I was the only Jones in town, an' all letters directed to John Jones came straight to me ; then there came along another man named John Jones, so I had my mail directed 'J. P. Jones,' and by Josh ! if there did n't come along a fellow of same name an' very same initials, an' he a nigger workin' in the hotel ; so then I had my name written out in full—Jonathan Peter Jones—an' after that I never got no letters at all."

At 9 P.M. a pleasant voice said, "I reckon I 'm the only neighbour that has n't called on you. I 'm Mrs. B——, and the busiest woman you ever met ; moved over here from Dawson to be quiet, and indulge in literary work, but it 's no use ; everyone is so kind that there is never a moment in the day without visitors, and so I have n't had time to come before," and in stepped Mrs. B——, dressed in an Indian buckskin suit with two rows of fringe around the bottom, a most picturesque figure ; and for the past two hours she has entertained us with such stories of hairbreadth escapes, —in Arizona, New Mexico, and coming over the Pass,—that they far surpassed in excitement the most thrilling tales ever written.

Mrs. B—— told of being "on the Mexican trail," when her guide wanted to turn back through fear of the Indians, "but I got the drop on him first," said she ; "otherwise he would have abandoned me right there, and I never should have been able to find my way out again." In crossing the Rapids, her guide, in a fit of anger, took her into the most dangerous part, became frightened, lost control of his skiff, and shouted, "Paddle for your life, or you 'll be in h—— !" whereupon she replied coolly, "You 'll join me there unless you work as you 've never worked before."

Another story was that once, after a long day's tramp, she stopped at a solitary cabin in the wilderness to beg for food and shelter. As the door was opened, she recognised (from a picture she had seen in one of the papers) a famous and long-sought-for criminal. However, she entered, was given food, and after resting, while talking to her host, betrayed in some way that she had discovered his identity, whereupon he sprang at her, knife in hand, crying, "Are you one of the she-devils come to bring a wretched mortal to justice?" She replied, "Do you think I 'd be mean enough to betray a man whose face shows the torture of his daily and hourly punishment?" At that he fell back trembling like an aspen, and allowed her to depart in peace. We expressed great astonishment at her courage and daring, but she said that her love for work among the Indians was so great as to cause her to forget all fear and thought of self. Before leaving she asked if we would like to go on a stampede. We both jumped at the suggestion and were so wildly excited at the plan she unfolded that we had little sleep that night.

CHAPTER XV

OUR FIRST DINNER IN DAWSON

Wednesday, August 3d.

ANOTHER rainy day! Consequently, no stampede, as one would sink beyond the knee at each step. Isaacs was late, so E—— made some of her delicious biscuit and broiled some bacon, while I attended to the dining-room and fed and watered the many pets. Just as we finished, our man Friday entered, in time to do full justice to the remnants of our repast, although, as we had furnished him on the previous day with a month's "grub," the agreement was that he was to do all his cooking and his eating in his own tent. So fearful were we, however, of losing our cook, butler, boatman, and Jack-of-all-trades, that we dared not enter a protest. We had lines stretched across the rear of the tent, and prepared to empty the trunks, which were covered with mould from having been stored in damp quarters while coming up the Yukon. We found many of our gowns ruined beyond redemption, or in such a condition that it would be impossible to wear them again at home; but the Alaska Commercial Company has the reputation of being just and honourable, so the loss will perhaps be made good to us on our return to San Francisco.

Visitor number one, Mrs. B——, followed by Mr. S——, who came to assist in erecting the pigeon-cote. Isaacs was busy at work upon it when I said, "Mr. S—— will show you how to do it, as he has raised and cared for fancy pigeons." "All right, ma'am," replied Isaacs; "I 'll watch him," and down he sat, lighting his pipe and leaving

NEWSPAPER VENDORS.

the work to Mr. S——. Here I really did have courage to enter a protest, which fortunately was graciously accepted. Visitor number three, Mr. T——, who, finding us busy in the depths of yawning trunks, said that he would not disturb us, seated himself in an easy chair at the tent door, and enjoyed the magazines and papers, while we continued our work behind the screen. "Here 's your latest paper," we heard a couple of newsboys crying, as they went from tent to tent, causing quite a little excitement. California daily five-cent papers were freely purchased at one dollar each. We also bought the Dawson *Klondike Nugget* for fifty cents, for which the small news-vendors told us that they received twenty-five cents commission on the sale of each paper, showing that even here, the middleman reaps a larger benefit than the producer, whose expenses must be deducted.

At noon M—— arrived, bringing with him some veal for luncheon, which he remained to share with us; we had also some delicious potato balls, made from desiccated potatoes, and macaroni and cheese, in which we were indulging with ravenous appetites when Mrs. B—— appeared, bringing with her Dr. D——, a Presbyterian clergyman. She left him seated with us at table, but not partaking of our food, while she went to prepare the luncheon for which she had invited him. The result of this visit was that we promised our tent for religious services next Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, granting permission for notices to be posted both here and in Dawson proper. In the midst of an interesting conversation we heard a voice outside calling, "Dinner is now ready in the Pullman car," and in this manner Mrs. B—— informed the clergyman that his time was up. "Is it the third and last call?" we shouted, and upon hearing a reply in the affirmative Dr. D—— bade us *au revoir*. After luncheon we were informed by Isaacs that the pigeon-cote was ready to be lifted to the top of the four poles which he had embedded in the ground before the tent. "Now we 'll see," said he, "how many of your neighbours who 's been a-hoffering to do heverythink for you will 'elp me up with this 'eavy box. I expect they will all be deaf, dumb, and blind when I calls upon them," but he soon discovered his mistake, and the cote was soon high in air near the river bank, giving the Dawsonites and the West Dawsonites another novelty to admire. Two good hours it took to drive the pigeons out of the tent, after which the flap had to be closed, as we discovered for the first time how like cats they are in their love for home. This work finished, it was quite time to dress for our first dinner in Dawson.

We had seen so much of showy silk gowns and draggled feathers on the other side of the river, that we preferred the quiet elegance of a well-made "tailor suit" with "boiled collar" and silk tie. Just before starting, O—— came to inform me that the "sick boy" would like to have a little of our Van Camp's soup, so over to his tent I went with it; found him in good spirits and with a ravenous appetite. He expressed himself as delighted that we were "going to dine with such nice people, and to see something of the better class of life." Just starting again, when Mrs. B—— came to tell us that she also had an invalid on her hands, who thought he could relish the same soup, a tin of which we gladly gave her. She said, "In this country, one must always take something in return for such a gift; what shall it be?" but we were speedily out of sight and hearing, as we stepped into the boat with Isaacs in the rôle of boatman, and a powerful one he proved to be, easily rowing it against the tremendous current.

Scarcely had we landed when such a tremendous shower came down that we rushed for protection to the vestibule of the store of the North American Transportation Company, where we found many others seeking shelter. All eyes were on our tent, which we were facing, and the comments were most amusing, as they wondered whether it belonged to the Salvation Army, a merry-go-round, or circus company, but as a gust of wind sprang up, some one shouted, "Oh, it 's a balloon! they 're inflating it." As we anxiously watched it rising and falling with the wind, someone overhearing our remarks on the subject said, "Does it belong to you two ladies? Why would n't one half that size 'a' done yer? Is it Salvation Army?"—"No; but there are to be services there next Sunday morning."—"Free to all?"—"Most certainly."—"Well, then, we 're a-goin', an' many a boy who never goes to church 'll come, too, an' plenty o' others who want to see the inside o' that there tent."

Just then our host, Mr. M——, and his chum R—— discovered our retreat; the rain stopped, and we were escorted to their one-roomed cabin. "I thought you 'd like dining in here, and seeing just how we live, better than going to a restaurant, and so here we are," said M——, as we took a high step into the room, gorgeous with a magnificent fur-robe in one corner, a library in the other, in the third an oil-stove and a few kitchen utensils, while facing that was the dining corner used for multifarious purposes. We were at once seated on empty grocery boxes for chairs at a pine table without a cover, according to the custom of the country. On tin plates before us were caviare and sardines on toast, which our host had previously prepared. There were two other guests, one of whom handed me an envelope containing a letter of introduction from a son of Judge B——, who wrote: "It is a matter of much regret to me, that I am leaving here before your arrival, for I had looked forward to the pleasure of meeting you, and thought, moreover, that I might be of some assistance to you. However, I am sure I cannot do better than by introducing my friends of New York. Anything they can do for you and Miss V—— I am sure they will be most glad to. With best wishes for a pleasant sojourn, I am sincerely yours." We were soon well acquainted, as F—— and C—— were college mates of E——'s brother, and she had already heard much of them through him.

While we were chatting and enjoying the first course, our host was putting a spoonful of soup stock into each of six tin cups filled with hot water; he then passed them to us, saying, "Your medicine is now ready to be taken," and very good medicine it was, too. Our host then reached over to a frying-pan on the small stove, stirring with one hand a mess of oysters and cheese, while in the other he held his soup-

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MAIN STREET, DAWSON, LOOKING NORTH.

cup, from which he took an occasional sip. The pan was then lifted from the stove, and its contents distributed on our tin platters, and proving to be a most palatable concoction. M—— ate with us, heating macaroni and tomatoes at the same time; and how we enjoyed it all! After carefully cleaning our plates, we received upon them a bit of mince-pie (a great luxury), which had been nicely divided into six portions, with a tiny scrap left over, so that no one should be rude enough to take the last piece, said M——. How we laughed over this novel entertainment, and wished for photographs of such an unusual spectacle as that of college-bred youths in rough miners' costumes enjoying this repast with more pleasure than the finest entertainment they could be given at home. We wondered what the different members of our families would have said could they have had but a momentary glimpse of the scene. Certainly, no one dining with all the luxury known to civilisation could have enjoyed delicacies of the best market with more appreciation, or had a more delightful feast of reason and flow of soul, than had we in our primitive surroundings, talking so rapidly that one scarce could wait for the other to finish a sentence.

The dinner ended, our host suggested that we must "do the town," adding that there could never be a more auspicious moment than the present, when we had four such splendid big protectors. So off we started. I was soon hailed by a fellow-passenger of the *St. Paul*, Mr. J——, who called out, "Oh, Mrs. H——, do come in a moment and see Mr. P——."—"No, thanks, I 'm standing on ceremony and sha'n't be able to, as Mr. P—— has not called on me."—"But he 's ill, poor fellow, and has been on his back for a fortnight at least." Down I rushed, and into one of the most luxurious cabins yet visited, where poor P—— was lying on a couch covered with the usual fur robe. One has such deep sympathy for these "boys" so far away from home, but not from friends, for such evidences of kindness on all sides could scarcely be equalled elsewhere. P—— seemed really glad to see me, but I could not remain long on account of the friends waiting outside. He promised to let me know if he required anything that could not be purchased in town. J—— then called out, " Do take a peep into my cabin opposite and see how comfortable it is. Look out for your head "; but low as that poor head was bent, it was not sufficiently so for the entrance. J—— had a most beautiful air-mattress, which he wished to sell for thirty-five dollars—very cheap for Dawson—but E—— and I have had all we want of such unsatisfactory couches, which are like bicycle tires, liable to be punctured at any time, or to let the air escape and leave one with aching bones in the morning. Again we started, and again we were stopped by another passenger, Mr. P—— of Virginia, and as we were anxious to learn his plans for invading the Koyukuk district there was another delay.

We finally reached Main Street, which was as crowded and as light at ten o'clock as any fashionable promenade would have been at that hour in the daytime. At each corner we were stopped by greetings from former fellow-passengers, and, finally, by one of the men we had grub-staked, who said: " I 've been trying all day to reach West Dawson to see you on important business, but could get no boat. There is a big stampede to —— Creek. I 've been out there and located claims for you two ladies, and have done enough work to be certain that the ground is rich, so I 've come in to pack a lot o' grub back, and want all your orders in case you should leave before I git through prospectin'. Anyway, when you come back next year you may look for big returns from these mines, even if I don't get to stake another." The party waited patiently while we listened to these glowing accounts and then rejoined our escorts, quite excited over the brilliant prospect. Our host then proposed that as our beverage at dinner had been water, we should stop at the Hoffman House, which he was anxious to show us, for a liqueur. We were told that this house belonged to " Nigger Jim," who had established it in Dawson because he had not been able to purchase the hostelry of the same name in New York, which had delighted him more than anything he had seen during his travels.

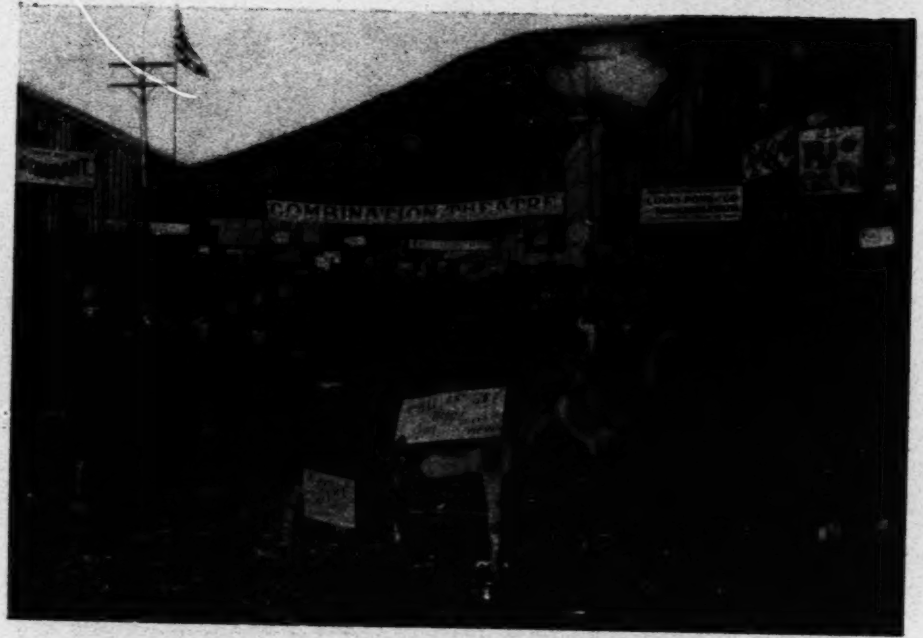
Filled with curiosity we entered, joined by Mr. M——'s "*big* brother," as he calls him, to distinguish him from seven other fellows who bear the same relationship. We entered what would seem at home a small room, but which, here, is of unusually good size ; at the end was a stage where five musicians played *Cavalleria Rusticana*, as well as I have ever heard it, the violinist being particularly good. At a large table in the centre sat "Nigger Jim" (whom I have previously described, and who has the reputation of being "as clean and honest a white man as ever came into this camp"). He was surrounded by a dozen of his satellites, men and women, and was entertaining them in the grandest style known to Dawson.

A DAWSON HOTEL.

E—— and I being the "Chee Charkers" (otherwise known as strangers or people to be preyed upon by sharks with wildcat schemes) attracted general attention. We remained long enough to hear two songs from a man with an exceedingly fine voice, and then were invited to the Combination Company Theatre. Our party had grown to eight, so we felt sufficiently well protected to follow the custom of the country and enter the parquet through the barroom—a proceeding so common here (in fact one has to wade through deep mud to reach the side entrance) that it caused no remark. We were then shown up a pair of stairs and told to take our choice of the unoccupied private boxes; only four of our escorts could be comfortably accommodated, so we had two boxes, and the men continually changed places with one another. We could see and not be seen, protected as we were by the curtains. We looked down upon a sea of sombreros, not a woman in all the audience, as the boxes are reserved for them and their escorts. We were the only ones who sat with drawn curtains, consequently curiosity was rife. We were more amused by watching the occupants of the boxes than with the performance on the stage, which was of the usual variety order, not very refined, with plenty of coarse jokes, but nothing absolutely vulgar. The young lady from the first box left her escort and descended to the stage, and entertained us with a song of a poor little country maid on a visit to town, where the young men made to her many suggestions, to each one of which she sang, "Will it do me any harm?" in the most innocent way. This so pleased the "boys" in the audience, that they threw an abundance of chips and nuggets on the stage, all of which she carefully picked up, and stowed away—in her stocking. A jealous actress in the next box said in a stage-whisper, "She 'd never get so much money for her voice; it 's all because the 'boys' like to watch her trick o' stowin' it away."

Never before have we seen so many drinks served. Each man in a box is expected to order one each for the entire party; one dollar apiece is the price, whether lemonade, or something stronger. In a short time E—— and I had had six glasses of lemonade carried away untasted. We heard M—— giving the waiter an order which he seemed reluctant to obey, but finally did as he was told and handed us chips. "What is this for?" said we. "For entertaining the gentlemen in the boxes," laughed our host, and then with a merry peal of laughter he explained that in this new theatre, also, the rule prevailed that if men ordered drinks the lady who inspired the order got a chip which she could afterwards "cash in." The waiter, having formerly been in the employ of our host, whispered to him, "What shall I do with the chips?"—"Give them to the ladies."—"Oh, Mr. M——, I would never dare to offer them to such ladies." Nor could he be persuaded to do so until M—— insisted upon our carrying away such souvenirs of the occasion.

Shortly after, Mr. R—— and Dr. D—— appeared and insisted upon our gracing their box, to which request our host acceded. We were soon in a loge facing the stage, with two kerosene lamps between it and our view. After a short stay there, we were invited into another box, where "Nigger Jim" was introduced. On one thing he prides himself, that of never wearing a coat. He had on a beautiful silk London-made shirt, but a vest covered the greater part of it. As he leaned back against the wall, the "big brother" exclaimed, "Don't you spoil that shirt; you promised to lend it to me for the ball to-morrow night." "Why did they give you that name?" said I, as he seated himself on a three-cornered wooden stool at my side. "Just listen when he talks," said the "big brother," "and it won't take you long to discover." He entertained me with a bit of his life in London, where, he said, all the men were bachelors, which saying of his is quoted all over Dawson. He was as courteous and as interesting as any man one could meet. On parting, he asked if he might come to church in the big tent on Sunday, and when I replied, "Shall be happy to see you then, if not before," he was so pleased that he forgot his society manners, and clapped me on the back, saying, "Good for you! I'm a-coming." The men all looked startled and anxious, as though they expected me to make a scene, but recognising that the man had *intended* no rudeness, and had simply forgotten himself, I bade him good-evening, and left some of our friends to explain to him that he must be less forgetful in future.


COMBINATION THEATRE

From a photograph by E. A. Hegg.

FRONT STREET, DAWSON.

We did not get away just then, as there were others who requested a visit, so we entered another box, where we received a hearty welcome, the seats of honour, and, of course, drinks. We listened to the mandolin-playing of one of the prettiest girls I have seen for an age. The men said: "You should encourage such a person as that; beautiful as she is, she is about the only virtuous girl in Dawson; let us send for her, that you may speak a few kindly words, which she will greatly appreciate. Besides, you won't have seen this show nor be able to write it up unless you have an interview with Adèle." Adèle was sent for, and talked and behaved most modestly; but when the drinks arrived she made a dash for the chips before they could be handed to us, besides stealing some extra ones from the waiter, who begged her to return them so that he would not be obliged to make them good; but this thrifty young person had them tightly tied up in her handkerchief and no amount of persuasion or argument could induce her to return one. The men excused her by saying, "She knows that you only want to show them as souvenirs in New York, and one is sufficient for that, while to her they represent so much cash."

The show over, the benches were quickly taken out and the hall cleared for a dance. We remained to look down upon a waltz and a quadrille, which were eminently proper in every respect.. The men told us that this would last until five or six in the morning and that, notwithstanding the drinks which would follow each dance, it would be no more noisy at the termination than in the beginning of the evening. We had instructed Isaacs to wait for us at the Alaska Commercial Company's wharf, but saw him among the dancers. Just as we were pointing him out, so that one of our escorts might go and fetch him, "Nigger Jim" appeared and said, "What! you don't mean to say that 's your cook! Why, he 's the grave-robber," and then told us such bloodcurdling stories of incidents in his career that we were filled with dread, and glad when we reached the landing-place to find that he had not materialised, also delighted to accept the offer of M—— and R—— to row us across in a Peterboro' canoe, although I had solemnly sworn never on any account to put foot in a canoe. Seated, however, in the very bottom of it on the coats of the men who rowed us, all alarm faded away, even when we were in the midst of the powerful current.

We found our tent almost collapsed from wind and rain, but it is always easy to find a dry place, owing to its enormous size; still, it is aggravating in the extreme to look at the Catholic church tent opposite, tight as a drum and beautifully put up, and compare it with the one put up by a so-called first-class workman at fifteen dollars a day. The tent-maker had written most elaborate and detailed instructions, so that even in the Yukon he might be proud of his work, and begged us to have it so well arranged as to do him credit. But here it stands waving, swaying, swelling, dropping with the different light winds which take it in charge, looking a most slovenly affair, and criticised by people on both sides of the river. We have been in it a whole week now, and the man who put it up, though sent for many times, has not had pride enough, or a sufficiently keen sense of honour to come to our rescue; so we emptied again the jelly-bags of water and "turned in." Just as we had fallen asleep, we heard a voice outside the tent saying, "I 've come to explain."—"All right, Isaacs, you may explain in the morning."—"But I was at the wharf on time only to find that someone had borrowed our boat and have been searching for it ever since."—"Very well, good-night; you may go to your tent, and need not come early in the morning, as it is now very late."—"All right, mum, good-night." There were so many slack places in the canvas around and above us that the air came in on all sides and we nearly froze to death, although we were covered with as many wraps as we could bear the weight of. The extremes are very great. An icy coldness during the night and intense heat about the noon hour, so powerful are the rays of the sun, and yet we are told that one never takes cold here.

Thursday, August 4th.

Nine o'clock and no Isaacs ; ten, ditto ; at half-past ten he made his appearance and when he found us already at breakfast said, " Why, I thought you ladies wanted to sleep late, and so I did n't dare to come before." Scarcely had we finished when Mrs. B—— and Mr. T—— came to spend the morning, and laughed most heartily over our experiences of the previous evening. Mrs. B—— said, " That is just such a trip as I ought to take for my newspaper work, but, being alone, never have had the courage to do so ; you must let me go with you should you ever do the town again." We faithfully promised, although not expecting to repeat the expedition ; at least, not more than once before our departure, and not even then, unless there should be something new and particularly worthy of record. When we told triumphantly about the checks we had received our guests looked at each other and Mr. T—— said, " I see you ladies do not recognise the meaning of many things, and treat all experiences in this part of the world as a huge joke ; be careful that this be not misinterpreted, as those you meet may not understand you as we do." While deeply appreciating this kindly advice, we felt, however, quite certain that no action of ours could be misinterpreted.

As Isaacs left the tent on an errand, Mr. T—— observed, " You did not get your man Friday very early this morning, and might have had him an hour later still, had it not been for the fact that when I heard him shout from his tent (which adjoins mine), at eight o'clock to know the time, again at nine, and again at ten, each time rolling over for another snooze, I called out to one of my neighbours, " I hear the ladies in the big tent are looking for another cook." There was a great scrambling, and, instantly after, the head of your major-domo appeared, saying, ' What 's that about the big tent ? ' ' Oh, nothing,' I carelessly replied ; but the effect was that desired." After luncheon M—— appeared. " Well, I heard about you last night," said he. " What ?" —" Oh, that you were invited to occupy every box in the Combination Company." Shortly after came another

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ARRIVAL OF SEATTLE NO. 1 AT DAWSON CITY. PHOTOGRAPHED AT MIDNIGHT.

guest, saying, "What a sensation you two ladies made last night; can't help it if you were behind curtains all the time. Every nice man in the house wanted to be introduced, as they had n't seen so much style since leaving home ten years ago."

After dinner M—— and Dr. C—— rowed across the river to spend the evening with us. Reminiscences of Bar Harbour were first indulged in, and Dr. C—— asked if I had met his mother there during the summer of 1896? He knew so many of our friends, and M—— told us such a number of interesting tales of life in Alaska, that our closing hour, eleven o'clock, came all too soon. As they were about to leave, the pigeons flocked into the tent, and we all tried to catch them and get them out to the cote. M——'s face fell, as he stood guiltily before us with the tail of a pigeon in his hand. "How could I help it?" said he; "she flew away from her tail." In the afternoon Mrs. B—— took us to the comfortable little cabin which the "boys" had built for her, showed us most interesting souvenirs of her voyages, and read us from the *Klondike Nugget* the description of her house-warming.

CHAPTER XVI

WE BECOME "FREE MINERS"

Friday, August 5th.

AS the tent flap was turned back this morning to admit the sunlight, for which we have never before been sufficiently grateful, the "sick boy" appeared to renew his thanks for our kindness and to return the dishes and steamer chair. His gratitude was so much greater than the little we had been able to do for him warranted, that we protested against further thanks, made him rest, and tried to persuade him not to row over to town until his health was fully re-established; but our advice was as useless as it generally is when man has determined upon a plan. Immediately after the departure of John Jones, otherwise the "sick boy," Mr. S—— arrived. This most picturesque-looking Virginian, whom Mrs. B—— calls with a smile, "too lazy for words," said that he expected to go on a stampede in the evening—a real one—not, as he had done on several occasions, make a pretended start, with such hustle and bustle that all the boys in town followed in his footsteps, to be left in the lurch, but a quiet, secret affair. As he said *au revoir*, however, he remarked that he might back out at the last moment, unless he got fine news from his partner. An Indian next appeared in the doorway, and is the only person whom we have not greeted pleasantly since our arrival; but our fear of the tribe is so great that we sent Ivan to lie across the doorway, but this had no effect upon the noble red man, who continued to gaze until he had fully satisfied his curiosity.

Then came from across the river Dr. D——, to tell us that he was soon to leave for the Koyukuk; of his brilliant prospects; the congenial society in the party, and to beg us to call on his wife on our return, and give her details which no letter can supply. Another visit from Mrs. B——, who expressed much astonishment that we should have been inhospitable to so good a member of the tribe as the Indian who had recently honoured us. She told us of the country about the Tanana, for which she is soon to depart, where there are said to be cannibals, and that there is a reward of forty thousand dollars for anyone who penetrates the region, as some of our worst criminals are in hiding there. She has been offered the assistance and escort of the marshal or police representatives, but considers that would be but an impediment, as she can do much better work alone. The only thing she dreads is being deserted in an unknown country by her guides, but she added, "I can feel instinctively when they are afraid to go farther, and when there is no doubt of their intention, if I can get the drop on them first, I should not hesitate to kill them and feed them to my dogs." We requested her to tell the Doctor of her trip through the rapids, when her guide shouted to her, "Paddle for your life; there 's only a sixteenth of an inch between us and h——."

At two o'clock Mrs. B—— took us over to Dawson to purchase a miner's certificate. Mr. T—— very kindly placed himself and boat at our disposal, and we called upon Isaacs to help paddle and carry our parcels. A Peterboro' canoe, which I had vowed never to enter, now seems most enjoyable, although I do not dare to use the seats, feeling much safer in the bottom of the boat. Dr. C—— met us at the landing and accompanied us to interview the man who put up the tent. He seemed horrified to know of all the trouble and anxiety we had undergone, and said that no message had ever been given him until the previous day, when he had immediately promised to rectify the matter; would leave his work then and there, find his partner, and attend to it, even should it take all night. From there we went to the other end of town, where we took out a miner's certificate at ten dollars, which read as follows:

Date of issue. *No. 23,109.*

YUKON
AUG. 5, 1898
DISTRICT

DOMINION OF CANADA,

FREE MINER'S CERTIFICATE

Place of issue DAWSON. *Non-transferable. Valid for one year only.*

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that *Mary E. Hitchcock* of Dawson has paid me this day the sum of ten dollars and is entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Free Miner under any Mining Regulations of the Government of Canada for one year from the 5th day of August, 1898. This certificate shall also grant to the holder thereof the privilege of Fishing and Shooting, subject to the provisions of any Act which has been passed or which may hereafter be passed for the protection of game and fish; also the privilege of cutting Timber for actual necessities, for building houses, boats, and for general mining operations; such timber, however, to be for the exclusive use of the miner himself, but such permission shall not extend to timber which may have been heretofore, or which may hereafter be granted to other persons or corporations.

Countersigned, THOMAS FAWCETT.

To be countersigned by the Gold Commissioner, Mining Recorder, or by an Officer or Agent of the Department of the Interior.

JAS. A. SMART,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

While waiting for the certificate the following notice pasted on the wall attracted our attention:

MINING RECORDER'S OFFICE,

Dawson, June 14—98

NOTICE

Know all mens by this present. . . . I am interested in one half of the claim No. 32 thirty-two below low discovery on Dominion.

I do not accept, no bargain, no compromission of my half undivided interest.

JOSÉ DAROLE.

Mrs. B—— introduced us to the two young ladies in the office of the commissioners, who told us how much we had missed by not attending the church festival of the previous evening. Mr. F——, who was holding court, left long enough to come down-stairs and be presented to us as the widow of Admiral (!) H—— and the grandniece of President Van B——. The interview was pleasant, though exceeding short, as the court was waiting. From there we went to the office of Mr. W——, the Crown Timber Agent, as Mrs. B—— thought it very important that we should know and be properly introduced to the officials before starting on our claim hunting. Our next visit was to our Consul, on official business. There we were joined by Mr. R—— and Dr. D——, and the Consul opened a bottle of "sherry," which we had to drink from tin cups. As he offered me water for the "sherry," my suspicions were aroused and I tasted it warily, only to find it was old Bourbon, which I politely but firmly declined.

We did a little shopping at the Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse, which is headquarters for everyone in town, where we chatted with a dozen or more acquaintances. On going out we saw the utter collapse of our tent. Dr. C—— at once offered to row E—— across the Yukon, Isaacs assisting, while I went on with Mrs. B—— to keep an appointment with one of the Sisters at the hospital, stopping to inquire for the mail, which arrived yesterday, (Thursday), but which will not be ready for distribution before Monday! The reception-room of the hospital is the most comfortable, homelike spot yet visited, with its stove, carpet, curtains, desk, and *real* chairs. Father —— greeted us most cordially, and sent for Sister ——, who had been at St. Josephs, in Victoria, B. C., and who gave me pleasant news from the dear Sisters there.

INDIAN WOMAN OF THE KLONDIKE.

At the wharf we found Isaacs, but no boat; someone had borrowed it, and there was none for us to hire. After applying to a young man in a fine-looking Peterboro' and being courteously but decidedly refused on the ground that the boat belonged to an official, Mrs. B—— asked as one having Masonic rights, and before we had time to breathe the boat was ours. On reaching the other side, what a sight met our gaze! I felt as one who had been evicted for non-payment of rent. Our tent was flat on the ground, our furniture and household goods, books, magazines, music, even my beloved diary, were scattered all over the ground, while the two carpenters, aided by our kindly neighbours, were pulling at the tent, ropes, and tackle with all their force. Having breakfasted at ten or later, we had gone to town without luncheon, consequently were in a starving condition. Our neighbours invited us to partake of their hospitality, but as each one has a limited supply of provisions, we felt some delicacy about accepting, and said that our tent would be ready in a few moments. Mrs. B—— proposed that while waiting we should walk over to Sheep Camp to have a look at some fur robes which were offered for sale,—one at one hundred dollars, the other at eighty-five dollars,—as the man who had them was "going out," and had never used them. This necessitated a tramp to a point farther than I had ever explored on our "island," along the edge of the water. We passed dozens of tents from which we received kindly salutations, reached the small chicken farm, and beyond that a place where cattle had been killed; making a détour we approached a good-sized pen filled with sheep. Still on, passing an occasional cabin, until we entered a clearing in which were comfortable quarters.

In the open air, at a rough table, partaking of their evening meal, sat three men in shirt-sleeves. They rose as we approached and cordially welcomed Mrs. B——, who introduced me as the owner of the big tent, a globe-trotter who had been many times around the world, and was now in search of new experiences. "I hardly suppose so grand a lady would condescend to take supper with rough butchers," said the spokesman; "but it would be a great pleasure." "Condescend! why, I 'm simply starving; my tent 's down, so I can get nothing to eat for an hour at least, and if you had not invited me, I should have asked myself, or have stolen something that smells so good." This little speech so pleased the miners, that they gave me the best seat on the bench. One helped me to salmon, another to bread, and the third to fried potatoes filled with onions, and though the latter have always been avoided by me they were now eaten with hearty relish, and never was a meal more thoroughly enjoyed. The men apologised again and again for having no butter, and offered to cook us a bit of moose-steak; they could hardly understand that we preferred finding them and their meal just as we did. We asked for a leg of mutton and some brains, which latter cost one dollar apiece, but they were not able to fill our order until next week. They insisted, however, on our taking as a small souvenir a package of sheep's tongues and a couple of brains each. Then we asked to see the fur robes, but the lowest price for me was two hundred and fifty dollars for the two, a beautiful lynx robe and a wolf robe. "Why should you ask Mrs. B—— one hundred and eighty-five dollars and me two hundred and fifty dollars?" queried I. "We told Mrs. B—— that we paid one hundred dollars for one and eighty-five dollars for the other, and she did not add to that freight at twelve cents a pound, and the profit that one naturally expects from such an investment," said the honest butcher. "I can sell the lynx to-morrow for two hundred dollars, and in the winter it will bring three hundred dollars, but I don't care to keep and bother with them, as I'm 'going out.'" After much argument, as he was unwilling to deduct one iota from his price, he agreed to bring them over for E——'s inspection, which would give me an opportunity for consulting the fur experts who were raising our tent. On our return our friends carefully examined the robes, thought one particularly fine, but advised us to see first what we could do in town, so my friends the butchers offered to leave them with us until we had tried them and examined others. Now I know why they are so highly recommended for use here, as never have I had anything so perfect in which to sleep; no shivering, no icy, penetrating wind, no fear of rheumatic pains. To roll up in a lynxskin makes the couch soft and downy, and keeps one so warm and "comfy," that it seems like being once more among home luxuries.

10 P.M., and everyone is still working at this mammoth tent. Our neighbour, Mrs. T——, insisted upon E——'s sharing her supper with her, and invited me also so cordially that to accept a bit of nice hot buttered toast was the least I could do, while Mrs. B—— exclaimed, "I'm jealous, as you refused to dine with me." The pigeons are causing the greatest amount of trouble. Although the cote is filled with seed, the bag of grain and water on top of their boxes, and everything arranged to tempt them, nothing will induce them to leave the tent; they were driven out of it only to reappear on the top, and

there they sat clinging to the ridge, refusing to fly. As the tent was lifted and lowered, they were off one moment to be back the next, and, finally, as it was gradually tightened into place, and someone stood at the door to keep them away while the furniture was being brought in, down they came through the small hole through which the poles pass, lighting on everything—beds, blankets, music-box, even on the stove. A few were caught and held prisoners in the cote by a curtain which was tacked up, but the others fought hard to remain, and remain they did, much to our disgust, as they are now so tame that they light on the bed in the morning to beg for food.

Such a scene of destruction!—the shelves down, kitchen utensils on the ground, ribbons, ties, toilet-articles, no end of small things trampled under foot, and our beautiful tent badly torn in two places! To say that we were discouraged puts it very mildly, particularly after being told that to make the tent perfect, and so that it would not leak, we should be obliged to purchase, or have made, tackle and rings, and have the entire thing dropped again with the same moving out of furniture. As we expect to " go out " in about three weeks, we decided to accept the situation and get along as best we can. Some of our hard-working assistants remained to partake of a little beef-soup, a bit of salmon, some potatoes, and cake.

Saturday, August 6th.

Trying to make order out of havoc is an unpleasant task with the mercury at 80°, but we close tightly our tent flap, so that those whom we should otherwise be glad to see may think us still in the arms of Morpheus, and work with a will. Isaacs, busily engaged in once more putting up kitchen shelves and utensils, looks for newspapers with which to cover them. Holding out one he asks, " 'Ave you read this, mum?" and then exclaims, " 'Oly Moses, May 30th! 'ave you been on the road ever since then? Well" (sympathetically), " I should think you *would* be tired." " May we come in?" said the voice of John Jones, " I want to make you acquainted with Mr. M——," and one of the great men

MINERS SELLING OUTFITS.

of the Klondike entered, was made welcome, and remained for an hour or more, telling stories so interesting that we deeply regretted when it was time for him to take his departure. John Jones said, "I was tellin' Mr. M—— as how you ladies was so very kind to me whiles I was ill, and as how you wanted to see a 'clean-up,' and pan some gold yourself; so he is going Monday to one of his mines and has come to invite you to go with him."—"Just what we 've longed to do, but we never expected to have so fine an opportunity. Please explain the road, however, so that we may judge whether we are capable of such an undertaking."

"My plan is to start Monday between noon and four o'clock," said M——, "go over the trail two miles to the ferry, cross the Klondike River, and land at the mouth of Bonanza; there Miss V—— may take a horse, and if you can walk three miles an hour that will be a sufficiently rapid gait; after twelve miles we reach the Grand Forks Hotel, Bonanza. You will find it very rough; the men are only screened off from the ladies, but you can rest assured that every man would defend you with his life in case of need." "Oh, I intend to take my tent along for the ladies," said John, "it 's just big enough for the two of them and they 'll be much more comfortable than shut in with us men." "The next morning," continued M——, "we 'll take a short walk before breakfast down to some mines very near there and see a clean-up, and you can pan out your first gold; later in the day we 'll go to B——'s clean-up, from there to my claim at El Dorado, only three miles; then to another claim of mine at El Dorado, which yields pretty good-sized nuggets. You know ten claims make a mile, so you can easily tell how much you will have to walk there; there are some bench claims near that have not been located, so that you and Miss V—— can stake them (now that you have your miner's licence), and return to the Forks that night, unless you care to go on and stake on Dominion and Sulphur." We were filled with delight and excitement at the prospect, particularly as the rain had prevented us from going on the first stampede, not that we minded the rain, but it made the ground in such a condition that —— told us his horse sank to its neck in mud.

On E——'s return from Dawson she said that someone had told her he had seen many letters for us, but that it would be impossible to get them for several days, as we must wait until everything had been sorted. Mr. T—— made us a short visit to inquire if our tent were in a satisfactory condition; then came Mr. J——, bringing us a wood-stove, saying that we really ought to have it, even if we were obliged to cut a hole in the tent for a stove-pipe.

"Well, how 's the tent to-day?" called out the man who was doing his best to make a bad job good. "Me and my partner came over to give it another stretch." "Why, I saw you going over the Rapids," said Mrs. B—— to the partner; "how soon did you get over?" "Oh, I had a hard time and many experiences," replied he. "The first night, as I was tramping an' it was kinder dark, a man riz up from behind a pile o' logs and had the drop on me, but, after he 'd talked with me and found out how honest I was, he put down his gun and tole me he was a-layin' for a man what had broken into three different caches and stole a lot o' stuff, an' says he, 'I 'd give twenty-five dollars to get the stuff back, an' another twenty-five on top o' that to get a licence to shoot him, an' as I can't get it I 'm goin' to shoot him anyhow.' Yes, *marm*, I 'm a Canadian, an' I ain't proud of it when I sees the taxes for every durned thing they 're a-puttin' on poor miners what works for a livin' in a country very few of the officials would go to, and risk gittin' frozen feet, legs, and arms, or being frozen to death; then I tell you, marm, I 'm ashamed o' bein' a Canadian, but I must get on with my job. Ladies, we 're a-goin' to keep this tent tight if we have to stretch it every night in the week, an' it sha'n't cost you a penny besides the original price agreed upon, cause we want it right, an' it would 'a' been right if that there secretary, or whatever he is, of yours had given us the instructions an' told us to go by them, just as you wanted us to do; but now he 's lost the instructions and we 've got to do the best we can."

Ivan and I went for a short walk on "our island" after a nine o'clock dinner. The first thing which attracted my attention was a notice tacked on the dove-cote that had been placed there by the Rev. Dr. D—— :

"Presbyterian Church.

"Sunday service in the large tent at 11 A.M.

"Everyone cordially invited."

Our walk was a short one. As we reached the spring, which prevented me from crossing, and which is the boundary line, Mr. T—— called out, "Were you looking for me? This is my tent, the first one on this side of the spring. All right, if I can be of no service to you I 'll go in and cook my supper." Two miners hailed me from another tent with, "Excuse me, marm, but must we dress up to come to church to-morrow? If so, we shall not be able to attend service, 'cause our dress suits are in our other trunk." We all laughed at the joke, as few have trunks, and they seemed relieved to hear, "We are all to attend in our jerseys —no boiled shirts or collars." Mrs. T—— then came to the door of her tent saying, "I hear you are going with M—— and Jones to locate claims and see some clean-ups; they took Mrs. H—— and me last time; it is the most wonderful experience imaginable, and we enjoyed it so much that I 'm wild to go again. People at home could never understand the wonders of it."

Just then we were joined by Mr. O——, who presented a Mr. H——, and another Klondike millionaire stood before us, with a dazzling diamond on his shirt-front, and another of enormous size on his finger. After a few moments' chat, Mrs. B—— called out that she was coming to pay us another visit, and so I returned. "It 's a pity to bore you so often," said she, "but I feel so lonely and homesick to-day that I can't stay by myself, and thought perhaps you 'd give me a little music. Seeing you and talking of home has quite unnerved me. I don't mind when I 'm among the Apaches—then I enjoy their wild life, and forget homesickness."

"May we come in?" said Mr. O——, entering with Mr. H——, the Dane. "You are just in time to help us select the airs to be played for church service to-morrow. It is too dark to read this fine writing, so we must try them all. The committee listened, selecting *The Lost Chord*, *Nearer My God to Thee*, and *Portuguese Hymn*, but Mr. H—— was ruled out as he pleaded for Strauss's *Blue Danube*. He told us that he left Denmark many years ago and never has had a homesick day; but he expects to "go out" this year. After they left, Mrs. B—— remained until midnight, and as the moon's rays came through the open door of the tent and we listened to her thrilling experiences, time was forgotten, also the cold chills of night, as we wondered at the daring courage of one lone woman.

I forgot to say that early in the evening one of my butcher friends arrived bringing me a small leg of mutton, for which he asked the modest sum of eight dollars. This is probably not very high for Klondike prices. On seeing a mirror he exclaimed, "Oh, do let me look in that. I have n't seen one for years." After a long glance, he said with a sigh, "As ugly as ever! My own wife would n't know me with this beard."

Sunday, August 7th.

When Isaacs arrived this morning, he brought us the news that many of the "boys" wanted to come to service but did not dare—lest they should meet some of our "city friends" in store clothes, so we instructed him to make the rounds and say that all had been requested to wear jerseys, women as well as men. Shortly after we heard, to our horror, the loud ringing of a cow-bell, and a voice crying "Church, church—no collection and no dress-up. Mind and don't be late; service in half an hour. No collection." It was too late to stop our zealous assistant, who returned with the bell behind his back and slipped in the back door. We threw our shawls and robes on the grass, and placed the three steamer-chairs, some empty boxes, and a few benches made by our Jack-of-all-trades. The British and American flags were draped back of the pulpit, which consisted of a pine table and a bench made from a box. This was decorated with some yards of mosquito-netting loaned by a neighbour. We placed a Bible on the stand and Mrs. B—— supplied a big tin basin of flowers. Facing the pulpit we had an old screen and, as that was not large enough to hide the kitchen and sleeping apartments from view, Isaacs strung a rope across on which we draped thirty yards of cheese-cloth which we had brought for other purposes. To this drapery we pinned pictures of Dewey, Sampson, Sigsbee, and General Lee; also photographs of dear ones at home.

First came the Rev. Dr. D——, with two men and a large package of hymn-books. Then the miners, many with noble faces, began to arrive, throwing themselves about on the grass in all-unconscious picturesqueness. Mrs. T—— and Mrs. B—— were the only other women present at the opening, which was as solemn as it could have been in the grandest church in the land. My seat was a box placed close to the screen so that I could slip behind and start the music at a sign from the clergyman. We began with the orchestral cylinder *Prayer from Moses*. The entire service was most inspiring, and the sermon good and earnest. As the clergyman, who evidently put all his heart and soul into his work, spoke of being "Nearer my God to Thee," the orchestra's solemn strains were heard and after that the hymn was taken up by the chorus of miners and those who had come late—Mr. and Mrs. C—— and Miss C——, Mr. and Mrs. D——, Mr. M——, Mr. R——, and Dr. C——, who had all rowed across from Dawson. As they sang, the miners, who had not the courage to enter, stood outside the door with bowed heads. Only one unfortunate mistake occurred; as Dr. D—— was reading a chapter about Joseph and his coat of many colours, a pigeon perched on the music-box of the Criterion and started once more *Nearer my God to Thee*. There was no stopping the hymn until the end, but there was not a smile, and it was listened to with as dignified attention as though it had occurred in the right place. At the close, Dr. D—— spoke of the ladies who had so kindly loaned their tent, and said that he would be more than glad to officiate regularly in case they would extend the same hospitality in future. Those who would attend were asked to raise their hands, and all hands were immediately high in air. After the service, one of the miners said to me, " Beg your pardon, madam, but by what mission are you sent out ? "

Mr. O—— remained to lunch, and then rowed E—— over to town. " I see no bell ; is anyone at home ? " asked Mr. S——, of the Alaska Commercial Company, as he handed out a budget of letters from home. " Was at the Post-office, saw these, and asked if I might take them out, as otherwise you would not have had them for several days." We appreciated his kindness all the more when we discovered that he had been obliged to hire a boat in order to render us this service.

We gave our first dinner, and this is what we read of it in the *Klondike Nugget, almost* before the entertainment came to an end.

A DINNER TO THE CONSUL-GENERAL

" Mrs. *Admiral* (!) H—— and Miss V——, the two distinguished ladies who are ' taking in ' the Klondike just as they have taken in Paris and London, gave a select dinner in honour of the United States Consul-General M——, now stationed at Dawson. The ladies are in camp over at Dawson, and the dinner was given in what was probably the largest tent canvas in the Klondike. The gentlemen invited to the affair were Dr. D——, Messrs. A——, M——, W——, and R——. Mrs. B——, the popular scientific lady stationed for the winter at West Dawson, aided the two hostesses in entertaining the guests of the evening. The ladies carry their own chef and the repast was much enjoyed. After dinner the party adjourned to the new cabin of Mrs. B——, and it was there that the late reports from the scene of war were received. The party immediately devoted themselves to adoration of ' Old Glory,' and the cheers were enough to alarm that peaceful neighbourhood."

Under ordinary circumstances it would be bad form for a hostess to give her menu or to refer to the food presented to guests, but I really must state how well we lived in that corner of the world where so many are supposed to be starving.

1st. Anchovy on soda-biscuit.

2nd. Mock-turtle soup.

3rd. Roast moose and potato-balls.

4th. Escalloped tomatoes, prepared so deliciously by E—— that each one asked for a second helping.

5th. Asparagus salad, for which I made the French dressing.

6th. Peach ice-cream, and "tho' I do say it as should n't," for I made it, it was so good that all were helped twice and some thrice.

7th. A very delicious cake made by Isaacs.

8th. E——'s French drip coffee—and all washed down by sparkling Moselle. After dinner we adjourned to Mrs. B——'s cabin, where we sat on her home-made divan, on benches, and on flour-bags, and told stories until nearly midnight.

CHAPTER XVII

VISITING MINES WITH A KLONDIKE KING

Monday, August 8th.

JOHN JONES came after breakfast to tell us what to pack. After he had taken his departure, Isaacs said, "I hope you 're going to take me with you, marm, to do the cooking and for to carry the pack, as I don't think you 'll care for what you 'll get to eat along the trail, and I can carry from sixty to a hundred pounds. Besides, I 'd like to stake some claims, too, for when A—— M—— tells you where to stake, you 're sure to make your pile. That 's a mighty fine man for you to know. He 's got fifty millions, and knows more about mining than any man in this country. I 've known him all my life just as well as I 've known that parson that Mrs. B—— brought to call on you; and yet I can't go up and speak to them because you ladies seem to think that I ought to stay in the kitchen instead o' coming in and talking to the visitors that I know. Holy Moses! you don't realise how embarrassing it is for me only to be able to speak to them on 'the outside.' You see as 'ow I 've never done anything menial before, and don't quite hunderstand what 's expected of me, and what 's not, and when Isaacs sees these neighbours o' yours as 'e 's known all 'is life a-sittin' in your easy chairs an' a-playin' the grand gentlemen, an' 'e who 's as good as they, an' perhaps better, a-standin' hout be'ind the kitchen stove, while they 're a-puttin' on hairs in the parlor—well! 't ain't natural, and it 's enough to drive any fellow mad! Now don't you bother about putting things to rights, and preparing anything else for this hexcursion; it 'll give me pleasure if you 'll just sit down and go on with your writin' an' leave everything to me, an' not look up for 'alf an hour, an' then you 'll be surprised to find out what an 'andy fellow Isaacs is, an' Isaacs won't interrupt you again, because 'e knows you don't like to 'ear conversation when you 're a-writin'." Five minutes later. "I often thinks that there 's a great deal in inheritance," continued the irrepressible. "Now me mother was very tasty, an' me father was an R.A., that means member o' the Royal Hacademy, an' as for me, why I just rose from shop-boy to window-dresser because I had so much taste," and Isaacs fastened a picture here and put a decoration there on the screens about the tent. "Yer like to lost me yesterday, Missus; yer see, while I was on the other side, in Dawson, I sees an Indian in 'is birch canoe, so says I to myself, 'Now Isaacs, 'ere 's your chance; yer likely to get in a tight place some o' these days, when yer 'll want ter know 'ow to manage a birch-bark canoe; because it 's like riding a bicycle, yer know, marm, it do take a long while to learn how to balance yourself, so I got the Hindian to let me try it, and, by Jove! I did it without any trouble or helse you would n't 'a' 'ad the good fortune to 'a' got your Hisaacs back.'"

We lunched hurriedly, after which the neighbours came to inquire what they could do for our pets during our absence. Mrs. T—— kindly offered to care for them, and to take charge of the tent. Jones had a boat in waiting at the foot of the bank. Isaacs carried the pack, consisting of fur robes, blankets, flannel wrappers, and toilet articles. We were soon across the Yukon, where we were met by "Big A——." E—— went to purchase a cowboy hat for the trip, and Isaacs a harness for his back, so we appointed the usual place of rendezvous, the Alaska Commercial Company's stores, from which point we were to be ready for the start in half an hour. Many of our friends were there to help E—— on to the horse and to see the start. "No horse for me," said I; "walking is far more enjoyable." So

OFF FOR EL DORADO.

E—— rode alone in her glory, while M——, Jones, and I tramped by the side of the horse when the road was sufficiently wide, or single file, with Isaacs in harness bringing up the rear. At first, it was a gradual ascent on a good road; we were soon high on the hills back of Dawson, and were astonished to see so many log houses, while many more were being built. After a long tramp, we reached a bridge of logs. E——'s horse forded the stream, while I clung tightly to the hands of M—— and Jones, who assisted me in maintaining my balance, as the logs threatened to turn at each step. Then we paid one dollar each to cross in a scow on which even E——'s horse was carried. We stopped a moment on reaching the other side to photograph a tavern, and were then off on a corduroy road which the miners had made, winding round beautiful mountains, looking down upon gorgeous scenery, over stones, through springy moss,

CROSSING THE FERRY.

then over more log bridges, deep bogs, precipices, until we reached Half-way House, eight miles, where we had supper of roast moose, mashed potatoes, corn, cabbage, delicious bread and butter, Spanish and apple-pie.

The meal finished, Mr. A——, of Chicago, and Mr. —— were presented to us. They were also on their way to stake claims, but concluded that they had done enough for one day and so pitched their tents. How proud we were to be able to outdo them as we continued our tramp. We next met a Mr. C——, who had just found some rich ground while prospecting, and told us where to stake; he also showed us a large piece of rock filled with gold, which he had taken from a mine near the Forks, and from which the owners were getting a thousand dollars a day, but being "Chee Charkers" (newcomers) and homesick, they wanted to "go out" and would sell for thirteen thousand dollars. He had n't the money, but if anyone would "put it up" and let him take charge, he was sure that he could soon dig out a fortune for "all hands." A man from Illinois next joined us on the trail; said he was working for wages, but had had time to do some prospecting and to stake out a number of claims for himself—some of them very rich—but he found it impossible to get into the Recorder's office to record them. He offered a third in each to anyone who could have it done for him. While E——, on horseback, and M—— by her side, were following the horse-trail, our Illinois man said that he could conduct us through high dry ground on the other side of the river. Once there, he said that he should like to tramp with us, as it did him so much good "to hear the sound of a lady's voice."

At last came the "yodel," which meant that someone in our party was exhausted and wanted to pitch tent for the night. We joined forces at Gordon's Camp, where we were surrounded by tents. While Isaacs was pitching ours, M—— took us to the cabin of Mr. and Mrs. —— to pay a short visit. Their quarters were nice and comfortable, and even the baby had a modern cradle into which we peeped, but, as it was late, we bade them good-night the moment

Isaacs announced that all preparations had been made for us. Pine boughs had been spread on the ground, and our robes and blankets over them. After crawling in, M—— and Jones lighted a bonfire at our door, and then sought the cabin in which they had been offered bunks.

No fear felt we, though surrounded on all sides by unknown men. One has but to know the honest miner to recognise that he is ever ready to assist woman, and that sad would be the fate and speedy the death of one who should offer her an insult. As the bonfire died out, we watched the new moon rising over the mountains opposite, and lighting the valley below, and felt that the wonderful and beautiful works of the dear Lord are everywhere present.

OUR TENT ON THE TRAIL.

Tuesday, August 9th.

My ears were greeted on awakening with, "Flour 's gone to hell! What fool tied this horse up here! We 'll make

M—— give us another bag," and then came the folding of tents, the tramping of men and the departure of the prospectors for another day's work towards fortune or disappointment. As we continued our tramp, E——'s horse floundered and stumbled so in the mire and over the rocks that, after several hairbreadth escapes she also concluded to walk; so Isaacs was relieved of his pack and the horse received the burden. At 10 A.M. we reached a restaurant at the forks of the road. We four sat on a bench and, with Isaacs at our feet, devoured bread and butter and coffee. When the irrepressible said, "Had no time to wash my face; is it dirty?" he was snubbed, if he could have been, by hearing, "No time to look at it." Another long tramp over rolling stones, mossy grounds, narrow ledges on the edge of a precipice from which a tiny rolling stone would have precipitated us to instant destruction, but the unvarying kindness and assistance of M—— and Jones made us repress all signs of fear for very shame. We came to sluice-boxes with signs prohibiting people to walk therein, but the owners of which invariably gave us the desired permission, which we enjoyed until we reached Bonanza, where we "panned out" and shouted with joy as the stones and gravel disappeared and we saw the rich gold gathering in the bottom.

We were promised another pan on our return, so, as the miners were just about to blast, we went on to Skookum Creek, in which M—— had also a half-interest. Here we were filled with excitement and joy as our pans came to seven and ten dollars each, and we picked up a few nuggets besides. Then came the worst trip of all, to Grand Forks Hotel, which we reached about midday, ready to drop into the first seat that offered itself. A fee to the cook secured a tub of hot water, which was most soothing to my poor blistered foot. Here we met a large party of miners, owners of several mines. An agent from the Alaska Commercial Company, soliciting orders, had an excellent luncheon cooked by a Japanese, who confided to us that he had been nine years in the country and was now "going out" and that almost every customer had given him a nugget.

In the meantime Jones, instead of resting, had gone to the thirteen-thousand-dollar mine and brought me back some of the rock which he had hammered off; it showed gold in every part. M—— said he would accompany us to pass judgment on the proposition, so we climbed up the steep hill where we broke off rock which M—— pronounced of unusual richness, but said that the mine had been so thoroughly worked that there was little left. On we tramped, stopping at one claim after another, never knowing that the greater number of them belonged to modest M——, until some employee of his told us. We stopped at B——'s mine, where E—— was brave enough to go down the very steep incline to see the panning and was rewarded by the gift of a couple of nuggets as a souvenir of the occasion. My blistered foot kept me on the top of the hill with no nugget. On the road I stopped to chat with one of my fellow-passengers, who gave me the numbers of three bench claims to locate, and then asked if, on his return the following day, I would introduce him to the great man of the country, M——. A little farther on, a miner stopped to chat with me. Not having seen a woman for ages he was anxious to ask me about his sore throat for which I promised him a remedy on my return to the tent. He then told me of his son, who had met his death in one of the mines of S—— of Colorado, and how the generous owner had educated his remaining son, who was prospecting near by, but had had no luck as yet.

Towards eight in the evening we reached M——'s mines. There were two brothers in his employ of the same name as our guide and host, but not related to him. In a comfortable, nicely floored cabin sat pretty, refined Mrs. M—— at her sewing-machine, with all about her as clean and attractive as though she had a dozen shops at hand upon which to call for supplies. There was but one room, according to the custom of the country, with the stove for cooking purposes outside in a sheltered nook, and a cache like a closet adjoining. Mrs. M—— welcomed us with her soft, pleasant voice, and cooked some ham, fried some real potatoes (which she told us were described in this part of the world as " human potatoes"), gave us some delicious bread—her own make—with equally delicious butter and tea. After we had done full justice to these viands we were treated to something which made our mouths water—a light, feathery, cream layer-cake. The repast finished, we sat outside in the two home chairs, the men on boxes, and enjoyed the grandeur of the scenery, with its magnificent mountains opposite, on which bench claims are already staked and giving forth good pay. At our feet was the El Dorado River, filled with sluice-boxes through which the water flowed rapidly, while the piles of rock and stone on either side showed how quickly the ground was being dug out. The men who were introduced to us said it was not at all necessary for us to pitch our tent, as there was a vacant one near by, which they could assure us was thoroughly clean as the boys who lived in it were most particular, and they were now on the trail. We found a bed inside, raised about one foot from the ground made of evergreen boughs, boxed in by the tent on one side

A SLUICE-BOX IN OPERATION.

and a board on the other. It was wide enough to bunk four men. Our man Friday had thrown E——'s blankets across the boughs for us to sleep on, and my fur robe to cover us. Fortunately we had brought our down cushions which served as pillows.

I was awakened some time during the night by hearing E—— say, "What is the cause of this intrusion?" and there at the tent door with his face clearly showing in the moonlight, stood the startling apparition of a man. Had I caught sight of him first, my shrieks would probably have aroused the people on either side of the river, but, hearing E——'s low, firm voice, I listened quietly as the stranger replied: "This is my tent; I have just come in from the trail and was not aware that it was occupied; but now that I am here should like my blankets, and will leave you undisturbed if you will kindly throw them out." "They were taken to M——'s," said E——, "where they told me there was a bunk for you should you return." "Which M——?" said the intruder, but we could give him no further information, and left him to discover for himself.

Wednesday, August 10th.

This morning my poor blistered heel was so inflamed and bleeding that I dared not put on a boot, so slipped into a wrapper, made my toilet, and decided, to my intense disappointment, that there was nothing for it but to give that foot at least a day's rest. So E—— went alone to M——'s, where we had been asked to breakfast. No sooner had the news of my crippled state reached them than our host and Mr. Jones immediately appeared at the door and agreed that it would be folly for me to move. M—— had already visited one of his claims and had a bag of gold on his shoulder almost too heavy for even so large a man as he to stagger under. He was about to go back on business to the Forks when he met his men coming in seach of him. Jones and E—— went on to see a "clean-up" at No. —, and were then going to No. —, where the gold ran from two to three hundred dollars to the pan. This is so marvellous that they did not wish us to take it on faith, but to see for ourselves. How I groaned as they started off without me, and felt indignant that so small a thing as a pebble in the boot could have worked such damage.

Isaacs soon made his appearance to get orders for the day, but before they could be given his glib tongue began its usual monologue. "Well, marm, I 'm glad you 've seen me as I am, and not as a galley-slave. Everyone knows me all along the road, and heven M—— 'as n't got more friends. Did you just see them a-callin' of me on all sides, mum? One made me take off my old wet shoes and put on this fine pair of rubber boots; another stopped me to give me a cup o' coffee; an' right there at that place where you saw the 'oss tied up, you might 'a' wondered whatever 'ad become o' me, but Isaacs 's always all right; a friend 'ad stopped me to give me such a good dinner as I 've not 'ad the likes o' for

ONE PAN IN A RICH MINE.

many a day! We 'ad fresh meat, marm, *that* we 'ad, and plenty of it, an' those friends o' mine, marm, why, they 're taking out a million dollars, marm, if they 're takin' out a cent, an' pleased they were to see me; and now p'raps you can hunderstand better as 'ow I was right when I excused myself from 'aving that picture o' mine taken in your tent in a menial position. Yer see, marm, when a feller 's once been a Bonanza King, it 's against nature that he should want to be taken like that just because he 's down on his luck, but if I strikes one o' these here good claims, why you can take me as what I really mean to be, a Bonanza King.

"Glass o' water? Yes 'm, then I 'm going to borrow some things for these poor feet o' yours, and you 'll soon see what Isaacs' friends can do for you;" so off the quiet (?) fellow went, and soon returned with lint, liniment, a pair of new muck-a-lucks, scissors, needle, and thread with which to sew the bandages. "How much did I pay? Well, whenever you 'ears of Isaacs' friends hasking pay for doing a kindness to a sick lady you just let me know, mum, an' it 'll be the last time they 'll 'ave the pleasure o' bowin' to 'im. They says as 'ow you 're to keep heverythink, marm, until it 's perfectly convenient for you to return them, new muck-a-lucks and all, marm, and they do belong to Mrs. L——, and a mighty fine lady she is,—worth a million if she 's worth five cents, and no hairs nor nonsense about it." The muck-a-lucks were put to soak and Isaacs brought a tub of hot water, saying that there was nothing that he could not borrow on the trail. He then tied the tent flaps together and departed. Tied tent flaps are much more respected here than are bolts, bars, and padlocks at home.

Shortly after came a visit from Mr. and Mrs. M——, who both urged me to move to their house, where it would be more comfortable and cool, but although the heat was almost insufferable as the sun's rays poured down on the canvas roof, yet, as they had but one room in which to sleep, eat, and receive their guests, such a sacrifice was too great to accept. Good, kind-hearted Jones offered to get a harness and strap me on his back, to be carried thus down the mountain-side. M—— said that it could easily be done, as he had often packed more than one hundred and fifty pounds when on the trail. As E—— and I both refused to ride the horse we had brought with us, and for which we are paying thirty dollars for the first two days, and ten dollars for each succeeding day, they also offered to send him back and themselves to carry all of the pack which Isaacs might not be able to manage—another offer which we could not allow ourselves to accept, preferring the expense to the imposition.

AWAITING THE RESULT OF A CLEAN-UP.

Jones explained to us his position with M——, saying, "He 's known me since I was a kid and he don't like to go to London without me. You see he knows more about mining than me, but he thinks I can help him some in society. You see I spent seven thousand dollars in getting into society in New York and Boston, an' I got into some pretty good clubs, although I ain't had much schoolin' coz I was kidnapped from school as a child; still that don't make no difference, coz them that 'as met Jones once at any o' the clubs allus asks him to come again, an' that 's a pretty good sign, ain't it? an' I can help M—— a good deal, coz he 's got a heart o' gold; the only trouble is that there 's so many a-tryin' to oust me out o' my place with him just to get in themselves; here he 's a big man, an' wherever he goes everybody knows him an' tries to buttonhole him." At lunch-time Mrs. M—— sent me by Isaacs some delicious beef, new (human) potatoes, bread, butter, and two slices of raw onion, which those who live here the year round say is quite necessary for health. Isaacs ate the onion with avidity upon hearing that I did not care for it, and I reluctantly left him half of the luncheon, as he led me to believe that he had had no breakfast.

A visit from Mr. D—— M——, who sat at the tent door for half an hour whittling and entertaining me. He has been "in" for four years; expects to "go out" next year, never to return, having made his pile. He also invited me up to the house, where they could make me more comfortable, and said there was no one there but his sister-in-law, who would be very glad to see me. He heartily agreed with me that she was not only very pretty but an excellent housekeeper. He told me that those who froze here did not know how to dress properly; that it was as bad to put on too much as too little clothing; that he had worked with the mercury at eighty degrees below zero. There is great rejoicing among all claim-owners over the rumour that the royalty has been reduced from ten per cent. to two, "and we can afford to pay that," said he, "as we sometimes get pans that run all the way from three hundred to twelve hundred dollars, whereas, on the American side, you make much less than you do here, even after paying the ten per cent. royalty."

Just then E—— returned enthusiastic over her day's trip, though with lame and aching feet. "We went first to No. —, El Dorado," said she; "Mr. M—— met us there and we watched the end of the clean-up of half a day's work, two men, and out came five thousand dollars, all washed through sluice-boxes, then raked and spaded. From there to No. — and thirty feet down a perpendicular ladder; another clean-up, twelve thousand dollars in two days, seven men at work. Gold fell out wherever I poked my umbrella, and, at the last moment, Jones knocked out a stone and right behind it shone a nugget weighing between seven and eight ounces. In the cabins were great pans of gold which I tried to photograph, one pan with six hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Next we went to M——'s pet, No. —, but I did not care so much for that, as the gold was finer and not so easily seen. Then back to No. —, to see them sifting and drying gold, taking the black sand out with a common magnet such as children use."

THE RESULT OF A CLEAN-UP.

After dinner E—— and Jones sat in the door of the tent entertaining me, while Isaacs sat outside smoking his pipe and waiting orders from us. "Well, Isaacs, did you go up the hill and write our names on the stakes?" said E——. "I went up to top o' the hill and down to the Gulch, and there were only eighteen claims and they were all staked out to the very end; cabins there and people prospecting, and they said as how they had n't found nothink. Went down one fellow's hole and he 'd put a fire in it. No, an' I did n't stake in the other stream neither. You just bet yer life, Jones, if there 'd been anythink in it I 'd 'a' been in it myself, cause that 's what I come up 'ere for." "Just think of No. —," said E, turning to me; "every time I put my umbrella in, the great pieces of gold fell out; I could have sat there for ever." At eleven, as M—— did not materialise we said good-night and dropped the tent flap.

Thursday, August 11th.

We awakened at eight; all was quiet; no one moving outside, not even the dogs. My lame foot still prevented me from going to the M——s' cabin for breakfast, which E—— promised to send me by Isaacs. She soon returned, saying, "It is nine o'clock, but no one is up yet." Shortly after, Jones and Isaacs appeared to dress and bandage my wounds. Then came Mrs. M——, with such a nice breakfast. Finally, our guide, Mr. M——, appeared, to know if I should be able to go on, and said, "As Miss V—— panned out some nuggets yesterday, I thought it would be only fair to fetch a few for you," and he handed me four beauties. Isaacs admired them so loudly that he was handed a small one by M—— for a scarf-pin. "Now," said the latter, "if you feel equal to the walk, we 'll go down to Skookum Gulch and you shall have your turn at panning out." "That is a great inducement," said I, "and rather than keep the party back I 'll go if the foot has to be amputated after." "By Josh! you 're plucky," said M——; "but we 'll take it slowly and you can stop whenever you feel like it." Isaacs rolled up our tent, fur robes, etc., and said, "You see, marm, I 've never boasted much as to what I could do, but when you take a

CLEAN-UP ON THE B—— MINE.

trip like this you 're not long in finding out what an 'andy fellow I ham. I never believe in boasting ; just let people find out for themselves an' they 'll soon know what you are. An' now I 'll return your breakfast dishes. Great Julius Cæsar ! ain't you goin' to eat that fine cake ? Goin' to give it to me ! Well, by golly, I 'm thankful for it ; your kindness and generosity shall never be forgotten by yours truly, who 's only 'ad a flapjack for 'is breakfast. You see yesterday I lent a 'elpin' 'and so often to the missus that she could n't 'elp haskin me to dinner ; carried water for her, chopped wood, and made myself as useful as a man can to a woman, an' that beef she gave me—well, I ain't sayin' anythink, but that 's the finest I 've tasted for a long time, an' I 'm goin to fix some just like it for you two ladies as soon as we get back."

Our first stopping-place, after bidding farewell to the hospitable M——s and inviting them to visit us in West Dawson, was at the B——s' comfortable cabin with its carpet, rocking-chairs and homelike appearance. We were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. B—— and Mrs. B——'s sister. Mrs. B—— showed us a tin box filled with hundreds of nuggets from their mine. She was able to tell them all apart, their weight, and when and where found. Her sister also had a fine collection, but said that panning was such hard work that she did not do it very often, even though it meant extra nuggets.

We next went on to Bonanza No. —, where Mr. M—— told us we might have all the gold we could pan out ; but as they had just had a clean-up and my first efforts were not successful, M—— finished his business with the overseer and said, "Let us go over to Skookum Gulch and there we 'll find some nuggets." So, leaving E—— and Jones digging, surrounded by the honest miners who were helping them in their search, we went over sluice-boxes and crossed narrow ledges down into Skookum Gulch, No. —, where F—— welcomed us and said, "Had you only come yesterday I could have helped you to find some beauties." However, we crawled under the sluice-boxes, and on hands and knees we chipped away until two big nuggets fell into my hands; then we filled a pan, took it over to the water-box, and the excitement began as the stones and gravel washed out and the colours began to show. More shaking of the pan, and the colours became clearer, until at length the small stones fell out and only nuggets remained. These were dropped into my handkerchief in accordance with the custom here, that the best the mine affords is scarcely sufficient to do honour to woman, so highly is she appreciated where she so rarely appears. E—— and Jones soon joined us and E—— washed out a pan, after which, as M—— was obliged to return to the Forks and visit the clean-ups from his other mines, we parted company, thanking him again and again for his kindness and for the wonderful experiences he had given us. He recommended us to the care of honest John Jones, and well did he fulfil the charge.

We had sent Isaacs ahead with the horse and pack, telling him to meet us at the Half-way House, but, as that was eight miles distant and E—— had not much confidence in her ability to walk it, Isaacs was told to listen for our yodel and not to keep too far ahead of us, on the horse trail opposite. How the trail changed! Sometimes the ground was hard and dry, then suddenly would appear a marsh in which our feet would sink beyond the ankle, and so extensive that, peer as we would, not a sign could be seen of the trail beyond; we would wade through the marsh, carefully picking our steps for fear of disappearing entirely from view; then we would suddenly come upon one of those beautiful mossy, spongy carpets of such glorious colours of pale grey, green, and red that it looked as though prepared for a dance of the fairies. How we longed to get an adequate photograph of such exquisite beauty that no pen can picture! On we tramped over this most delicate of carpets, on which the foot rests but leaves no impress, and, just as we were in despair at the thought of having lost the trail, it would loom plainly and clearly before us again, well trodden and unmistakable.

About 8 P.M. we reached the junction of the two roads and gladly seated ourselves on the bench under the tent for supper. Two men stopped to have lemonade, and were charged fifty cents a glass. Before starting again Isaacs took off E——'s muck-a-lucks and filled them once more with fresh straw to protect the soles of her feet from being cut by the sharp stones which we sometimes encountered. E—— was still doubtful as to whether she could make the Half-way House, so Isaacs went on with the same instructions to listen for the yodel, which would mean that he must pitch the tent for the night. We were both anxious not to give up, as it would have meant that the men must spend the night in the open air without blankets, although men in this part of the world are not unaccustomed to that hardship, as evidenced by the many sound sleepers over whom we almost stumbled, so near to the trail were they lying.

Finally, it became almost too dark to see the way, as, at this time of year, one has really a few hours without sun or moon. Now came the bridges; not wide ones with a railing, but a log of wood, which sometimes rolled over as we stepped upon it, laid across a dashing torrent without any support. Poor John Jones was obliged to cross it first with E——, then return for me, and how we did cling to his hand! At last we were really off the trail, and, search as we would, no trace of it could be discovered. We were almost ready to weep with fatigue, but knew that we must keep up our spirits and not depress or discourage the man who, although so ill and faint himself that he could scarcely walk, still bravely led on. Finally we sat down to rest while honest John went on a voyage of discovery, but when he returned he had found no sign of a trail. Suddenly we heard a sound in the distance and walked towards it until we reached a mine where men were still working. They told us that we must either retrace our steps for a mile, or try the perilous task of climbing the rocks and stones that had been thrown up from the mine, leaving the deep cavern beneath. We decided upon the latter course, rather than go back. In fear and trembling we began to crawl over the pointed mass of rolling stones, carefully testing each step before daring to trust to it. Slipping, sliding, clutching for Jones's ever-ready hand, it seemed hours before we reached the bridge and tried the dashing water with our sticks to probe the depth before we dared put foot upon the log. During the entire trip we had said to each obstacle, "So long as we do not sink above the knee it does n't matter," but here, although Jones did all in his power to steady us, the log rolled and the water rushed into our boots as we went up to our hips and were pulled out on shore. Poor John was in great distress at the accident, but we assured him that it had cooled our burning feet deliciously, and that, as no one ever takes cold in this country, there was no harm done. But still he worried, feeling himself to blame, and all we could say did not restore his spirits.

Then came a long stretch of woods and bog, and as there was nothing to light us on our way, I began to sing, *Lead Kindly Light, lead Thou me on.* Just then we stumbled over a sleeping man. As he sat up I began to apologise, whereupon he said, "Don't make no excuses, lady; I 'd be willing to be woke up every night to hear *Lead Kindly Light* sung by a lady." We next passed a cabin, and a voice called out, "What time is it? How good it is to hear a lady sing"; but E—— said she was so weary that song made her nervous, and so we continued our tramp in silence. Soon we saw bright lights ahead and rejoiced that the hotel was so near. With quickened step we approached, only to find an enormous bonfire around which were seated about twenty men. At home we should have thought of tramps, and have made an enormous detour, at sight of the big slouch hats and unknown faces at so late an hour; but, being in Alaska among men whose hearts seem to rejoice at sight of a woman, we merely passed the time of night and inquired "How far to the Half-way House?" "Only a mile," they replied, and E—— groaned, saying that her feet felt as though they had been bastinadoed, and that each step was agony. Another mile of marsh brought us, thoroughly exhausted, to the small hotel. All were sleeping, but "mine host" was soon aroused. There was accommodation for Jones in an eight-bunk hall. The proprietor placed his room at our disposal, while Isaacs had to put up the tent and sleep outside. We quickly turned in to beds almost as narrow as coffins, but we were thankful enough even for such accommodations.

Friday, August 12th.

In the morning Isaacs brought us big tubs of hot water and with it towels which we did not care to use. This reminds me to add the caution, that one should always travel with one's own linen, no matter what else has to be left behind. He also brought us the news that the horse for which we are paying from ten to fifteen dollars a day had strayed away during the night and wandered several miles on the homeward trail. He was told to go at once in search of it, but said he could not do so without his breakfast. Several hours later he tried to overtake the beast, but returned saying that it was not to be found. So Isaacs had to pack on his back the sixty or seventy pounds, and was told to start on the horse trail, transfer the pack to the horse's back and lead him into town, meeting us at the stores of the Alaska Commercial Company. We took a few pictures and then started off, E—— having changed muck-a-lucks with the cook, and I wearing one India-rubber boot and one muck-a-luck.

We started on the last stage of our journey at three sharp, and having been told that by climbing the mountain we could cut off two miles, we took that route, intending to do the eight miles leisurely—eight miles, possibly, as the crow flies, but, with all the circuitous windings of the trail, how many could it have been ? The climb was one steady pull up—up—the mountain growing steeper and steeper. We rested many times, as E——'s feet were almost too sore to touch the ground, while mine felt as though there were mustard plasters on each sole. Up—up—and steeper and more steep became the mountain, until it was almost perpendicular. Had we seen a map or picture of it before starting, never should we have attempted the climb, but with patient Jones ready to tender assistance at any moment in spite of being still pale, ill, and faint, we were shamed into a courage we were far from feeling. Many men passed us on the trail; many we passed as they rested by the wayside, and from each one came pleasant greetings and compliments at our pluck and courage, praise which I little deserved, being such a coward at heart. At last we reached the summit, and the magnificent view was well worthy of the exertion. There was our tent in the distance; before us the Klondike River; on the right a beautiful island, and, just beyond, Dawson.

RETURNING FROM A CLEAN-UP.

We seated ourselves on the mossy carpet, and feasted our eyes while resting our weary limbs. Then came four miles down hill, through woods, then a marsh where the trail was lost again and again, but as there were so many passing in each direction, it was easily refound. Our way next led us through a town whose name I do not like to mention—"Louse-town." When Jones said we must pass through it, I strongly objected, but he replied, "Why, there ain't none of 'em there ; that 's only the name they give it, 'cause it was bought from the Indians, an' they 're always lousy." We hastened through, nevertheless, and then found ourselves at the head of a perpendicular descent; after walking, sliding, and rolling down a long hill, which seemed so dangerous that we should have taken a picture of it had there been light enough, to enable us afterwards to realise our own bravery. Never should I have dared it had there been any other way of reaching home. Although the bank of the river was lined with boats and the place filled with men, it took nearly an hour to find one to row us, or rather to float with the strong current to West Dawson, not a mile distant. The first man wanted ten dollars, the second three, which we willingly gave, as, had we walked across the bridge, it would have cost one dollar each, and then we should have had the Main Street of Dawson to traverse before reaching the Alaska Commercial Company to take a boat. As we drifted down stream, we yodelled to Isaacs, and shortly after he appeared with his pack.

Bad news greeted us on our arrival. The neighbours' dogs had come into the tent during our absence and killed quite a number of the pigeons. It was eight o'clock and Isaacs, though exhausted, managed to prepare us a nice little supper. Dr. H—— came to see if we required his services, and then such a night's rest as we should have enjoyed had it not been for the incessant barking of the dogs just outside the tent ; a noise which their owners do not seem at all to mind, but which awakened us again and again.

Saturday, August 13th.

We must get rid of the pigeons! They have become so tame that they not only fly all about the tent, but even light upon the bed ; at half-after five this morning I was up decoying them out by offering them food and drink outside the tent door, and then Poll had to be fed in order to quiet her scolding. The silence then was such an inducement that I began to write, and have been at it ever since. The pigeons, however, have come back through the air-holes in the top of the tent, and are so saucy that they are sitting on the bench at my side, on the table at which I am writing, perching on cups and making them fall with a crash, dipping into our drinking-water bucket, which our man-of-all-work was too weary to cover before going home last night, and even going into the barrel, which makes me feel like covering it up so that they may never come out. Moral—never open a pigeon-box, after a voyage, in a place where you do not wish them to remain, for, fight them as you will, it is impossible to drive them out afterwards.

Our first visitor was Mrs. T——, to ask how we had enjoyed our trip, to inquire if she might be of service, and to insist upon making us coffee, as it was after ten, Isaacs had not yet appeared, and our feet were too swollen to permit of our taking the least liberty in using them. E——, however, made some of her delicious biscuit, which the cook, sauntering in before eleven, enjoyed with great gusto. Then E——, who now takes charge, kindly relieving me from all care, had her first unpleasant experience with Klondike housekeeping. The storm had been brewing for some time, and she felt it necessary to "have it out." M—— had arranged with his unfortunate friend to come to us as cook, carpenter, boatman, etc., for one hundred and fifty dollars a month and his "grub." He had worked well, cooked well, made us tables, shelves, and stools from boxes, etc., was willing and obliging, and at first we were well pleased. Then he found our "grub" too dainty for a strong man, so we got M—— to order just what miners used, and advanced him money to purchase a tent, blankets, and other necessary articles. His tent was pitched very near ours, and he was allowed the time to go back and forth for his meals. But this took so long that when we were in a hurry he remained, partaking of our food.

Next came a demand for fresh meat, and, as the regular price is one dollar a pound, and we found on inquiry that very few men got it, we refused this modest request. We also objected to his coming in and out of the front door before our guests with pipe in mouth, or to carrying in big boxes when the back door was quite as convenient. We had requested him to take his "grub" with him on the trail, but after the second day he informed us that he had lost it, and when his friends no longer lined the route, two dollars and fifty cents a meal was the price paid. We then asked him to bring his "grub" over to our tent, and use our stove, rather than spend so much time in making extra fires. There were also many other small causes of complaint, of which he could not be made to see the impropriety, but when E—— said, "I am not in the habit of having my servants"—she got no further. "Servant, madam!" shouted Isaacs, snatching up his hat. "How *dare* you call me a servant! Do you know who I am?" From his tone it seemed as though E——'s end might be very near, and I prepared to go to her assistance, when suddenly his voice changed and he said, "'Ave a glass of water, madam, a glass of cold spring water? I begs your pardon, marm, for anything I 've said or done that 's not right, but it 's hard for me to be menial, an' I 'm always 'ot about it when anyone calls me so." Such a scene can only be done justice to on the stage.

Mr. Jones and Mr. O—— soon came to inquire if they could do anything in town for us, and next Mrs. B——, to tell us of a miners' meeting, at which everyone expressed resentment at the conduct of the Canadian officials, and concluded to protest and to bring pressure to bear for a change.

"May I come in?" said a new voice. "I 'm the only man in town who has n't called on you two ladies. My name is Q—— , and I 've heard so much that 's nice about you, that, although I never pay visits, I could n't stay away any longer." He was shortly joined by J—— and Jones, who brought us the latest news from town, and entertained us until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. U——, who said they had called the night of our departure and spent an hour and a half in the tent waiting for the return of their boatman. Mrs. U—— declared that she is charmed with life here, in spite of having given up a fine residence at home with plenty of servants, and now living in a one-roomed cabin, doing her own housework, cooking, etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR MAN FRIDAY

Sunday, August 14th.

WE were up early—I to drive the pigeons out and feed the pets, E—— to make biscuit, as Isaacs had dipped into our bread, which we had bought for Sunday's dinner. He had gone off without washing the dishes or making the bread, leaving everything in the kitchen in the utmost disorder. We were so discouraged that it then devolved upon me to lecture. So, when Isaacs came in about 9 A.M., I said, "You must listen to a few words from me, as you have paid no attention to Miss V——, who is housekeeper." After a talk of half an hour, the sky was cleared, fine promises made, and Isaacs was working like a trooper. Soon from the different tents came the shouts of "Going to church?"—"Going to wear your overalls or trousers?"—"I say, Jim, have you got my shaving soap? I want to shave before going to that big tent."—"Oh, those ladies said we might come just as we are."—"So they did, but we can shave, at least"—and so the preparations went on all about us. Dr. D——, unable to appear, sent a substitute. At eleven o'clock only three persons were present. Isaacs said they were all ready, but were waiting for the bell, so he was allowed to toll it. Then they came trooping in, sitting on rugs, boxes, and benches. I remained behind the screen for the music, the clergyman asking to have it alternate with songs of praise. The services passed off well, and at the close the clergyman said he should like to make the acquaintance of the different members of the congregation; so we all had a pleasant chat, and became greatly interested in one another's plans and prospects. Mr. K——, a neighbour, was glad to hear news of friends from Baltimore, Bar Harbour, and New York.

Mr. W—— and son, of Colorado, came after luncheon to ask for a "lay" on one of the many claims we had staked during the week, but to which I have not referred specifically, as the "tips" where to stake were given us by "Big A——." The results will be seen after the spring "clean-up." The next visitor was Jones, who begged to hear the zither, offering to unpack it upon learning that it was in the bottom of a big box. So the zither was brought out and enjoyed until it was time to prepare the dinner, to which we had invited "Big A——." He arrived at six o'clock instead of seven, which we accepted as a pleasant compliment. Isaacs not only cooked, but served the meal as well as any one at home could have done. Our menu consisted of our last tin of mock-turtle soup, which was so greatly appreciated that we were fully repaid for having used it; lobster à la Newburg—the name of which Jones asked many times; E——, who prepared it, was flattered by having each one ask for it twice, even though it was made of tinned lobster and California cooking sherry. Next came the leg of mutton which had been purchased the previous week, and had been hung so long that it was as sweet and tender as lamb, potato balls, made from dessicated potatoes, E——'s famous escalloped tomatoes, my asparagus salad, my peach ice-cream and E——'s black coffee, with Cresta Bianca during the dinner, "topping off" with a glass of curaçoa.

While we were still at table our Consul arrived with a Mrs. B——, and they joined us in ice-cream, cake, coffee, and wine. Mr. K—— also called, saying, "Here are some nuggets for you." So you may imagine that we expressed our disgust when, instead of beautiful yellow souvenirs which are freely distributed in this country by the lucky owners of mines to their less fortunate friends, K—— handed us some newspapers called *Klondike Nugget*. "Well, by Josh!" said M——, "I 'm not a-going to see you disappointed like that,"

DINNNER TO A KLONDIKE KING.

and he fished down deep in his pocket and handed me first a souvenir from " Hunker " and then one from " Dominion," and added, " When you go again on the trail you may pan out as much as you please from the mines on Hunker." " I like that," said E——. " You never let me pan out a thing either on El Dorado or Dominion, and you saw me carefully put back the handfuls of nuggets I had dug out from behind the stones." " Well you never asked me," said M——. " Now if she 'd been along, she would have laughed and said, ' Am I to keep all I pan out,' and of course I 'd 'a' said yes. Now was n't it a pity that she was n't able to come, 'cause you could both 'a' helped yourselves for the askin', as the clean-up was over a hundred thousand on each mine.

" You 'd better come to my —— claims and help yourselves, by Josh, for a syndicate has paid twenty-five thousand dollars and is to give me one million, four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for them, and I to take out all the gold I can between now and October 1st, and should they change their minds I keep the twenty-five thousand dollars. I 'm also to get over a million for another claim which will be very rich next year, but which I have n't the time to develop, as I want some cash in order to enjoy myself in New York and London. I shall have plenty of claims left, and the clean-up next year will be greater than ever before." Could this be modest M——? But he had just returned from the mines with horses laden with bags of gold, and who could have helped feeling triumphant and intoxicated with such success. And he deserves it all, after years of patient, steady, hard work. No man living is more " square " or more filled with kindliness and generosity to others than honest A—— M——. He questioned me about travels in Europe and Japan, and of the great world outside, of which he knows so little.

Jones went behind the screen to get E—— a glass of water and there found Isaacs rubbing his stomach, drawing in his breath with exclamations of delight, and saying, " By golly, that lobster à la Newburg was good. I 'ave n't 'ad hanythink so fine in hall me life." Poor E—— was unhappy, as she had made an extra dish for luncheon, but Isaacs had added it to his dinner of bacon and greens with prunes. He tried to atone for it, however, by coming and whispering to me, "I 've 'ad all the hice-cream I could heat marm and hi 've packed down the rest, thinkin' as 'ow pr'aps you and Miss V—— might like some for to-morrow." Only occasionally did Isaacs drop his h's and pick them up at the wrong time, and we have not yet discovered the cause.

Monday, August 15th.

Cold, drizzling rain! and, although we have on heavy winter flannels and our warmest clothing, there is an icy chill in the air which makes us long for a nice warm room with a fire inside of this enormous tent. Our air mattresses have been worse than useless, heavy, and, although carefully cared for, the air escapes apparently through a seam. E—— told Isaacs that, by taking them down to the river bank and blowing them up in the water, bubbles would show the puncture, to which this irrepressible replied, "Yes 'm, they 're only seven feet by six, so I 'll take one under each harm, put 'em on the Yukon, float down to Circle City, an' then you 'll 'ave lost your Isaacs." During our tramp to the mines he said to us, "Oh, I say! won't you two ladies be stiff and laid up! When you gets back, you 'll just stay in bed a week, an' 'Zekiel 'll make the most delicious piquante, recherché luncheons you 've ever seen. Now, don't you never go to 'a-calling me Isaacs no more, 'cause when I strikes my luck people will remember as how I 've been a cook for you, but call me 'Zekiel, as there 's plenty o' Zekes in the world, and no one will ever know anythink about it."

M—— told us that, seeing Isaacs waiting with his pack, he had asked about the ladies, and was told in reply: "My dusky queens are now coming down the Louse-town trail, but if I strikes my pile, I would n't mind marrying Miss V—— myself. She 's a fine one, but as for Mrs. H——, why I 've got no use for her. She puts on too many airs and never lets a fellow talk when he wants to. Why, would you believe it? I went and sat on a bench beside her to tell her a funny joke I 'd just 'eard, and what did she do but say, 'Isaacs, I 'm busy writing, and don't want to be disturbed.' Great Julius Cæsar! catch me trying to entertain her any more, an' me a-doin' me best."

On our return, in bringing me hot water, he said, "Well, if you 'll permit me to make a remark, madam, you 're just the cleanest woman as I 've ever met. Why even up 'ere, where one can never keep clean, you 're a-washin' and a-washin' o' yourself all the time. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, an' if I thought I could stand next to God I 'd take a bath once't a month. While I was getting you those nice big buckets o' hot water on the trail, I had only a couple o' gold pans to wash in, one in which for to put each foot; none o' the gold stuck to them but a good deal rolled off o' my feet after that tramp. I once did have enough gold and that was at the Keeley cure. Me at the Keeley cure! Madam, how dare you? Why, I 've never taken enough liquor in all me life to make a flea drunk. Talk about that dinner last night! Why, no such dinner was ever given on the Yukon. How I did enjoy it in the little corner to which you 've relegated me behind the screen! And when you told me to clear the table I just looked at your glass an' says to myself, 'Mrs. H—— never forgets Zeke,' and there it was almost a full glass o' champagne. I tell you, it made me feel just good to watch the sparkle of it, an' I held it as a miser does his gold and could n't make up my mind to drink it. Great Julius Cæsar, but was n't it good, though! I could n't get to sleep until after one o'clock just a-thinkin' about it."

Mr. Jones was our first caller this morning. He had just returned from spending the night with M—— in Dawson, and although we told him the tent was not yet in order, he insisted that as he was one of the "outskirts of the family" we ought not to mind him. Isaacs's tongue had been unloosened and nothing could stop it. His head appeared over the screen and he called out. "I say, John, how did you and M—— enjoy our dinner last night? Pretty good, was n't it? Thought so myself. I 'm getting a fine reputation as a chef, eh? I say, I 've been investigating, this morning, and I 've found all sorts of things in these glasses," said he, as his forefinger went from mouth to liqueur glass. "'Ere 's somethink new—don't know what it tastes like—oranges, I guess. I say, did you ever taste it before these two ladies gave it to you? I tell you, it 's good," and Zeke commenced rubbing bis stomach and giving forth exclamations of delight. Jones said to E——, "M—— has done nothing but talk about that dinner and say he 'd never had anything so delicious in all his life, but he said he did n't say so to you ladies, as he did n't know whether it was 'society' to do so. You don't put on no airs and you make him feel just like he was one o' your set, and never seem to notice no mistakes in his conversation. He 's sure he must make a lot, 'cause he ain't had no more schoolin' 'n me; has been all his life in mines, an' says you 're real ladies to treat him so nice. Oh, I say, Mrs. H——. I'm a-layin' for you; you treated me real mean last night. You just see how I 'm goin' to pay you back." "Why, were you here last night?" said I, laughing. "Now just look at her, Miss V——. What can you do with a lady like that? She 's always a-joshin' you, an' I can't never get the best o' her. Just wait till she wants me to help her over a bridge or down the side of a mountain, or thinks she sees a bear, an' then she 'll be a-callin' for John, but just now she feels so safe in this here tent that she ain't got no use for him." This reminds me that M—— told last night of a man who had been found dead on the trail to Sulphur, with a bear full of shot lying by his side, but still breathing. M—— said that if he had n't shot at the bear he probably would not have been attacked; that the only way was to pay no attention to it, and one would stand a good chance of escape, but E—— and I then and there decided that no amount of panning or bags of nuggets would ever tempt us to go on the Sulphur trail.

Mr. T—— came next and brought us a magnificent fresh salmon which we told him he must share with us later. He then unfolded the following scheme: his friend B—— had purchased No. — bench claim, adjoining B——'s on El Dorado for three hundred dollars at auction, but, on finding that it was seventy feet to bed-rock, had concluded not to keep it, and would let it go (to a friend) for same price as paid. "Of course everyone is for No. —," said T——, "and my proposition is that you ladies buy it and give me half." "You to do the assessment work?" said I. "*My share*," replied he. He had another plan also; said that his intention was to get a lot of claims together, pool them, go home, form a syndicate, and get money to work them. "Being in with you two ladies will be so much the better, as you have been here and know just what there is in them and people will believe you where they might not believe a man."

BARBER SHOP

A VEGETABLE GARDEN IN THE KLONDIKE.

Then came Dr. H——, who carefully dressed and bandaged our feet. Someone asked M—— if the ladies in the big tent had returned, to which he replied, "Oh yes, but they 're in so many poultices and bandages that it 's hard to get near them." Isaacs called out from behind the screen, "I say, 'ave you 'eard the latest? The people in Dawson want to know if you two ladies are missionaries, as they see as 'ow you have services hevery Sunday, an' I told 'em indeed you was, and one man said, 'By Jove, an' I told them a story about throwin' Christ out o' the window. I 'll never dare to go near them no more.' Another spoke up and said, 'Why they say as 'ow they 'ave the finest dinners as 'ave hever been known in the Klondike before, and they travels with their own chef,' but I did n't let on as I was the chef. Then some other fellows said they 'd never been in the tent, there was too much style over there for 'em, but they believed they 'ad a lot o' little tents in which to play progressive euchre, and give ice-cream free to everyone who called 'ot an' tired from the other side. Then somebody said as I was a-waitin' on you, and they arsked me some questions, but I did n't let on a thing, just told 'em you were two princesses from India wanting to see the world."

2 P.M. While at luncheon the irrepressible came in saying, "Now that you two ladies are at table and neither readin' nor writin', I 've got a think or two I 'd like to say; have I your permission?" looking first at one and then the other, as he drew up an empty box and placed it at table between us. "You see," he whispered, with a mysterious air, "I 've been a-digging about here and have found every symptom of quartz. Now what 's the matter with looking nearer 'ome for someone to put you on to a good thing in stead o' listening to your Mr. T—— and all the other fellows who tries to do the 'owlin' swells in your heasy chairs, while I, as is worth twenty of them, slaves away be'ind that there screen. Now if you ladies will just fit me out all right with grub and money, and start me hoff on the trail, you 'll see that Zeke can do even better for you there than in the kitchen. Bring a glass o' water? Yes, that 's always the way, whenever I get in the midst of an hinteresting con-

versation. Now 'ere 's Miss V——; it seems to me she would enjoy listening to me sometimes, but when she sees you, madam" (and here he bowed low), "a raisin' of your eyebrows with that grand air, why, then, she 'as somehow to stop a listenin'; but I 'm not a-satisfyin' you because my heart 's set on the trail, an' I can't give my mind to my work, an' as you two ladies don't like to 'ave me sit 'ere an' entertain you, why I thinks as 'ow, if we can square up accounts, we 'd better give one more o' those big dinners" (rubbing his stomach again) "and Zeke will do as you asked 'im to,—make room for another. 'Ere 's my account, marm, of what you 've advanced me:

"Tent fixings	$32.00
Fry pan and coffeepot	2.50
Tools	2.00
Shoes	2.00
Tobacco	1.50

"*Great Julius Cæsar!* 'ave n't had any for the past week an it grates on a man's nerves.

"Socks	$0.30

"'Ad to 'ave *one* pair.

"Pencils	$0.50
Medicine	1.00

"I 've been 'ere fifteen days at five dollars a day and there 's over thirty dollars a-comin' to me, but I 'll stay another week to get a little more ahead before starting.

"Then I 've bought for you two ladies

"Knife	$1.50
Bread (2 loaves)	50
Fish	1.00
Pan	1.00
Ice	2.00

"Is that correct? A foot-stool? Yer want it I presume because Zeke's a-talkin' too much.—All right, I 'll have the pleasure of giving it to you, madam, in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

Next came Mr. Jones with the account of our expenses during the mine visiting, which he was very reluctant to submit to us, only doing so after repeated requests:

Room at Half-way House..	$ 5.00	Room at Coffee House....	$5.00
Meals....................	10.00	Ferry....................	2.50
Room at Forks...........	10.00	Boat	1.00

The bill for Isaacs's meals and for the horse still to come!

As it was pay-day, M—— next submitted his account:

Oars.....................	$6.00	2 assistants..............	$ 5.00
Oar-locks................	2.00	Help in pulling tent......	8.50
Salmon	1.00	Extra help....	2.00
Salmon..................	75	10 pounds rice............	2.50
Veal.....................	1.00	Tackle....................	4.00
Bread....................	1.00	Poles for tent............	7.25
Two water buckets.......	4.00	Marketing	5.00
Bread....................	50	Isaac's grub for month...	28.10
Dishes...................	1.50	Assistant	2.50
6 towels.................	3.75	Nails....................	1.50
Rope....................	6.75	Gallon coal oil..........	2.50

While we were examining accounts, Isaacs had disappeared entirely. We sent out search parties for him in vain, and finally saw him rowing back from Dawson. After securing the boat, he ran up the bank and towards the tent, shouting, "I 've been to see the *Louise*, and I tell you ladies she 's a beauty. Yes, I know there 's lots to be done before night, but I went in my lunch hour," said he, as he prepared himself a more elaborate luncheon than we had had time for. Dr. C—— had kindly brought us over a 12 x 14 tent to erect inside of ours, in which to sleep and dress, that we might not only suffer less from the cold, but have more privacy than screens and curtains permitted. "Come in here, John, and help me get up this tent," called Isaacs from behind the screen to Jones who was paying us a visit, but who immediately obeyed the summons and worked like a trooper until the nice comfortable quarters were prepared. The ground inside was covered with evergreen boughs, while a mound of them was made in each corner, on which our hammocks, mattresses, and rugs were placed. Mrs. B—— came for an hour and told us of many amusing incidents occurring in town, but as she writes them to her paper I reluctantly refrain from writing them down.

At 7.15 we sat down to dinner. Our table faces the water, and before we had finished we saw M——, R——, Von M——, and D—— stepping out of their boats and coming up the bank to our tent. Then followed Dr. H——, to introduce Mr. L——, then Mr. F—— (apologising for the non-appearance of Mr. C——, who was ill with laryngitis). Such a jolly crowd! We had airs from the music-box, R—— played the mandolin, and then they called for the zither. Finally, the graphophone was asked for, but as it had been put out of order the first night, E—— said it could not be used, and would not allow the "boys" to try and repair it; but they coaxed with such good effect, that they finally managed to gain her consent and shortly after we were listening to the *Ravings of John McCullough*, until our blood curdled and we shivered as we called for a xylophone solo and some lively quartettes.

Judge and Mrs. B——, of Santa Clara, had sent by us a bag of clothing and goodies to be delivered to their two sons in Dawson, but although they had left before our arrival, we were told that F—— and C—— were their heirs. We jokingly told the former that we had no written instructions to that effect, but would take his word for it, and the presentation was made with great ceremony. No sooner had the "boys" heard that there were three boxes of Maskey's chocolates in the bag, than they fell upon F—— and forced him to open it. He immediately presented one box to me, but as we were soon to "go out" I preferred that it should be enjoyed by those who had another two years to remain. The chocolates were seized without further ceremony, and disappeared so rapidly that F—— thought it necessary to sit on the bag for the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER XIX

ISAACS, THE IRREPRESSIBLE

Tuesday, August 16th.

SUCH a night's rest in the little tent! My head kept sliding down hill, until I dreamed that H—— was dying and my every energy was being expended on trying in vain to get to her. The air is now so cold and chill that we have on our sealskin wraps besides being heavily clad in winter flannels. Never before have we so longed for the intense rays of the sun. The heat from the stove on which our breakfast is being cooked makes no impression even on a corner of this immense tent. The irrepressible performs his morning tasks to a running accompaniment. "Parrot! you'd better get rid o' her—get someone to buy her, she requires too much care and attention. You'd better not present her to Miss E——; she'd have an apoplectic fit." Here he breaks into song, "I can't believe her faithless, those eyes of tender blue." Working at the stove-pipe. "Now would n't that cook you, working away at this the 'ole bloomin' morning and then finding it's no go? 'Ow did you sleep last night? Oh, if you've got no more sense than to put yer 'ead where the 'eels ought to 'a' been, o' course yer ought to expect the punishment. Now that there Captain E——, did you ever hear tell as 'ow 'e staked hout the 'ole water-front, a callin' it placer-claims?

"Ma used to say that a little elbow grease and a scrubbin' o' the corners worked wonders. 'Scrub the corners o' the pans, Zeke,' says she, 'an' the middle 'll take care o' itself.' She was a great philosopher was ma. Yes 'm, hot water in a 'andful o' seconds. Oh, by gosh! I 'm so sorry you did n't see one o' those pigeons last night. I had a 'ot fire, a bakin' o' bread, when I 'll be durned if 'e did n't light on the top o' the stove and stand there for two or three seconds, and then 'e 'eld hup one foot and looked at it and then the other before 'e concluded that there was somethink wrong an' flew away. Whoa, Pat! My goodness! 'ere I 've drove this 'ere stake down four feet an now I 've got to take it out again, coz the pigeons 'll roost right over it; everythink ought ter be covered up until those there pigeons are either killed or sold."

"Isaacs, *do* try and keep the butter covered; here it is open again with all the dust and dirt falling into it, and you 've been requested so many times to cover it."—"See here, I wish you ladies would find something complimentary to say once in a while."—"You must not be impertinent."—"I 'm not impertinent, I 'm only just speakin' the truth; it 's rather painful sometimes. Heave ho! Here 's the stake down. Sally 's in our alley. Suppose I 'm getting a roast now," said he, as I took up pen and paper. "Here goes,—here 's your rope to hang your dresses on; why don't you turn them? This is the way mother used to do it. All right, I 'll do your way; it 's just as well to learn new ways; my wife won't do a thing to me when she sees what I 've learned. Say, why don't you have your clothes made reversible? Then it would save freight and people would think you 'ad a pile o' clothes when you 'ad n't. Say, is n't it surprisin' 'ow many times you can go to sleep an' wake up in the night—in one night?"

E—— had put some macaroni to soak, but when she looked for the large cheese it had disappeared. After a long search, it finally became evident that it was not in the tent. "Now, Isaacs," said E——, "you know you said you loved cheese, and if ever you stole anything it would be that." "Guess the dog must 'a' taken it, marm," said Isaacs; "that macaroni 's awful good, but just think 'ow good it would 'a' been with cheese. Mrs. H——, there 's only one favour I 'd ever ask of you, and that is, to send me a copy o' that book

A CORNER OF THE TENT

you 're a writin'. I 'll bet I 'm getting a roasting in it! Why don't you write a book, Miss V——? You don't seem to write much, but p'raps you make up for it when you do get started. Oh, you lazy old dog, just a layin' there enjoyin' of yourself, whiles everybody works 'ard."

"Visit from Dr. H——," announced Isaacs. "Any feet to be bandaged this morning? Any invalids to be attended to, or any commissions in town? I 'm going over if there 's nothing I can do for you here." He had already done so well by us that after one visit we were off the sick list. "Would you like a cup o' coffee Miss V——? I put some water on these grounds—not bad at all," and Isaacs's voice broke forth afresh. "Did you ever eat any bear meat? Would you like to try some? My chum 's going down after some; he 's going twelve miles down the river with a couple of Indians. I don't know will he bring any back or not. I ain't 'eard that parrot to-day. Everybody 's deaf; no one answers," he grumbled, and quiet reigned for a few moments.

5 P.M. Return of Mr. Q—— "Why did n't you tell me I 'd need a scow for your mail," said he, as he handed sixty letters to me and almost as many to E. Scarcely had we begun to read them when Mr. O—— came with a friend from Dawson whom he wished to present. The former intended to have a grand opening of his new liquor saloon and begged us to sell to him our British and American flags, but we could not spare them. However, we allowed him to have some small pictures of Dewey, Sampson, Sigsbee, and General Lee. Everyone is now anxious for the picture of the new hero, Schley, but, unfortunately, it was not ready when we left San Francisco. Mr. O—— next admired a beautiful calendar which E——had given me for a Christmas gift and which was tied to the screen with blue ribbons. As E—— and I have both decided to "go out" light, that is, to take nothing unnecessary back with us over the trail, she nodded her assent to this disposition of the calendar, which O—— carried off triumphantly. Just then two of our fellow-passengers from San Francisco entered—the mother and

daughter who had been so enterprising in buying out laundry, swimming-baths, and shop under one roof. They agreed to take our linen for two dollars a dozen, which was exceedingly reasonable compared with the six dollars asked in Dawson. They had been farther than we on the trail, had staked out some claims, and, in two months, intended to give up their establishment and begin working their mines.

During dinner Isaacs approached, drew up an empty box on which he seated himself, and said, " Now that I have a few moments to spare, an' a few things to say, I 'll try and fix the graphophone for you. As you 've 'ad such a big mail an' been readin' letters to each other from dukes and duchesses, an már*kees*es and princes, it must seem funny to you to stop an' talk to a fellow like me, but it takes all kinds to make a world, an' you can't tell what I 'll be three years from now. I 've never been a menial before, and no one can be a good servant unless 'e 's brought up to it, and educated for it. Now some 'ow or hother hit hirritates me just the very way in which Mrs. H—— says ' Isaacs.' Yer see some people yer can work for an' do everything for, an' it 's all right, an 'a pleasure, coz yer can sit down afterwards and talk things over like one o' the family, but if once I takes a seat like the other in a heasy chair, an' try to be sociable, well Mrs. H——, she seems to think I 'm out o' place, an' I 'm no hypocrite, and won't pretend to like people, and like things, even if I could make a fortune by it. You 're all right, Miss V——, 'cause you don't mind sittin' down and talkin' to me. Now, I say, how would this little scheme strike you ? What do you say to givin' Zeke—say a hundred dollars—sort of a grub-stake, and I give you my word you 'd never lose nothink by it—say fifty dollars apiece. Every man about here is coming to you with some proposition,—but what 's the matter with lookin' nearer home ? Any one with 'arf an eye can see you ladies are not going to be taken in, but I laughs to myself when they thinks you are because you 've got millions ; but you knows how to take care o' yourselves if ever anybody did, and in staking Isaacs you 'd be sure to make something hout of hit."

This grand scheme was interrupted by a miner who, with five of his partners, was willing to give us half of each of their mines, in case we would advance them the money to get them reorded, and give them their grub while working them. Just then "Big A——" was announced, most opportunely for us, and we consulted him as to the claims offered us by these six men. He was kind enough to go carefully over the maps with us, explaining clearly the geological formation as he had found it, and describing much that he had learned through years of toil and hard experience. When our guests took their leave the rain came down in torrents and the night was so dark that we insisted upon providing them with lanterns and umbrellas, as without the light of the former they could never have found their way through the boats that lined the banks of the Yukon.

Wednesday, August 17th.

"Isaacs, you left the fire burning last night in the oil-stove and we almost had an explosion, to say nothing of losing the entire gallon of oil."—"Holy Moses! I 'm always doing somethink. I say, did it rain in this tent last night? Golly, how it rained through mine!"

We had requested our "help" to come at eight o'clock and have breakfast ready at nine, but it was after nine before he came sauntering in, and we two frightened women dared say nothing. On the previous day, when spoken to concerning a similar offence, he confided to the parrot in a stage whisper that "just because a fellow's watch was wrong, 'e must be jumped on for it." E—— told him what to prepare for luncheon, but he seemed to take great pleasure in acting contrary to her orders, and continued his arrangements as though she had not spoken. Finally I thought it necessary to interfere, saying, "I cannot allow you to disobey Miss V——. Did you not hear her forbid you to do what you are now doing?" "Oh, I '*eard* all right enough," said he, continuing to disobey; "but some'ow or hother horders hirritates me, an Hi 'd rather take the consequences than be bossed. Yer gives a fellow 'is grub, just such as 'e uses when 'e 's a working at the mines, and then you 'as all the delicacies of the season and just lets a fellow smell 'em. Why Zeke 'd be han hidjit, mum, to confine himself to miner's grub when 'e can 'ave such luxuries, and 'e 's a-going to take 'em an' take the consequences hevery time." "Then," said I, gathering courage, "the quicker you pack up and leave the better." "Yes 'm," said he, smiling sardonically, "but I 'll 'ave one good breakfast first." With that he seated himself, neglecting his own bacon, beans, and customary food, and helped himself to some of the few delicacies which we had brought to tide us over until the arrival of our stores.

Before leaving San Francisco, finding that we were allowed but a thousand pounds freight on the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer, and that our boxes weighed very nearly that, to say nothing of the tent, music-box and other heavy articles, we decided to send our supplies, which we purchased for the winter in case of being accidentally frozen in, by another line. From one company to the other we went, but no one would guarantee sending freight up the river by the first steamer except the Johnson-Locke Company, of which M—— wrote us that it was *thoroughly reliable*. The representative in their office assured us that not only should the goods start on the same day as we—June 11th—but also that they should go up the Yukon at once, with no detention at St. Michaels, adding that they would probably arrive in Dawson before us. Upon this we purchased so large a cargo that the freight alone cost us very nearly five hundred dollars, and took with us only enough delicacies and solid provisions to last a few weeks. We had also been informed that the Johnson-Locke Company and the Joseph Ladue Company were identical. The contract, however, has not yet been fulfilled, and we are impatiently awaiting the arrival of the much needed stores.

After Isaacs had finished his breakfast, his soliloquies recommenced. "Now I 'll clean up heverythink, Polly, and let them see how nice heverythink looks when Isaacs goes away; Hi 've 'ad enough o' being bossed by women, an' I don't want any more of it." He smiled a smile of childlike innocence as he deliberately poured out the hot water which he had been told to prepare for my manicuring, and the smile broadened as he saw me search for a tin pan of cold water to be used in its place. He called E—— to go over the list and see that all was correct, making sarcastic little remarks as he did so. Finally, as we were seated in the reception room part of the tent, he approached, and seating himself on an empty box, said, "Now, ladies (I suppose you call yourself ladies after bossing a poor fellow who 's down on his luck and trying to make 'im do your way instead o' 'is), I 've a few words to say. I 've never been a menial before and don't like it, an' I 'm not going to be bossed any longer and never allowed to come an' sit 'ere with you." E—— said something about servants, but before she could get any further he thundered, "Servant! servant! great Julius Cæsar! 'ow dare you call me a servant? 'Ave n't I told you a 'undred times that I 'm not a servant? I just—" "Isaacs, I cannot allow you to be impertinent to Miss V——," said I, gathering courage to interfere, and walking to the tent door to let him see that, although we were only two lone women, there were plenty of neighbours on whom to call for assistance. "I don't call it impertinent; you 've 'ad your say, and, by golly, I 'm goin' to 'ave mine. Why, d——n it, d' yer think a man can't speak out and that you 're a-goin' to 'ush 'im hup an' not let 'im free 'is mind? Well, I just guess not." Fortunately, the voice of Mr. Q—— was heard at this point calling to know if we had any commissions for town; then came Jones and J—— and Dr. H——. Isaacs was paid off, and left without so much as saying goodbye, after cutting a little wood and bringing water in accordance with E——'s request.

At 1 P.M., while Mrs. T—— was calling and asking for contributions for the new hospital, which we most willingly promised, Jones kindly rowed me over to the Recorder's office, where I went to record a bench claim on El Dorado and one on Bear Creek. Being a woman, I was at once admitted into the private office ahead of the long line of men,

WATER FRONT, DAWSON.

and, although I felt sorry for them, my feet were not yet in condition to stand and wait my turn, so I resolved to delay the line as short a time as possible. I then went to the Alaska Commercial Company and followed the Dawson habit of sitting on the counter and swinging my feet while giving orders. I was immediately joined by M——, Dr. C——, Captain F—— and others who wanted to know how a citified woman had managed to get up on the counter and identify herself so soon with the Dawsonites. "After that long tramp over the mountains, marshes, and rolling stones, any gymnastic feat is easy," said I, "and then the miners give me valuable bits of information here which they never would dream of doing if I did not make myself one of them." The men promised to scour the town again in search of a cook for us. I next went to the Consul's to deliver E——'s letters that were to go in the official mail; had a chat with my old fellow-passenger, Mr. W——, who said that he arrived in Dawson while we were out on the trail. Asked the price of an acetylene bicycle lamp; such as we had purchased in San Francisco, with fifteen pounds of calcium carbide for four dollars, the merchant wanted forty dollars—the best investment yet discovered in case they are really salable.

At last, all commissions finished, I crawled under wharves, over ropes, and through mud to reach good Jones's boat, which had been shut in by the *Ora*, and the peaceful row across the river was most grateful after the noise and bustle of the town. On reaching the tent, I found Von M—— playing my zither most beautifully, Dr. C——, Captain F——, and J——, who had all come to offer their services to get wood, or water, or anything else we might need. Then came the Rev. Dr. D——, with Mr. H—— to inquire if he might hold religious services on Sunday next. He had been to El Dorado to superintend the funeral services of a man who had been smothered in a mine, leaving a widow and nine children.

At 6 P.M. the faithful Jones rowed E—— and me over to the Fairview Hotel, where M —— had invited us to dine, and the dinner made our poor attempts seem almost ludicrous. M—— was awaiting us, and had a table in the corner of a goodly-sized dining-room. He had ordered a mandolinist, a guitarist, and a banjoist, and the proprietor, the proprietress, and manager came often to the table to inquire how we were pleased. The menu will probably be of interest to those who think of starvation and hardships at mention of the Klondike: Eastern oysters on ice; tomato soup in cups; salmon, sauce Hollandaise; sweetbreads and mushrooms; green peas, chops and mushrooms; chicken en casserole; lettuce salad; preserved pears, cheese, biscuit, nuts, raisins, café noir—washed down with German wine; even bon-bons were passed.

After dinner we walked down to the *Ora* to view the accommodations in case we should decide to go out by her. Deck so narrow that one had to cling to the side to keep from falling overboard. There was one room with twelve bunks, one with two, one on either side with one. No linen or blankets were provided, and everything was filthy. We almost decided at once to return down the Yukon the same way by which we came. After travelling such a distance, however, it seems a great pity to miss the grandeur of the scenery over the Pass, and by thinking of Turkish and Russian Baths and shampoo parlors to be found at the end of the journey, and an entire new outfit, we shall probably screw up our courage and take the plunge. A magnificent new steamer of the North American Transportation Company with electric lights and all the luxuries hitherto unknown in these regions, was lying at the dock and attracting general attention by throwing her search-light in all directions.

We were next escorted to the private entrance of the theatre, where in a box from behind drawn curtains we watched the play, *Stillwater Willie*, and heard some wretched singing from girls who were applauded to the echo by their admirers in the audience. A sign in the box read, "Gentlemen in private boxes are expected to order refreshments," so our entertainers sent for my usual beverage, lemonade, while the others enjoyed *crême de menthe*. No checks were given us, as M—— was not present to "jolly" the waiter into doing so, and he did not dare offer them to "the grand ladies," as we are now known, owing to the size of our tent and the supposed depth and richness of our purses. M—— told me that Isaacs had been to him for employment that afternoon, but that as he did not understand the situation he had put him off. We begged him to give him something to do at once, and as far away from Dawson as possible, as we feared that, his money once spent, we should have him hanging about. "Well, that 's what I 'll do, by gosh," said M——. "I 'll give him something the first thing in the morning, so that ye ladies will have nothing further to bother ye." Before going into the theatre we were joined by Consul M—— who told us of a grievance he had against the Collector of Customs, who was in the same building, but refused to serve where the American flag was allowed to fly. The papers were full of the case, and boys were crying in the street, "Full account of the row in the American Consul's office." At 11 P.M. M—— and Jones escorted us to the small boat where the former bade us good-night and the latter rowed us across.

Thursday, August 18th.

A visit from Isaacs this morning, who came to return a candlestick, and to tell us that if we wanted to give our regular dinner he would be happy to come and cook it for us. He asked if we had said anything against him to M——, as he was hoping to get work from him, having known him many years, and if we blocked him, he 'd hate to do it, but—here he stopped as he caught my severe glance, and E—— said, "On the contrary, when M—— spoke to Mrs. H—— last night about you, she begged him by all means to give you work, and he said you should certainly have it the first thing this morning, so I advise you to go at once."

"I 've brought you a Jap cook," called the cheery voice of John Jones, from outside the tent, after the departure of Isaacs, and in he came, followed by "Frank," who surveyed the big tent with much pleasure, saying, "Very nice, very nice; very fine ice-cream freezer." After hearing what duties he was expected to perform, he decided to go back at once, bring his household goods to this side, and put them in the tent which Mr. Jones kindly offered to loan him. Poor John was then called upon to row him back and help him over with his stores as soon as possible. We protested against taking such advantage of so much kindness, but John silenced us by saying, "Why, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life as by being allowed to help wait on you ladies. I 've got nothing to do until I go out to my mines, and might just as well be doing this as anything else; besides, it keeps John out o' mischief." 1 P.M. no cook; 2 P.M. no cook. At 2.30 Mr. Jones returned, saying that the Jap weakened on his return to Dawson at the thought of having to cross the river each time he wanted to meet his compatriots, and decided that it would be too lonely for him, so our kind neighbour had brought us back bread and cake in order to tide us over while another cook was being searched for. He lit the fire for us, went to the spring for a bucket of water, and did any number of chores besides.

The bill came for the horse which E—— had ordered to ride to El Dorado—sixty dollars, which meant thirty dollars from 4 P.M. Monday to midnight Tuesday, and ten dollars a day until the horse roamed into town of his own free will and accord, and we never yet have learned how he crossed the ferry. "I 've just had a talk with Isaacs," said kindly Jones, "and have told him not to bother you ladies no more, not to come here, and not to ask questions as to whether you were talkin' about him, as you had n't the time and had too much to do to condescend to the likes o' that, so you won't never see him no more. As soon as I tie this tent down a little tighter, 'cause there 's a gale a-comin' up, I 'll go across and get your bag o' mail, as they say there 's plenty of it a-waitin' for you at the post-office;" so off he went, and down came the rain, which we are now receiving almost daily, though luckily in April showers only.

Hardly had he disappeared when we heard at the tent door, "Well I 've got me lay. A—— 's just given me the best thing," and in rushed Isaacs, his face radiant; "it 'll bring me in perhaps thirty or forty thousand dollars; going to send me up to Sulphur ; cabin 's already built, all royalties paid, no expenses, and me to 'ave charge of all the men. Could n't 'a' been better ! I tell you, he 's treated me fine. Yer see I was goin' up to the Rockies, but 'll give it up now. 'E wants me to go to-day, but I 've got hall me washin' to soak and so 've got to wait till to-morrow night. Could n't yer let me 'ave some o' me grub ? You 'll never be able to use all the flour and other things you 've got on hand, an' I 'll pay yer somethink on it. Well, ladies, me fortune 's made, an' if you comes up next summer pr'aps Zeke 'll be one o' the Bonanza Kings, and be able to have the pleasure o' entertainin' you." And off went the irrepressible. Never again, in any part of the world, will it be possible to discover another character so unique and combining so queer a mixture of drollery, unconscious impertinence, and kindliness. " I say, I 've just come back to arsk if you 'ad n't some papers, books, or magazines to spare ? or could you let me 'ave some candles ? but if you can't spare the candles I can save me bacon grease and manage some kind o' a light out o' that. Zeke 's handy, and you ladies will happreciate it when you finds another man to wait on you. Well, Hi 'm hoff."

We managed a cold dinner, E—— as usual insisting upon doing more than her share of the work, saying that she loved camping out, and the culinary department in particular. John Jones, who had returned empty-handed from the post-office, as it was closed when he reached there, said, " Yes, if you did n't do the cooking and I did n't bring the water and even fill her glass for her, Mrs. H—— would die of starvation and thirst, as she never seems to have time to do nawthin' but write, write, write." This shows me up as a very lazy member of the party, who only reconciled that quality to her conscience by E——'s apparent enjoyment in making certain dainty dishes, and her pleasure in the appreciation which was manifested.

Scarcely had we finished dinner when Mr. M——, Mr. R——, and Mr. W——, the handsome blond Englishman, and Judge —— appeared. M—— brought a big bag of ice to make ice-cream, so one of the "boys" got the tin of condensed cream and opened it, another whipped it, another got the sugar, another found the tin of peaches we had sent for, which proved to be a tin of pears, so we had to substitute strawberry jam. After thoroughly mixing and pouring this preparation in the can, the boys stood in line to turn the crank, the lazy ones being relieved from duty sooner than the bashful ones, who waited for volunteer relief which failed to materialise. Such constant opening and tasting! We first discovered that it tasted too much of the cream, so added water, as condensed milk made it worse; then it was too weak, and Kirschwasser was found to be just the thing for it. At last it was ready, and I said jokingly, "Now, boys, pack it down for our luncheon and dinner to-morrow." "No, madam," replied M——, "women have special privi-

OUR HELPFUL NEIGHBOURS.

leges in this country and are always waited upon and treated with most distinguished consideration, but when it 's a question of grub, the man is bound to have it every time, and with that off came the lid of the can. There was a scramble between two of the boys for the paddle which they called the wish-bone, as they wanted to show us how clean it could be licked by a "Siwash," as they called themselves for the moment. Each fellow provided himself with a tin cup, M—— with a tin plate; the one supposed to have the keenest sense of justice was deputised to ladle it out, and the spoonfuls were carefully counted so that no one should get a feather's weight more than another. Then came the groans and grunts of satisfaction, as some of the boys said "the first I 've tasted since leaving home. Would n't 'a' missed it for the world. Ah, it 's necessary to come to this country to enjoy everything!" Then each fellow was told to hold on to his cup while we had some music.

R—— played the mandolin, and the Judge the guitar better than I have ever heard, and we listened with keenest enjoyment as they rendered *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Abendstern*, *Traviata*, *Lucia*, and many other airs. A second round of ice-cream and cake was next in order, and M—— was accused of getting more on his plate than anyone else could put in a cup, against which assertion he protested in his ludicrous way, saying, "I 'll bet I 've lifted down less than any other fellow here."

It began to get so cold that we put on our sealskins while M—— and R—— rolled themselves up in fur robes and looked like bears. Our illumination consisted of three candles and a lantern.

At half-past ten it was still colder, so the boys bade us good-night and started for their canoes which speedily took them to Dawson and their warm little cabins. Then came the voice of Jones saying, "I waited up until your guests had left, to see if I could n't fetch you some water or do something for you. Well, if you don't want nothing, I 'll be saying good night." How we congratulated ourselves that Dr. C—— had loaned us the nice little tent into which we crawled to our beds, only to find that Ivan, also feeling the cold, had snuggled himself in among the rugs on my air-mattress from which the air had entirely escaped, owing to the crack in the seam and his weight combined. We shivered and shook as we undressed and wrapped ourselves in our fur robes, and thought of the comforts of the homes we had left behind us, but never once did we dream of regretting having taken the trip, of which each new experience added to its interest. We also felt that upon returning to luxurious civilisation it would seem hard to breathe the stifling air of a city.

CHAPTER XX

OUR HELPFUL NEIGHBOURS

Friday, August 19th.

AT 9 A.M. Jones came bringing us a bucket of fresh water from the spring; then offered to cut some wood, and light our fire for us, and also to do our shopping in Dawson, objecting to our going, on account of the typhoid fever. So off the good fellow went with our list of commissions, saying in answer to my protests, "It 's no use; I shall never be able to do enough for you after your kindness to me, when you 'd only heard of me as the 'sick boy.'" Next came Mr. Q——, who also said, "If there are any commissions for town this morning, you must give them to me and not show your faces on the other side of the river; two thousand are down with typhoid fever, and I saw a poor girl carried in a chair to the hospital yesterday. It 's a lucky thing you 're on this side of the Yukon. The 'old girl' wants to be rowed over, and asked me to take her, but she 's not yet ready." "Who is it you call the 'old girl'?" said I. "Oh, that woman who always goes about in men's clothing. She went to the post-office and walked into the ladies' entrance, when they called out to her, 'The other door, sir, the other door; can't you hear? That door is only for ladies.' 'But I am a lady,' she answered. 'Well, you don't look it,' was the reply." We laughed at Q——'s story, but declared that it must have been manufactured on the spur of the moment, as the Canadian officials are noted for their kindness and courtesy to those of our sex.

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Isaacs,

NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE, DAWSON.

whose face has been beaming with smiles since the appointment made by M——. "Just came to see if I could bring water or wood for you ladies."—"No, thank you, Isaacs, we have been well cared for."—"Good-morning, then, but call upon Zeke for anythink you likes, an' 'e 'll 'ave a chance of hentertaining you yet, and in fine style, too." For luncheon, we opened a tin of tomato soup, and had warmed-over fish with evaporated potatoes, followed by prunes. Von M—— came with a bucket of fresh water. K—— brought us a large bag of kindling chips, but there was no sign of Jones, who had promised to row me to town at two o'clock to record my claim. At seven he made his appearance with Mr. A——, of Chicago, whom we had met on the trail. The latter had returned only the previous night, and, after having thoroughly prospected many creeks, had struck it enormously rich and had come back not only to record, but to tell us where to stake.

While E—— was having a private business conversation with the partner of M——, who has left for his claims on Quartz, Jones had time to apologise for not having turned up at two o'clock to row me over to the Record Office. Someone had stolen his boat, or rather "borrowed" it, and he had spent the entire afternoon with one of the mounted police searching for it, only to see, towards evening, "two kids" leisurely rowing home in it. "I tell you I was hot with rage," said Jones, "and would 'a' had them arrested right then and there, only I found that their mother was a poor lady keepin' a restaurant for a livin', so I could n't do it; but I just says to her, 'Mebbe you think I ain't hot 'cause I talks so perlite to a lady, but I had an engagement at two o'clock that I would n't 'a' broken for the world, and I don't know what them ladies 'll think o' me. Now you 've either got to promise to give them kids o' yours a good talkin' to, or I 'll have to take them in hand. Why, they could 'a' drifted right down to Circle.'" Later we heard a great shouting and ordering, as though a regiment were being drilled, and rushed to the tent door to catch our first glimpse of a real dog team at work hauling logs. The sun was in

DAWSON FROM THE RIVER, SHOWING LANDSLIDE.

such a position that no picture could be taken at the time, but it was a most interesting sight, as the dogs appeared to work with a will. Ivan seemed to understand, and disappeared lest he should be enrolled in service, just as my cabin-boy on the barge did as we approached a wood-pile on the river, after calling out to one of his chums, "Wood to be cut! those who don't want to work had better make themselves scarce."

J——, K——, Dr. H——, and Jones spent the evening. K—— said he had just been making a batch of bread, and E—— exclaimed, "Oh, do show me how you make it up here, and I 'll do some myself, for goodness knows whether we 'll ever get another cook. The men are all so wild to go on the trail that they turn up their noses at five dollars a day and grub; besides, I love to cook, and Mrs. H—— is most appreciative and never finds fault if things don't come out right." "That 's the way we all have to be up here," said J——. "We can only say in the most polite manner possible, 'This bread is awfully good, but don't you think it would be better for a little more salt? But it 's delicious all the same!' or 'This pie is as heavy as lead, but I could n't begin to make anything so nice myself'; and then we must find lots to praise about it or straightway the messmate throws up the job and one has to cook for himself, and you know there are some lazy fellows who hate to do anything." "That 's easily cured in France," said the Doctor. "Do you know how they fix the fellows in jail who won't work? They put them in a cell and let in the water, but give them a pump, and if ever they stop pumping they drown, so they dare not stop. So you 're going over to town to-morrow, Mrs. H——, to record claims. Well, don't touch a drop of water while you 're there, because the water even from the creek flows first over the bones of a tribe of dead Indians." —"What a yarn!"—"No, it 's an honest fact. Don't you see that steep embankment over there? That was formed by a slide which buried an entire Indian village."—"How long ago?"—"Oh, about a hundred years or so."

"I saw two bears on top of that embankment yesterday."

—"Now, Mrs. H——, that 's a yarn! You mean horses, although I don't see how they could have climbed there." "No, they were n't horses," I stoutly protested; "they were bears, real, live bears, on the very steepest part, and I watched them from this side for some time." As the incredulous ones laughed, good John came to my rescue, saying, "Yes, I seen 'em, too, and would 'a' gone for 'em if I 'd 'a' had my rifle." Then the little company really became excited and begged me to call them the very next time these animals made their appearance, promising me some of the finest bear-meat ever tasted. "Now, little one, what can I do for you next before saying good-night, for I 'm off to my tent?" I gasped in astonishment at the new appellation, but dared not quarrel with so kind a friend and assistant, so begged him to go to the spring and get us some fresh

LEARNING TO CHOP WOOD.

water. In passing, he whispered to me, "I seen them little fists o' yours clench when I said 'little one.' They could n't hurt a flea, an' I ain't afraid o' them, an' don't you be afraid o' John, 'cause he would n't touch a hair o' your head, but somehow or other I have a kind o' weakness for you what makes me always want to speak kinder tender-like to you, but it don't mean nothin' for you to take offence at. You just tell me what you don't want me to say and don't you never be afraid o' John. Good-night!"

Saturday, August 20th.

"Good-morning," said the Doctor. "Anybody up yet?" Mr. Jones's voice was next heard, asking what he could do for us. He got us water, chopped wood, and made himself generally useful. "Here 's your bread-board. May I bring it in?" said Mr. K——. "I think you 're going to have a fine batch! Can I help you? Well, then, I must go back and wash my dishes." Then came Von M——, with his offer to help. "That bread will not be ready in time for luncheon, you 'd better let me lend you a loaf of mine. I 've just finished it, and I make better bread than anyone else in West Dawson," so off he ran, and, as he returned with it, we heard him say to K——, "Now you just come in and turn green with envy as you hear the praise I 'll get for this bread." Forewarned in time, we appreciated it to the fullest extent, while K—— said, "Yes, but just look how it sinks in the middle." "Never mind, young man, wait until you can show us something better." "What are you going to do with all your papers, magazines, and books when you leave?" asked Q——, entering. "Divide them among our kindly, helpful neighbours; but our papers are so old now," said I. "That cuts no figure—you just try being shut in here this winter with nothing to read and see how nice even the oldest papers will seem."—"Well, you 'd better take your portion now," and they rapidly gathered them up, not taking the time even to pick or choose.

"How 's the bread getting on? K—— and I have come back to help you knead it, and to finish up all the small chores, now that our housework is done," and they set to work with such a will that the tent soon looked cleaner than ever since the day of arrival. "You may have lunch for that," said E——; "which do you prefer, tomato soup, minced clams, or macaroni and cheese?"—"Oh, can't we have some of each?"—"Not a bit of it. We can't afford to open any more tins than necessary before the arrival of our stores."

DOGS HAULING LOGS.

"They all sound so good it's hard to choose," wailed K——. The menu was soon decided upon. I prepared the table, Von M—— opened the tins, K—— cut the loaf of bread, brought the butter, filled the tin cups with water, and we sat down with such appetites that we soon finished two tins of macaroni and cheese. We used the same plates for our bean salad, and then indulged in the luxury of clean tin plates for Bartlett pears. K—— and E—— washed the dishes while Von M—— and I cleared the table and put the things away, and then practised the zither, Von M—— playing exquisitely. How strange it seems to find so much talent and so many college graduates in this part of the world, and how they laugh over their cooking and housekeeping cares, and what a huge joke it seems ! Yet it all combines to make up the curious life of which so many at home read with intense interest, never knowing the details that form the character of a Klondike King, or are the cause of the return of disappointed, broken-hearted miners.

" Is this Mrs. H—— ? " and a head appeared at the tent door. " Excuse me, but someone said you wanted to take a picture o' my dog team, an' if you really do they 're hauling a log for me now and I 'll fix them any way you want them to stand." Out we rushed, Von M—— armed with camera, I with Kodak, and took views not only of the dog team, but also of some of our neighbours' tents and cabins.

" What a magnificent dog ! " called out a passer-by; " he 'd draw as much as a whole team together." " Have you ladies any sweetened milk ? " said a strange voice. " My partner 's ill, and needs some, an' the folks say you have everything. Thank you so much ! shall I pay for it now, or return it to you later ? What ! give it to me ? But I don't like to take it. Well, if you insist ; but it 's mighty good of you. No, I can't think of nothin' else. It 's hard to make him eat." Finally, as the last of our visitors disappeared, our good neighbour Jones arrived, saying, " I knowed yer 'd be a-needin' me for to git yer up a fire for to cook yer dinner and so I just rowed across from Dawson. Don't you want me to make yer up some nice biscuit ? " The dishes were soon prepared and cooked. We seated ourselves at table and ate with the usual hearty appetite, insisting upon Jones remaining to share our modest fare. " Let me ' bust ' your biscuit for you," said he, as I took one from the plate which E—— passed me. " Them little fins o' yourn ain't strong enough for that. I can't help it, Miss V——," said he, glancing at E——. " It just seems as though she 'd orter be waited on all the time. She 's got some kind o' electricity that makes me feel like talkin' tender-like to her. Now you sit still and lemme wash the dishes, coz she can't do it, an' you 've worked hard all day." But here I protested, put on an apron, heated the water, and worked with a will.

In the midst of it, while Jones was wiping the tin plates and cups, and I, with sleeves rolled up, was deep in dish-water, E—— called out, "Do come in here; Mr. W—— is approaching the tent with a strange man." The handsome youth introduced his friend Mr. M—— to E——, then said, "May n't I come behind the screen and shake hands with you? Besides, I 'm awfully good at washing dishes; do let me help you"; so, with two assistants, the kitchen was soon in apple-pie order; and we were seated in steamer-chairs, while the men threw themselves on rugs, or on the grass in the reception-room. Jones insisted upon going over to town to do our commissions and returned with steak, coal-oil, and the graphophone, which had been again repaired for us. Everyone wanted to hear it, and between the *Ravings of a Maniac*, *Face on the Bar-room Floor*, and stories told by different members of the party, we were in such a state of terror that we made poor Jones bring his fur robes and sleep in the reception-room of the "big tent," while we shut ourselves up in the little one with Ivan lying before the door on guard.

Sunday, August 21st.

A cold, chilly morning, but we were up early and had breakfast before we heard any signs of life from the other side of the tent. Then there was a yawn, and a shout of "What! you folks up already? Just wait a moment, an' I 'll be dressed and round to chop wood and make the fire before you kin say Jack Robinson." "Mrs. H—— has built three fires," called E——, "and they 've all gone out, so I 've made the coffee on the oil-stove." "Oh, them little hands o' hers can't make nothin'—she 's gotter wait fer John. Now don't you do no more work, little one," said he; "John 's all ready for to set the table, do the cookin, an' everything else. Here 's your hot water for to manicure them little hands o' yourn, so you just sit down an' be quiet an' happy, coz I knows you 're always happy when yer gits them little fins o' yourn in water. You have to keep yer nails short, don't you ?" and as he looked as if expecting an interrogative reply, he was rewarded by being asked why ? "Coz yer fingers is so little that if you let them grow yer 'd hide 'em. Nothing but nails would show." As he was working over the stove, and E—— was dishing up the oatmeal, a strong gust of wind blew the tent flap into the fire. In a moment it was in a blaze, and, as the others caught sight of it, before they could move I had a large bag of salt on the fire, pounded the rest out with my fists too rapidly to burn them, and then threw a bucket of water over the smouldering embers. "Bravo, little one ! Did n't she do that well ? Did you ever see the likes o' that ? Well, upon my word! she had it out before we could move, and me thinking them little fins could n't do nothing. Well, I take it all back." But, notwithstanding all his praise, it never equalled that I was showering on myself, as it was the first time I had ever shown any presence of mind in danger, having been paralysed with fright on many another occasion.

"Here 's a note for Mrs. H—— from M——. Says you want a cook," said a young man outside the tent door. "I 'm cook on one of the North American Transportation Company's steamers, but want to stay in Dawson this winter, so should like to cook for you two ladies, as I hear you give five dollars a day and grub, and that 's much more than I 'm getting now."—"But you are giving up a permanent position for something which may not last more than a fortnight, and you ought to take that into consideration."—"Oh, I did n't know that ; then perhaps you 'll let me think it over." Breakfast finished, the dishes washed and put away, then John helped prepare the pulpit, benches, and rugs for the minister and congregation, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to remain through the service. "No, ma'am, I 'll do anything you like to ask me to, but no church for John ; howsomever, here 's the brush and I 'm going to brush my children good, 'cause I 'm proud o' them and want to see them look nice."

A MERRY MEAL.

Rev. Dr. D—— arrived with two friends from Dawson. I tolled the bell, and the little congregation soon assembled. Service over, we had a little chat with Mrs. W——, the lady who had been told to go to the other door of the post-office. She also was anxious to meet Mr. M——, and wanted us to introduce him. We said that he had invited us to go on the trail to Sulphur the following morning, but that we should not be able to, and she quickly replied that she would be very glad to act as substitute.

The last member had gone, the tent flap was drawn down, when M—— and R—— called out, " Open the door, we 've come to church. What ! over already ! We heard you ladies needed a cook, so we 've come to get up a nice dinner for you. You show us what you 've got and we 'll do the rest, but we must start the music-box first and work to slow music. Oh ! by Jingo ! is n't it nice to come to a place where a fellow feels as he would at home ! If you only knew what an unusual thing it is out here." While talking they rolled up their sleeves and went to work. M—— made the most delicious English muffins I ever tasted. R—— chopped wood and heated the tomato soup ; E—— broiled a beefsteak, fried potatoes, and heated some corn. I prepared the table ; the easiest lot always falls to me as, luckily, no one will have me " fussing round in the kitchen." We finally seated our selves, E—— and R—— on one bench, M—— and I opposite. Such funny stories, such laughter, such Klondike expressions, as, " Please give me another throw at the potatoes," etc.—" I say, are you going to have ice-cream to-night ? I thought so, for the boys are all hunting up their fur coats to wear. Now you ladies sit perfectly still, as we 're going to clear the table and wipe the dishes." We took them at their word and played ladies while they hustled about until M—— came back and said, " Please, ma'am, the work 's all finished. May we have an afternoon off, as we 're invited to get a dinner for another party at five ? "—and off they rushed full of animal life and spirits, enjoying every moment of their stay in the Klondike, and helping others to do the same.

Isaacs's head next appeared. " I thought as 'ow you ladies might have no further use for that 'arness you bought for me to carry your pack to El Dorado, and p'r'aps you might not mind giving it to me." "Yes," said E——, "for a consideration, as we should be obliged to purchase another to have our goods taken over the 'Pass.'" He finally got it, however, and went off contented—for the moment. Dr. Y—— arrived from Dawson, bringing with him a Mr. A—— who had a note of introduction to E——. We were interrupted by the arrival of our fellow-passenger S——, who had left us at Circle. He was accompanied by another passenger, P——, who was out for the first time after quite an attack of illness. They were quickly followed by Von M——, R——, D——, E——, and K——. S—— had brought an immense lot of ice for the ice-cream; some of the "boys" stole radishes and young turnips from J——'s garden, holding him until the deed was done; others cut bread, others spread it with butter, and between us we made sardine sandwiches, ice-cream, and had some of E——'s delicious cake. There was a scramble for the paddle, as usual, as it was taken from the freezer before the ice-cream was packed. Von M—— was the lucky man, but was not allowed to lick it in peace, for he was chased by several of the "boys," who insisted that their hard work entitled them to the honour of cleaning the paddle.

"I say," said one, "have you heard that peace has been declared?" "Oh, yes," said Von M——. "America 's suing for peace, and Spain has been rather noble in granting most advantageous terms." So they chaffed; and here, on the 22d of August it is quite impossible for us to tell whether our dear ones are still in the thick of the fight or at home once more. We were also told of the death of Bismarck, but it is as likely as not to be untrue. After the "boys" had washed the dishes and put everything in order, and two of them had gone to get us buckets of water, the "sour dough" bringing his from the spring, the "Chee Charker" his from the Yukon River, and being heartily laughed at for his pains, we all gathered around on the benches, with our elbows on the table; someone called, "Douse the glim," in response to which elegant language the candles were blown out, the lanterns turned down, and many stories were told. K——, who had slipped away during the latter part of a ghost story, out of sight but not out of hearing, appeared with a shovelful of fire on which he had put salt, alcohol, and other ingredients, which cast such a ghastly glow over each member of the party that we shouted for the lights to be turned up, and were so nervous that as we said good-night we longed for Mr. Jones to stand guard again.

"Well, all your grand visitors gone?" we heard a moment afterwards. "I knowed they were tellin' ghost stories by the glims being doused, an' thinks I to myself, they 'll be scared to death and want Jones to look out for them to-night, so I don't mind rollin' up in my fur robe an' sleepin' on the outside." This offer was most eagerly and gratefully accepted. "Why did n't you come in before?"—"Oh, coz yer did n't want John, and he can't stand them 'Bah Jove', dudes. Now as for you ladies, you never puts on no airs, an' you makes a fellow feel like you did n't notice his mistakes, an' they ain't nothing in the world he would n't do for you. M—— wanted me to row him over to see you, but he would n't come nother, 'coz he did n't want to meet no dudes. You did n't think about John anyway, little one," said he confidentially. "I just sat down in the tent and listened to your laughter all the afternoon an' it did me good; coz if I was n't enjoyin' myself, I knowed you was, and I like to see you happy. Mrs. T—— went over to town for the day, so I went to sleep in her tent to the music of your laugh. Saved me some ice-cream! Well, yer did think o' John after all, an' me a-thinkin' you 'd forgot him an' was only listenin' to the dudes! Well, good night, Miss V——; good night, little one, and don't you be skeered; just remember John 's outside here and one call from you would fix any ghost that ever walked."

Monday, August 22d.

The sun wakened us bright and early, and our chatter and preparations for breakfast roused the guard outside in

From a photograph by E. A. Hegg.

GIRL WANTED.

the big tent, who was soon ready to get wood and water for his two adopted children, as he now calls us. As we sat down to breakfast, he said: "Talk about your ghost stories! why, I could tell you some as is ghost stories, that has happened to me; some as would make your hair start right up on end. Why, I was cabin-boy when I was only seven years old, and then I made long trips by rail 'hoboing it' (I never did no swingin' under), met plenty of the boys laying their scraunches down and taking gappings, when they come home awful tired—that 's what they call restin'. Well, I ain't a-goin' to eat no more o' your grub," said he, as he finished breakfast and helped wash dishes; "'t ain't right; if I can't wait on you two ladies without taking your grub, I 'd oughter be ashamed o' myself—fact. Gimme your list now. I 'm going over to do commissions," and off he went for coal-oil and other articles.

"Why did n't you come to church yesterday, Dr. H——?" said we, as he appeared at the door. "Oh, I 'm awfully busy now; had all my washing to do yesterday, and then I 've bought out half-interest in the brewery. Studied that for three months before going to Japan. Awfully paying thing; pays much better than medicine. Plenty of illness in Dawson, but the patients are all too poor to pay anything. Most of them get ill because they 've not enough money to pay for food. One does n't come out here for philanthropy, nor for one's health, and one can't get more than five dollars a visit at the hospital. Surprising one can make such good beer out of rice! We just put it in bottles and let it ferment for a day or two. I 'm going to make my fortune now, and give up medicine for a while. If there 's nothing I can do for you, I 'll go home and wash dishes. J—— says you gave them a fine ice-cream supper last night; wish you had asked me. Let me know when you give another, won't you?"

5 P.M. Jones has just returned from Dawson carrying a big five-gallon can of coal-oil, and sundry other necessaries. He presented the following itemized bill covering his purchases:

Coal-oil	$10.00
1 can peaches	75
5 pounds pilot bread	1.25
1½ pounds cheese	1.00
	$13.00

Dawson prices are dropping, as is shown by the above bill, on account of so many steamers coming in daily—all but the Ladue steamer. Some Indians passed and peeped in at the door. A tramp looked in at the front door and disappeared. I went behind the screen and into the kitchen and found him at the entrance of the back door, but he beat a retreat with never a word. Truly the place is changing! Even the miners acknowledge that they can no longer leave their gold-dust out in tomato-cans. Things disappear mysteriously. The boats are bringing in too many "Chee Charkers" and there is talk of a miners' meeting. If we were to air one or two grievances over missing articles the storm might burst, and we be allowed to see a lifeless body dangling from a tree, or a solitary man put on a raft and set afloat down-stream with the swift current to carry him to an unknown destination to begin life once more.

8 P.M. Jones helped get dinner and remained under protest to partake, saying that he was "eatin' too much o' your grub anyhow." W—— came over in time to join us, after which Jones insisted upon washing dishes and assisting E—— while W—— and I went for a tramp around our island. On our return Jones begged me to go for a "boat-ride" to see a raft of which E—— and I could build a house, as we could get the land for nothing, and the raft would be sold cheap. I was expecting Von M—— to teach me to develop photographs, so gave E—— a policeman's whistle with which to call me when he came, carrying one myself to answer her call. The night was perfect, the stars shining, and had it not been for the strong current a daily boat-ride would have been blissful, but contending against a current of six or seven miles an hour made the exertion of rowing so great that accepting an invitation seemed too much of an imposition.

Scarcely had we reached the raft when the whistle sounded and we floated down-stream to the landing, where Mr. W—— was waiting to assist me in scrambling up the steep embankment. This gymnastic performance would be more easily accomplished were it not for the impediment of skirts. Society is not educated up to it, nor is the writer, but really the only way of getting about in this part of the world, sensibly and without accident, is garbed in bloomers. We developed no photographs nor did we make the attempt, as we became wildly excited over the possibilities of a business scheme.

CHAPTER XXI

A NEW SCHEME

ON the previous day, we had mentioned before Von M—— and a number of the "boys" that, in accordance with a request from M——, we had brought a bowling alley and an animatoscope with which he declared he could make his fortune and our own within six months, as neither had yet been seen in Dawson. It was distinctly understood, however, that they were not to be placed in his hands until after certain inquiries had been made at the end of our journey. For reasons not necessary to state here, we had decided not to turn over to him the many articles purchased, but to make some other disposition of them. Immediately, several of the "boys" had expressed a strong desire to take the matter in hand, and we agreed to consider their propositions.

Von M—— had been to town early in the morning, had visited the few halls there, and had numerous plans to lay before us. "We 're not any of us up here for our health," said he, "and there are several who would be glad to go into this thing, and push it, on a business-like basis." W—— also became intensely interested as we looked over the magic-lantern slides, and made out the list of moving pictures which all pronounced wonderfully good. Von M—— was to be manager, W—— to take tickets and weigh the gold-dust. "Let us get M—— to do the 'talkee-talkee' because he 's so jolly," said they. "Who shall we have to manage the lights?" "Oh, hurry and start it," said E——, "because

Mrs. H—— has promised to leave for home early in September, and I want to see the show before we go."

August 23d.

Von M—— was on hand before 10 A.M. and helped us prepare breakfast. After giving Von M—— the address of a man who had been for eight years engaged in a bowling alley, and that of another who has charge of an acetylene plant, he left, and I went to Dawson with kindly Jones as boatman. I went directly to Mr. W——, the head of the lumber department, to ask if we might have a permit to build a cabin in West Dawson, and where. "Just wherever you please," he replied. "But they tell me that there are men waiting to build even where our tent stands and that courtesy alone keeps them from asking for the land upon which we have squatted," said I. "You just build your cabin wherever you please, my dear madam. There 's no record of anything of that kind; and I shall see that you are not disturbed." "How about building on this side?" said I. "Well, this lot, for only this small cabin, cost thirty thousand dollars, but I might be able to secure you one for three hundred dollars, as you won't care to be on the principal street. I 'll look about for a fine location, and let you know what can be done," said he.

On leaving his office I was joined by the dentist who had given me a "straight tip" on the trail, and he asked if I had staked those claims, but I told him that I was just about to record something better. He reminded me of his request to be introduced to M——, and was disappointed to know that the latter had started off to Sulphur. I next met W——, who accompanied me to the Alaska Commercial Company, which was just closing its door for the noon luncheon, so we sat outside on the board walk until the sound of an incoming steamer roused the crowd and we all walked towards the wharf.

Four steamers are in together. The harbour is becoming very gay, and the "Chee Charkers" numerous. We went to the office of the Johnson-Locke Company to see if we could get news of the *Tillamook* and our stores. They knew nothing of the *Tillamook*, but said that the *Rideout*, the Company's river-boat, was reported at Circle City three days ago, and was likely to be here in forty-eight hours. Our hopes are now high that we will soon be off short rations and living in luxury. "What day for the big dinner?" asked M—— and R—— as we met them and told them the good news. Mr. L—— S—— then joined us; he had been "in" for ten days, and advised us not to remain later than the middle of September if we did not wish to be frozen in. He opened a fine illustrated paper, *Klondike Edition*, with pictures of the Bonanza Kings, and as we looked over his shoulders and criticised, a crowd soon formed in a semicircle close behind us, for the sheet cost one dollar, and many had not that amount to pay.

One o'clock, and time for the Record Office to open, so W—— accompanied me there. Being a woman, I had the privilege of entering the little side door into the small anteroom, where my escort and I seated ourselves on a bench, and waited for the window to open. One of the officials said in a gruff voice to W——, "You must go to the other door and wait at the end of the line," to which he replied courteously, "I beg your pardon, but I have no claim to record; I 've only come to accompany Mrs. H——." The official grunted, and whispered to one of the women at the desk that no one else should be allowed to enter except on payment of twenty dollars. My companion and I stole a glance at each other, and he whispered, "I feel like one in an intelligence office, waiting for a job, and wondering what is going to happen to me, don't you?"—"Worse than that. I 'm afraid of not being mild and servile enough." Just then a nice young boy who had been particularly courteous to me on a previous visit, came in my direction and I said to him, "Why can't *you* record my claim for me?"—"Because the fellow who does that is bigger than I and might put me out. You just go right in and tell him what you want. Don't be afraid. He 's ill, but he 's all right." So I summoned my courage and timidly approached his desk, saying meekly, "Won't you please record my claim?" "I 'm not ready for business yet," he replied, not gruffly, but in such a tired manner that I felt sorry for him at once, and said, "When you are, please let me know. I shall be sitting on the bench back of you."

A few minutes later he opened the window, and began taking papers from the men outside, apparently oblivious of my presence. My escort glanced at me as though we were two naughty school children being punished for too much presumption, and whispered, "Why don't you go? Don't you dare?" The young woman at the desk motioned "Now 's your chance"; the nice young boy beckoned, but still I was afraid, and said, "He told me he would let me know when business was about to begin."—"You 'll have to wait all day, if you don't stand right up to him," so with a mighty effort I once more approached the great man, who did look so ill, writing with one hand and supporting his head by the other; I felt that I might be contrary, too, shut up in that office with a throbbing head. "Well," said he, turning to me as he finished with Number One on the line. "I want to record No. —, Quartz Creek, Indian River District, please." "There are four contestants for that claim already," said he, referring to his book, "four Swedes."—"But if they have not had it recorded, why can't I?" "How can I do it for you, if I can't for them?" snapped he. "It 's got to be resurveyed. You 'd only lose your fifteen dollars, as well as your rights in that district."—"Oh, I 'm not going to fight four poor miners, so let it go, and record No.—, Bear Creek."—"Which side? Upper or lower? Next Gulch?" Having answered all these questions satisfactorily I was just congratulating myself that at last I was to receive the bit of paper entitling me to another claim in the Klondike, when he said, "Where 's your miner's certificate?" "It is No. —," said I, pleasantly. "But where is it?"—"Why, I did n't bring it with me; I got it only a few weeks ago from the young man at that window; he can tell you that it 's all right." "But I must have it to record this deed." Then in despair I cried out, "How can I tell all that you want in this office ? You should publish a set of rules and regulations. I took the trouble to come all the way from West Dawson last week and after losing a whole afternoon and answering a thousand and one questions, because I could n't tell you on which tier I had staked, you sent me back to get my lesson over again, and now you want me to go all the way back to get my certificate, when I bought it right here in this very office from that young man, who can tell you so."

This outburst completely astonished his royal highness, and evidently fearing that I was about to burst into tears, he said quickly, " All right, all right ; here 's your paper, and you can send your certificate to-morrow." I breathed a sigh of relief, clutched the slip, presented my fifteen dollars, and was about to walk out in triumph when a stern voice said, " Go to the next desk and hand in your paper." This official, however, was so kind that I felt restored to peace with the world again, and was most grateful to him for the pleasant words addressed to me, but became despondent as he finished and said, " Next desk, please." I raised my eyes, caught a pleasant glance, and all was smooth sailing until the question, " On what date did you stake these claims ? "—" Why, I don't remember." " Can't you tell me approximately ? " he asked. His encouraging smile helped me so that I was able to say, " We started on the trail on Monday the fifteenth, and got back late Friday night."—" It must have been about Wednesday, then, was it not ? " And, this stumbling-block removed, I heard him repeating (as he wrote) something of which I only caught, " Best of my knowledge and belief," " Signs of gold," and as he wrote the last word he held up a book of which I did not see the name and said, " Touch it." I only remember saying, " That 's all right," signing my name, handing over the fifteen dollars which had been burning a hole in my pocket, saying " good morning," and then rushing out to my escort with a " Thank the Lord it 's all over, and now I 'm a millionaire claim-owner, but poor Miss V—— will have to go through with this ordeal to-morrow." " Well, by Jove ! I 'll never stake a claim if I 've got to stand in line and be treated like that," said W——. "It makes one's blood boil, and I 'm not going to be fleeced out of twenty dollars for private admission, either."

As we walked down Dawson's Main Street, we were joined by F—— and C——, and had a pleasant little chat, the latter being out for the first time after quite an illness. They both expressed a desire to pay us a visit, but as they owned no boat it was rather a difficult thing to do. We stopped at a butcher's and bought kidneys at one dollar a pound, then went to the laundry to inquire why our linen had not been returned. Same old reason—no boat. We met a lot of the "boys," who said, "Mr. Jones has been hunting all over Dawson for you, and thinks you 've gone back." "Let me row you over," said the Doctor." "No, I asked first," interrupted J——; but as they were discussing the question Jones appeared, and whispered, "Whenever yer gits through with yer dude friends, John 's ready to take yer back." So they escorted me down the embankment to the boat. Hardly were we out of hearing when my good boatman said, "I knowed yer had a date with that there red necktie (W——). I never give anybody as many boat-rides as I give you, an' yer shakes me ez soon ez yer gits on the other side." We found E—— being entertained by Mr. T——, whom she left to prepare luncheon for the weary tramps from town. Hardly were we seated ere Mr. H—— arrived, followed by Dr. C—— and W——, who all remained to prepare dinner for us. Each one had a special dish to cook, while I, as usual, prepared the table. Our *pièce de résistance* was kidneys stewed with sherry, over which great satisfaction was expressed.

After our guests had washed the dishes and put the kitchen in fine order we settled in steamer chairs and on boxes, warmly wrapped, to relate startling tales. Just then Von M—— appeared, saying, "I 've got lots to tell you, but I 'm starving and must first go and get supper; just thought I 'd stop at your tent to say I 'm coming back." "Nonsense!" we cried; "we 've finished dinner and there 's nothing left but some bread and butter; how would sardines and a cup of coffee go with that?" "Fine! what luck! you are sure you don't mind?" "Sit down and stop talking and you 'll have all you can eat in a jiffy!" So he was handed a tin of sardines with half a dozen slices of bread and butter. K—— then came in, saying, "Do you mind lending me my bread-board for a little while? My bread 's all ready for it." We asked him to sit down, but he refused, fearing that his bread would spoil, and off he went, thanking us "for the loan" of his own board. He soon brought it back, however, and we gathered around Von M—— to hear his experiences.

PREPARING DINNER

"I 've been to every hall in town. I 've talked to every proprietor, and have just finished a conversation of two hours with ——. I asked him how much he would pay me to bring such an attraction to his theatre; he said he would furnish hall and lights, and expect fifty per cent. of the net proceeds.

We can get the Pioneer Hall for fifty dollars a night and probably for less if we take if for any length of time, but that 's off the Main Street. It would be better to pay twice as much on the principal street where crowds congregate. We can have Pioneer Hall from 2 P.M. to 2 A.M., whereas the man who wants half-profits can let us have the theatre only from 2 to 6 P.M." "Oh, that 's absurd," we cried; "we to bring out the most expensive outfit to be had in San Francisco, to have all the trouble of selecting, learning to run it, learning to prepare lime-light, paying freight, duty, etc., and he to have fifty per cent. Should n't dream of it for an instant," and so we discussed the matter and looked over the magic-lantern slides.

"What shall we call our company?" said one. "It must have a grand name, seeing that it is to be run by aristocrats of America and England," said W——. "What a lark it will be! What would our people at home say?"—"They all know we 're not here for our health, and if this is better than a gold mine, why should we have any false pride about it?" "False pride, ridiculous!" I cried; "I shall be a thousand times more proud of going back with an inexhaustible sack of gold earned by my own efforts than if the winter had been passed in idleness in New York, Paris, or London. I 'm ready to work in such good company, and I 'm proud of it. Besides, the poor fellows who are shut up here and have had no chance to see and scarcely to read anything of the war, ought to be able to see the processions of soldiers on the way to Manila, the funeral of the *Maine* victims, the pictures of our heroes—and it will be a great pleasure to show an animatoscope to them." "I want to work, too," said E——. "I just want to show my family that I know how to do something and it would be a proud moment for me to carry home a bag of my own earnings—and I want it all in gold dust, too." As we talked and discussed, the time passed so rapidly that midnight came before we were aware, and there was a general stampede to boats by those who lived in Dawson, and to cabins by their fashionable occupants in West Dawson.

Wednesday, August 24th.

Breakfast finished, our kind neighbour Jones rowed E—— to Dawson at ten o'clock to record her claims and attend to commissions. As they left, Miner C—— appeared, saying, "I 've been down to look at the claims belonging to you ladies near Bonanza, and have come to see about working them for you. I 'm going out prospecting to-morrow, and if I find anything good shall let you know before anyone else gets a chance to stake."

Jones soon returned, saying, "I left one of my children over in Dawson and cum back for to get lunch for the other, coz I knew she 'd starve to death or die o' thirst before she 'd lift her hands to git anything for herself," and so the kind fellow made a fire, prepared a nice luncheon, and laid the table, while I tried to continue my oft-interrupted journal. "Are you thirsty?" said he. "Awfully," and down he rushed to the spring with a bucket and on return filled me a tin cup of the delicious beverage. Luncheon finished, Mr. T—— arrived with a Mr. B——, who was anxious to have our bowling alley and animatoscope, and wanted to know what terms we would make. I said we were not making terms, but were willing to consider all bids placed before us during the week, with the intention of accepting the most advantageous. Mr. B—— requested permission to be allowed to put in his bid, and towards evening it came in the following form:

"DAWSON, August 23d, 1898.

"LADIES—I have the honour to submit the following bid, viz.: For some time past I have been meditating upon the feasibility of taking charge of your bowling alley and kinetoscope. I have canvassed the town thoroughly for a suitable location and find I can secure one in a most desirable part for one thousand dollars a month, but, as a security for moving in, will have to pay three months in advance. I have also figured very closely upon the expenses of running such an enterprise, which are no small matter. There will be a large expense fitting up, etc., and the most fair proposition I can place before you, is to take full charge of your business, pay all expenses, give you a suitable bond to cover the value of the appurtenances, etc., and also give you sixty-five per cent. of the net receipts. If you find it necessary that you should leave this winter, your profits and share can be turned over to your agent or any bank daily—vouchers attached. If at any time you wished to be realised, you will have the privilege by giving me ten days' notice. If others can make a more sincere offer I am at a loss to know how it can be done.

"Most respectfully submitted,

"R. B."

"What do you think of it, Mrs. H——?" said K——. "I think it is a matter not to be decided upon before the end of the week. What do you say, E——?"—"Quite agree with you. We 'll wait for all the propositions, which are to be submitted to us this week." "They can't be better than B——'s," said K——, "as he expects to turn in to you at least from eight thousand to twelve thousand dollars a month, and you 'll not have a penny of expense." "We cannot decide before Saturday," we replied, and so the interview ended. It was after four when E—— returned. She had recorded her first claim, had been invited to luncheon at the Regina Café by Dr. C——, had held a reception all along Main Street, being stopped at every corner, and was glad to get back to our easy chairs and to the quiet of our tent.

Our next visitors were J—— and L——, the latter having just arrived from Circle City for a day or two in Dawson. Ivan welcomed him gladly, and we were pleased to see the fellow-passenger who had given us our first oranges and lemons and loaned us a fur robe, which he said again he should not need or want us to return until we were quite ready to depart. He tried to persuade us to move to the American side and settle in Circle or at Eagle City, promising that we should be well looked out for; but our interests are growing here, in many directions, and to leave at all will be difficult.

"A new cook has come to get your supper for you," shouted a cheery voice at the door, and jolly M—— made his appearance. "There ain't nobody going to cook supper for these ladies while John 's here for to do it," said Jones, "so you can just sit down and talk while Miss V—— tells me what she wants done. As for that little one, she don't know how to cook nothin', nohow, an' if she ain't writin' all the time she talks so fast that nobody kin stop her, an' it 's better for you to listen to her than *us* to be bothered with her," added Jones, casting side glances to see that I thoroughly

CROSSING THE YUKON.

understood that he was "joshing," as he calls it. "I 've brought my sewing with me," said M——, as he commenced to cut the cords from his "parquis," and asked for strong thread with which to sew on new ones, "so you go on with your writing while I sew." "Just the time for you to dictate that story to me, then, of the experience you had with the thieves," so I wrote down the following true tale of M——'s personal experience:

Lynching at Sheep Camp, as Told by a Miner

"This is not a 'yarn,' but merely a true outline of Sheep Camp in January, 1898. Sheep Camp was so called because no one, unless he had the brains of a sheep, would think of staying there, so when our little caravan pulled out of the narrow cañon into the broader valley, which drew all the wind in creation down its funnel-like length, our first thought was for shelter, which offered itself in the shape of a new cabin alongside of which we pitched our tent. What a nasty place that was, menaced by a great blue glacier that hung high on the mountain above us! Pinched by the cold and beaten by the wind, we dragged out several weeks, tugging our stuff to the summit. At that time of the year, few were sturdy enough in heart to attempt that work which has broken many spirits ere now. When one had staggered to the top and flung down his fifty pounds, he felt that he had at least earned his bread. And what a great lump it was to swallow, after taking his last load to the 'divide,' to find that someone had been before him, and stolen everything! One would sink in the snow to curse his Maker, while another would pray. Many a time had it happened, and never a trace of the thieves. The wind blew fair and cold from the north on the 26th, when we reached the summit, and found a friend of the trail, an old man of sixty-five at least, kneeling in the snow, by a trampled, soiled spot, where his provisions had once been. He could not believe that his entire outfit had been taken. The poor old man seemed dazed with his cruel misfortune, and determined to remain where he was and end his misery by freezing to death.

"Lazy, sleepy Sheep Camp rose in a body of indignation, to avenge this last outrage. J——, a young Swede of about twenty years of age, one of those thin, pink-skinned, fair-haired and white-eyebrowed chaps, was caught early next morning, drawing a sled, which was identified as the property of a man named P——.

"During the autumn, P—— had tried to cross the Lakes before they were frozen, but on finding that it was too late he cached his outfit below Sheep Camp, leaving his partner and a hired man to freight it to the summit, while he returned to Juneau on business. The following month, the weather proved so bad and sledding so uncertain, that his partner dismissed the hired man and started in business for himself. Several months later, on going to the cache to get some needed articles, he discovered that a thief had taken the 'whole cheese.' He wrote a 'harum-scarum' letter to P——, stating the turn matters had taken, and added that he suspected a man who had just gone over the summit, and whom he intended to track. Of course P—— thought that his partner had robbed him, not believing the story told, and left the country in disgust. When C—— (the partner) returned after a fruitless search for the thief, he was most indignant at the way P—— had talked about him, and swore to clear himself and find the culprit, even if it were 'the last act of a misspent life.' Months went by without any further developments, until this poor old man was robbed, and then it was that C——, in great excitement, stuck his head in the flap of our tent, and with many gesticulations told us all his troubles.

"I was then and there deputed with three other men, to go up the trail, and arrest J——'s two partners, W—— W—— and a man named G——. It was perfectly asinine, now that I look back upon it—we four, moseying up unarmed to arrest two men of whom we knew nothing, but nevertheless in we marched. Their little tent, almost hidden beneath the snow, was shipshape and plainly bespoke the sailor. They were so deuced polite, and so sorry that any mistake had been made, that I felt quite ashamed of my errand, and apologised so profusely that I quite forgot to see whether they were armed. All the way into camp I walked beside W——, chatting pleasantly, my anger of the morning having entirely passed away, and the sight of a crowd of men and women awaiting our return took me by surprise. In a moment we were being borne along by the mob, and were crowded into the 'Tent Saloon.' The queer structure consisted of a wooden frame and board sides, with a huge tent drawn over it. Already the sun had sunk low, and but little of the twilight filtered through the grimy canvas. Crouched in a corner sat J——, looking so meek and innocent that the presence of judge and jurors, sitting in the gathering gloom, seemed almost a farce. Before the prisoners had time even to exchange a glance, the judge appointed guards for each, and sent two of them in different directions, leaving the third (J——) to be tried alone. I can see him now, as he sat on the bar, above the crowd, surrounded by bottles filled from the same keg, but labelled differently, unwashed glasses, and a background of soiled white paper. Then the great kerosene lamp was lit, casting its harsh light straight at the accused. All this left a vivid and never-to-be-forgotten impression upon my mind.

"J—— stated that he and his partner had bought the outfit in Skaguay and had brought it over in a small boat to Dyea, where they had met G——, who had been shipmate with them on the *Oregon*, and, although he had no outfit, they had taken him in on partnership. G—— was the next to be questioned, and, unlike J——, the poor devil was frightened to death. His story came in a jerky, truthful way, and although it did not jibe with J——'s, it was hard to believe that either fellow was lying. He had joined them at Dyea, where they were in camp, and having no outfit they suggested that theirs was so large that they might divide; so, bright and early, the worst day in the past month, they all three had moved the entire cache about a mile. He described the place where he first found the cache, which was identical with the one where the stolen goods had been. Further than that he knew nothing, save that they did not go to the cache for two months and that his partners had incidentally told him that they had bought their outfit in Skaguay. The plot thickened; and there was quite a murmur of excitement when W—— was brought to the bar—'bar' in more senses than one. W——'s story varied little from the first one, save in details of where the transaction had taken place, and the manner of bringing it from one town to the other. G—— was again brought in and asked some leading questions before W——.. Their eyes met for an instant, and then G—— said in a faltering way that he had told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. W—— was led from the saloon, and as he went, he whispered to his guard, 'We 've been shipmates, me an' G——, an' he done me a good turn once, so I want to say, that no matter what they do to J—— and me, G—— joined us after the supposed crooked work happened.'

"In the street, there was a motley crowd, all 'rubbernecking' to see the accused, and murmuring like the Roman mob in *Cæsar*, or as at a woman's tea. It was clear, and colder than before, with every star shining bright. The little gorge or valley seemed like a deep crease in a nurse's white apron, and the glowworm-like tents mingled their light with the stars' from their burrows in the snow. As W—— passed through the crowd, he caught sight of a man holding a rope in his hand, standing in a corner with a lantern. 'It looks pretty d——d bad,' he said, and walked on half a block without a word. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, he whipped out a pistol, fired at his attendant, and fled down the trail. He had evidently missed his mark, for there was the patter of moccasined feet close behind him, and he fired again over his shoulder. The pursuer fell headlong into the soft snow at the side of the trail. Another shot rang sharply on the air, a flash of light which showed the criminal, standing for an instant, then swaying, then came the sound of a heavy, limp body as it fell in the half-frozen pathway. He had shot himself in the head, the ball entering between the eyebrows. When his guard had tripped and fallen, he had evidently thought that he had killed him, and seeing how hopeless his attempt at escape would be, had ended the matter, that is, as far as he could.

"Notwithstanding the fact that J—— had been turned back from the Dyea and Skaguay trials the previous year for larceny, sympathy was aroused in his favour and there were those who even dared talk against lynching. The jury returned with the verdict, 'J—— guilty,' and recommended a near-by tree. G—— was 'not guilty,' and therefore to go scot-free. The tent was 'cram-jam to popping,' but each word came as distinctly as though it had been spoken in an empty room. Then again, that murmur of conflicting opinions. At least a dozen different punishments were suggested without approval. A clergyman held up his hand and gave a so-called humane speech—recommending 'flogging.' One life had been taken that night, and it seemed to have awed the assembled multitude, so, after some discussion, it was decided that at noon, next day, fifty strokes should be given with a lash on the bare shoulders.

"It was almost light again and the last candle had gone out in that 'glowworm village.' Down at the foot of a hill, two men were building a coffin; another was lettering a head-board:

W—— W——
Age 27.

But the interest was beyond, where, in a log-cabin, lay the new victim, in appearance absolutely unconcerned. The room was dark and close. Men shuffled in and shuffled out. A woman was moving some tin dishes about in a great pan at the end of the room, while in another corner sat a man busily engaged in binding a double rope to a stout club. Noon came and went, and there was some talk of weakening. Half an hour later, however, J—— was led out, placed before a tall post, and ordered to strip to the waist. I never saw so many shirts in my life. They kept coming off, one after another, like the shells on a Japanese puzzle. I love to be in a fight, and don't mind a black eye, or a few teeth shy, but I did n't like the idea of a man not having an even show, so I 'mushed' (disappeared). There was a horrible fascination about it, however, and the man was hardly lashed to the pole before I was skirting the crowd, trying to peer over their heads. From the top of a lumber pile, I saw the first blow descend, and J—— sprang up the pole, like the monkey on the stick. Two great purple stripes showed against the clear white skin, leaving each twist and thread like a print. My chicken heart failed me, and I turned my back. I heard the rope wind itself about the fine-cut shoulders once or twice, without any other sound, then came a cry like that of some wild beast in agony. I drove my fingers in my ears, but nothing has ever shut out that one inhuman shriek that echoed down the valley and was repeated several times. At the tenth stroke I could stand it no longer, and without much trouble pushed through the crowd, yelling, 'Enough! enough!' like a schoolboy. There was some excitement as I told a friend what I thought on the subject, then a doctor interfered, and said that J—— had had about as much as he could endure. After enjoying a huge meal, J—— strolled down the trail bearing a large sign, 'Pass me along, I am a thief.' And so is justice administered by miners. An hour later, through the fast-falling snow, a thin, scrawny bay horse passed, drawing a sled with a pine box on it. Less than a dozen men followed it to the spot where it was deposited in the frozen ground. When the coffin had been lowered, a young man standing at the end of the grave knelt for an instant. As he rose he made a short address. No one knew the *real* name of the man who had just been buried or where his poor mother lived. Perhaps it was just as well."

As M—— ended his pathetic tale, Jones, dish-towel in one hand and pan in the other, shouted, "That 's right, that 's just the way it happened, coz I wuz there, an' I got a piece o' the rope wot they lashed him with, an' I 'll give a bit of it to you two ladies if you want to take it out with yer, coz it never brought me no luck nohow."

Supper was soon on the table, consisting of beef soup, chops and desiccated potatoes, rice cakes, macaroni and cheese, and prunes. Von M—— came in and we settled down to business and talked over the big scheme which we expect to coin money for us. We asked Von M—— to read over B——'s proposition and advise us from an unprejudiced standpoint, but he was square and honest and said, "I can't do it, don't you see, because I want it so much myself, and have such a nice staff of assistants selected; we are not only intending to work for ourselves, but to advance your interests, so that it seems to me that no one else could make so much of a success of it. Although I 've never done anything of this kind in my life, I shall devote every moment to it, and feel that no one else could do more." The fellow had shown so much energy, and spent so much time over it, that we felt he really deserved the position. He had secured the option on the O—— Sisters' Theatre from 2 to 6 P.M. daily for ten dollars a day, and was to find out about getting it after the play in the evening. He had seen many others and placed the proposition before them, and was expecting answers from all sides. He had also seen the men who owned the raft and found that lumber could be purchased at one dollar a log, and that the boys were all willing to give us a "building bee," so that it now looks as though we should soon be able to move from this enormous tent with its damp ground to a house of our own.

Thursday, August 25th.

Our neighbour Jones did not arrive this A.M. until ten, consequently we were obliged to use the oil-stove, and had no water to drink. He had attended a ball in town, and was not in the humour for house-building, but said he might be after a few hours' sleep, which he went home to enjoy, after having filled two water buckets for us. Next came Von M—— to find out what we would contribute towards the hall in case he engaged it. He received the following list:

1 Animatoscope, gas-bags, and all appurtenances.

2 dozen films of various subjects, ranging from the *Maine* funeral procession to the Corbett fight.

1 Magic lantern, with views of naval heroes, battle scenes, etc.

After luncheon our visitors were Dr. M——, of the army, Mr. H——, and John Jones. The former said he was very sorry to trouble us, but if we no longer needed the oars that M—— had borrowed for us, he should be very glad to have them. "What oars?" said E——; "we have but one pair, and those we purchased from M——, giving him six dollars for them." "Are you not mistaken?" said the Doctor; "he came to me, said you wanted them only for a short time, and would soon return them." E—— immediately searched for and found the bill, to the Doctor's great astonishment. H—— was very anxious to have us accept B——'s proposition for the animatoscope and bowling-alley, but we would give no answer until Saturday night. Jones was going to town, and wanted either to give us a "boat-ride acrost," or "do commissions" for us. Of the latter, he was charged with half a dozen at least. After their departure, we had our first uninterrupted hour, and my first letter home since arrival was written; events crowd each other so in this small place that it has been almost an impossibility to record the half of them. The letter written, there was half an hour before dinner, of which I took advantage to pay a short visit to Mrs. B——, who has not been at all well. She was as entertaining as usual, however, telling me many stories of the claims she is accumulating here; she ought to "go out" a very wealthy woman. I was frightened away by a small mouse which was so tame that it insisted upon playing near my feet. Mrs. B—— laughed at my fears, and said that it often jumped on her bed. In telling E—— about it on my return, K—— and Jones said it was only a "field mouse," and that there were plenty of them, which made me decide to keep Ivan in the little tent in future, as long as we are only raised from the ground by a few pine boughs.

After dinner Jones had planned to take me down to the raft to select the lumber for our cabin, but the poor fellow had such an attack of rheumatic pains (which I wonder that any one escapes, on account of sleeping so near the damp ground) that we sent him home early. Before leaving he said, "Now that you ladies knows me so well, and what a good disposition I have, why can't you bring me a wife when you come back next summer?" "Well, I like that," cried E——; "here he passes right over our heads as though we were not good enough, and asks us to bring in someone else." "Now, Miss V——, ain't you ashamed o' yourself to josh a poor fellow like that? O' course neither o' you ladies has never seen me dressed up in store clothes, and you don't know how different I looks, but even if I was got up in the finest togs of London, I think you 'd both be too grand to want to know poor John 'on the outside'; but, anyhow, this has been a lucky year for me to meet two such beautiful ladies as you, even if you do only want to know me up here." K—— helped E—— make her bread, and then said he had to go back and wash dishes before rowing to Dawson for Von M——, who had been there all day on our business.

CHAPTER XXII

THE "RIDEOUT" AT LAST

Friday, August 26th.

A COLD, sunless morning. When I get up at seven, in order to have a quiet hour for writing, the thermometer generally registers fifty, and gradually under the powerful rays of the sun goes up to seventy by the noon hour, but now it is below fifty, and this tent is so enormous it is like writing in the open air. The hundreds of dogs that have been barking all night at the sound of each passing footstep are now enjoying a well-earned rest, as are others who have been kept awake by their combined howls which make a veritable pandemonium. The only sound to be heard is that of the saw which an industrious neighbour is using in building his log cabin. About a dozen cabins have been put up during the few weeks we have been here, and the only place left on which to erect a house is just in front of this tent, and on the space which it covers. We are anxious to commence, as we may not be able to hold the place much longer; although our neighbours are most kind, and glad to protect our rights, still the new-comers are numerous, and must have land on which to build, so we are hoping that the "boys" will be able to start work to-day. We find to our sorrow that the ground we have staked will encroach on land upon which a man dug a foundation some time ago before going "up the creek." We are sorry to "jump it," but the law allows us 50 x 100 feet and the neighbours say that his four logs laid along his excavation "cut no figure," as it is the first house up which counts, and we must be under a solid roof soon or go back doubled up with rheumatism. Poor fellow ! we do not know him and his partner, but we shall feel sorry when he returns to find his land gone.

2 P.M. Our first visitor this morning was Von M——, who returned too late from Dawson to call on us last night. He had not yet decided on anything, as he was expecting answers from many to whom he had applied. Everyone is eager to have the animatoscope, but not so anxious for the bowling-alley, as it takes so much space, where land is extremely valuable. Jones came in rubbing his eyes about noon—had slept fourteen solid hours and was too late to gather his forces to begin building. He went into the kitchen to light a fire, and I heard him say, "Miss V——, M—— 'll be back to-morrow ; he 's just dead stuck on that little one in there, but if she 's going to be so mean to me I 'll never bring him over here no more, an' I 'll tell him not to come." "Do you think you can keep him away ?" said E——. "Dunno, I 'm sure ; dunno how much sense he 's got," and he glanced wickedly over the screen to see whether his shot had told.

About 4 P.M. he took me for a boat-ride to the raft, Von M—— had struck a bargain at fifty dollars for fifty-two logs. We rowed and drifted for a couple of hours about and around the raft, hoping for the owners to arrive, but as patience was almost exhausted a brilliant idea struck me. We found a card, and wrote on it, "Will owner of raft please call immediately at 'big tent' and inquire for Mrs. H——." John found a long pole, which he stuck up on the raft after having split the top with a hatchet and inserted the card. "The moment they know it 's for the 'big tent' they 'll stick you for a lot more money, you mind my word," said he. "I tell you, John don't want to see you stuck, an' he ain't a-goin' to, nuther. This has been a lucky summer for me, from the moment you came in my tent when I was so sick an' put that little hand o' yourn on my forehead to see how high my fever was ; I tell you, it just sent an electric thrill right through me. No woman never done that before, not even my mother that I kin remember, coz she died when I was a kid. Why, do you know, I ain't never seen no ladies like you folks before, an' I 'd 'a' been sick a hundred times over for to have met you. The women I 've allus known has been such as sometimes to 'a' made me ashamed that my own mother was a woman, but now, by gosh, there 's something to live for to wait on you an' Miss V——. O' course you 'd never think twice't about the likes o' me, an' perhaps you 'd never know me on the 'outside,' no matter how fine I could dress, but that don't matter to John; he 'd slave for you all the same."

A boat approached in which sat Dr. C——, who had just returned from staking claims on Bear Creek. We held our canoes together and listened to his description of the trip, and then floated down to a big boat from Ottawa which had just arrived. The men on board said they had been shooting moose and caribou all the trip and had a couple of ducks on board, which they told us were not for sale. I invited them to attend service in the tent on Sunday next, when John said, "That ain't goin' to get you them ducks," at which the men laughed heartily, but said they should come to church just the same. We met Mrs. B—— returning in a canoe with Mr. W——'s assistant. She brought me a note from Mr. W——, saying that I might build anywhere, and could find out from Mrs. B—— about the permit; after a short talk with the assistant, I discovered that if I bought logs from the raft and the lumber had been properly cleared there would be no duty; if it had not been cleared, my house could be seized. Dr. C—— and John cooked and prepared the dinner of soup, fresh salmon, potatoes, macaroni and cheese, and evaporated peaches, but all had to be taken as usual on one plate, owing to the scarcity of dishes, and to the fact that the bread was rising in the dishpan.

After dinner, as we were sitting before our tent wrapped in furs and robes, a screeching of whistles, and crowded docks, announced to us the approach of a steamer. We walked to the water's edge, accompanied by our neighbours with their field-glasses, and strained our eyes for the name of the steamer, which was towing a new barge. The *Rideout!* the *Rideout*, at last! After a whole month of waiting! of purchasing stores at Dawson prices! and now, as we are ready to leave for home, she comes, bringing the table-linen, bed-linen, kitchen utensils, luxuries and delicacies for which we have been longing, and which it is now too late for us to enjoy. We were here interrupted by the owner of the raft, who came to inquire the meaning of the card that had been left for him, and the order was soon given for the logs, as we must have a house in which to store our goods. The night turned so cold (forty degrees) that we were obliged to sit in the kitchen, John chopping us a good supply of wood, and Dr. C—— building a big fire, after which the men brought us boards to keep our feet from the damp ground, while they sat on boxes. We were joined by Von M—— and K——. E—— was worrying over her bread which had fallen, and although I assured her that hers in that condition was better than the lightest made by anyone else, it did not console her a bit. She consulted K——, and was delighted to learn that his batch had also fallen. "It 's from the cold," said he, "and can't be helped unless a fire is kept up all night." I begged E—— to purchase it in future, as we can now get five or six loaves for a dollar.

"Did you see the accident on the other side?" queried ——. "No! what was it? We never hear or see anything in this country residence." "Why, J—— and J—— were leaving 'for the outside.' The whole town turned out to give them a send-off, had a band of music and all. The wharves were packed, when suddenly part of one gave way and from twenty to thirty persons were precipitated into the water, which was quite deep there. You should have seen the excitement; rafts were pushed towards them, life-preservers, chairs, and other things were thrown out from the steamer; people tried to lasso them with ropes, and at last they got them, all but one man, who they said went under the dock and never reappeared; but they 're not sure, no one knows who it was. There was only one woman in the lot, and I 'll be durned if she was n't dragged out laughing, as though it was a good joke." J—— joined the party, and was immediately consulted as to the site for our new cabin, for although the present Dawson officials disallow his claim, he has one attorney here, and another in Ottawa, fighting the case and may yet come into possession. We much prefer a house on the water-front, but J—— wishes to keep it for a street, and loudly proclaims that he will use a shotgun on anyone who puts up a house there; so, although the "Crown Timber Agent" says, "Go ahead and build where you like," we respect J——'s wishes and avoid his shotgun.

A STREET SCENE IN DAWSON.

Von M—— arrived full of enthusiasm, for several have offered him space for the bowling-alley, and many are making fine bids for the animatoscope. He expects to start business at once, now that the *Rideout* is here with all the outfit necessary for lime-light and other things which are required.

Saturday, August 27th.

Jones rowed E—— over to Dawson to attend to the marketing, leaving me to prepare bills and invoices for custom-house, assort papers, and have a general clean-up. Now that our goods have arrived, I can keep my promise and leave early in September for home, for we are told that our house can be built in a week or less, and our cargo can be safely stored therein for next summer's use.

The owner of the raft came to inquire if the logs were to be delivered before Monday morning. He was sent at once to float them down-stream and tie them up to the bank, so that the men might begin work early Monday morning.

Two men called to ask if we were the ladies about to build a house. If so, they desired to be engaged as assistants. H—— called again to see if we had decided to let his capitalist B—— have bowling-alley and animatoscope, but Von M—— is so hard at work, so nearly ready to begin, and we have such a high opinion of his honour and integrity, that, although H—— raised his offer from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of the net receipts, we decided to allow the property in question to remain in the hands of Von M——.

Jones assisted in preparing dinner, which consisted only of beans, muffins, and stewed apricots, as our rations have about come to an end. H—— tells us, however, that we are not likely to get our cargo for some time, as the Johnson-Locke Company have had some trouble, and the company here refuses to deliver the freight, except upon repayment of charges. It now seems that of all the firms we could have selected, it would have been impossible to have sent our goods by one which would have given us so much trouble and caused us so much loss and delay. Having already paid them $488.85 for freight from San Francisco "to be landed in Dawson," it is cheerful to be told that we are likely to have it all sent back to St. Michaels, unless we also pay the Company here. One of our reasons for having faith in them, was the following letter from M——:

"I telegraphed you this afternoon concerning the Johnson-Locke Company. They are very responsible people, well known in San Francisco, have gone to great expense to secure the best trade in the Alaska business. Some of their river-boats are already in the Bering Sea, at Dutch Harbour, and they can absolutely be relied upon to land freight at Dawson, which is one of the main things outside of your personal comfort on the trip. They only ask two hundred dollars, first class, from here, which will of course mean 'Frisco, and one hundred dollars per ton from Seattle, and I don't doubt but what you could make same rate from city. Mr. J—— L——, one of the oldest pioneers in the Yukon, is the organiser of the steamship company, and if any company can be relied upon, his certainly can."

After dinner I went for a short walk with Ivan. Mr. K—— stood outside of his tent blacking his boots, and I cried, "Oh! for a Kodak, that your people might see something of the *details* of life on the Yukon." He laughed, saying, "I was just dressing up for a visit to the 'big tent.'" "It 's freezing there," said I, "so that most of our friends have deserted us, while those who do come run the risk of pneumonia or rheumatism." "Yes, it 's the coldest place in Alaska," replied K——. "Von M—— and I were talking about it, and we propose to double up and give you our little tent with a stove in it, for he can move into mine, until your cabin is ready."—"Not for the world would we inconvenience you, so don't insist, and remember that we are as grateful as though we could accept."

He and Jones spent the evening, carrying our steamer chairs into the kitchen for us, where we sat with heavy wraps close to the stove which the latter had so kindly lent us, while our guests were constantly engaged in filling it with wood.

"I was hoping to start the animatoscope this evening—everybody in town is waiting to see it," said Von M——, entering; "but it is no use,—impossible to get anything from the *Rideout;* and such a lot of fellows I know are going home soon, and would buy tickets before leaving if I could only start this show. It 's too bad! Just think what it would have meant if the *Rideout* had come in on time a month ago! Why, we could have been coining money for four weeks, and now! Why, from five to ten thousand people have left."

Sunday, August 28th.

We held our last church service this morning, as it is not only too cold, but the building of the house will block the entrance to the tent. After service an informal, friendly meeting was held, when the parson (substitute sent by Dr. D——), who had come into Dawson to seek his fortune as a photographer, bemoaned his fate, saying that he was now almost too poverty-stricken to leave, although very anxious to do so. "How can that be," we queried, "with prices at one dollar each for developing photographs?" "That 's all well enough," said he, "until one runs out of material; it is then that the expense and difficulty begin. Never in all my life have I required so much patience and faith as during my stay on the Yukon." So we came to the conclusion that his stores had also been sent through the company we had chosen, and that he had been obliged to purchase at Dawson prices as had we.

One of our neighbours came to the tent door saying, "Won't you ladies accept a pair of ducks? My partner and I have just come in from Ottawa, and have shot so much game during the trip that we have more than we want," and so the beauties were turned over to us, and we congratulated ourselves that such generous neighbours were about to set up a cabin next door but one. W—— then arrived, too late for church, but in time to help prepare luncheon. He had been prospecting, and had spent several days on the trail, which accounted for his non-appearance. After luncheon he accompanied me for a short walk around our so-called island, and armed with Kodak we took pictures of several of our neighbours. Mrs. H—— (who dresses in trouserloons) and her two sons—they are building one cabin and have staked off land for two others,—and Q—— and his partner, to whom I said, "Have you ever been told of your great resemblance to Captain Sigsbee, the late commander of the

Maine?" "I thank you heartily for the compliment," was the reply.

At one of the tents we passed the time of day with a man who said that his partner was quite ill. I immediately entered to see what could be done for him. The poor fellow lay stretched on pine boughs about one foot from the ground, covered with a fur robe. He was fully dressed in thick clothing and the fire in the tent made the atmosphere so hot and heavy as to be stifling. I said to him, "You need fresh air. Of course, with your trouble, you must keep as quiet as possible, but it is as easy to do that outside the tent as here. Let me help to move you out for a sun-bath." The invalid was not at all enthusiastic at the prospect. It occurred to me that sitting outside on a box would not be any too comfortable, so I hurried to the tent and, with W——'s

A GROUP OF PROSPECTORS.

assistance, was about to carry to him my steamer chair, when his partner, having learned of the plan, appeared to relieve us of that trouble. We saw the invalid properly installed, and, on the way back, passed the tent of the men who had sent us the ducks. They had a dozen friends from the other side of the Yukon lunching with them in the open air, so I stopped to take a group or two of the future Klondike millionaires, telling them of my pleasure in having such good neighbours, a feeling which they reciprocated to such a degree that they offered me the position of " lady mayor," saying that I should be voted in by acclamation, and promising dire vengeance on anyone who should dare oppose their decision. Quite elated at the prospect, I confided the plan to E——, who immediately dashed my hopes by saying, " How can an American hold office in Canadian territory ? " Very practical is E——, and very clever, too. It is a fort-

OUR NEIGHBOURS WHO ELECTED ME MAYOR.

unate thing that she is here to be consulted or else I should rush into every tempting business proposition that offers itself, but which, after she has dissected it, shows clearly the glaring flaws within the diamond.

A number of neighbours came in during the afternoon to discuss going on the trail again. One of them told us that he had the bench claim adjoining ours on Bear Creek; that he had sunk only two feet and had never taken out less than fifty cents to the pan. We were most exultant at such good news, and still more so as he said that our prospect looked exceedingly fine, and promised to bring us back some pannings on his return. W—— went back to town to get ice for us, promising to return in time for dinner, which he and Jones assisted in preparing. There was a big wedding in Dawson, which kept all our Sunday-night friends on the other side. Von M—— and K—— joined us, one bringing a loaf of bread, the other some maple sugar, and as we were gathered about the stove, Jones, who had disappeared for a short time, came in, saying to me, "Here 's a chance for you, who are always so good to sick boys. A—— M—— came over to see you, but was taken suddenly ill, and is in Mrs. T——'s tent. She 's in Dawson, and there 's nobody to give him any medicine or to look out for him." E—— and I immediately answered this call of distress from our kindly guide, and found him with raging headache and light fever. Fortunately, I had the remedies at hand, and as the others went to fetch them, M—— said, "Here 's a pretty nugget I brought you back from Bonanza. Don't say nothing, coz I 've only got one which I brought for ye, coz I thought of ye while I was there." My famous headache or neuralgia cure acted as marvellously as it is wont to do, and in a short time the Klondike King had relief, and was listening to a sketch of his life as it appeared in the latest paper, which I read to the great interest not only of "big-hearted A——," but of the others in the little audience. We left him early, as he had decided to spend the night on this quiet, peaceful side of the Yukon with Jones, in the tent which Mrs. T—— had loaned him, and where he could not be disturbed by the hundreds of buttonholers and schemers who give him no peace. W—— accepted the offer of Jones to spend the night in his tent and the party soon broke up.

Monday, August 29th.

Jones and W—— turned up before 9 A.M. to join us at breakfast, which they helped prepare. At ten, Von M—— came to row me across the Yukon in his canoe. Jones rowed Ivan over, as I would not allow the handsome dog to go in the same boat with me, fearing his restlessness or some accident which might overturn the canoe in the strong current. We stopped first at the Alaska Commercial Company's stores, where we found poor M——, who approached us holding his head with both hands, saying, "Too much wedding! oh, how the champagne did flow!" Stopped to chat with at least a dozen friends, who were all ready to accompany me and assist in the shopping expedition, but W—— had the list of commissions to be executed, and had promised E—— to see that they were promptly attended to, so off we started.

We went on board the steamer *Rideout*, where H—— was checking off freight, but got someone else to take his place while he accompanied us to the Pavilion to show the rooms on which he and B—— had the option—only fifty feet long, and the bowling-alley is just that length, and requires at least seventy. "Oh, we 'll manage."—"But how? There 's not another foot of ground to be obtained here."—"We can fix it somehow." But it was quite useless we found, as we examined; so we left for another consultation with E——, and H—— with his backer. We then paid a visit to Mr. W——, the lumber commissioner, to ask what tax we must pay on our logs for building. "Sixteen dollars on one hundred logs," said he. "But the men who own the raft say they 've already cleared it." "They 've not," he replied, "and you must keep out the sixteen dollars from the price agreed for payment, and tell them it 's by my orders." From there to the land commissioner's, where we saw handsome Captain B——, and asked to have explained to us the rights and privileges of a squatter. "You are entitled to 50 x 60 feet," said he. "But all our neighbours have taken 50 x 100 feet; why should not we do the same?"—"All right, if you can hold it. Land on that side has not yet been surveyed or decided upon, but on this side 50 x 60 feet is the rule."—"Is there any inexpensive ground for a winter residence?" "Just one lot at two hundred dollars," said he, pointing it out on the map. W—— took the directions and promised to have a look at it. I then thanked the Captain, telling him that if the erection of the summer residence did not leave me penniless, I should probably return for the bit of ground. "And then it will be gone," said he.

LADUE'S STORE.

Our next visit was to Ladue's warehouse stores. His agent said it would be impossible to tell whether we would be called upon to pay again for our freight before receipt of it; said he could not even get Ladue's cargo out, things were in such a muddle. Von M——, F——, and C——, who had joined us, all tried to extract whys and wherefores, but the agent professed entire ignorance. Back to the warehouse we went; Ladue not to be seen, but his attorney poured oil on the troubled waters by telling us that all complications had been disentangled and that goods were being landed as rapidly as possible, but we had better interview the purser. So to the *Rideout* I went with my four handsome escorts, who cleared the way for me as though I had been a member of the royal family. On our way to the purser's office we were met by H——, who said that as he had charge of checking up and putting Ladue's goods in warehouse, if we would leave the matter in his hands there would be no further trouble. Next to the office of the *Klondike Nugget* to inquire why we are not receiving that spicy little sheet, then to the office of the Canadian customs official to ask if he would allow us to copy our bills which he had retained. He asked for the bills of *Rideout* cargo, and kindly offered assistance in getting our goods without repaying freight, not having heard that the difficulties in the Johnson-Locke Company had been settled.

At last, the commissions finished, we started for the boat, only to find that Dr. C——, who had borrowed it at eleven o'clock to pay an hour's visit to E——, had failed to return, so we all seated ourselves on the platform outside the Alaska Commercial Company, and waited and watched the shore near the big tent to see when the Doctor should push off. We were joined by Mr. L——, who said that if E—— and I would only give up Dawson for Circle, we should have some splendid claims there and that the "boys" would build us a fine house. Then came M—— to explain about the mine on Bear Creek, and with so large a party of the college boys to keep me company I was in no hurry for the appearance of Dr. C—— and the canoe. Finally A—— M—— arrived, and they all made way for this modest Klondike King. "John said you wanted me to go over and take lunch with yez," said he. "We 'd be glad to have you, but we know that this is your busiest hour, and it seems such a pity for you to be obliged to hurry right back that perhaps you would rather come to dinner at six." "True for yez," exclaimed A——, his face lighting up; "that 's what! I 'll be here at six o'clock an' yez kin tell John to come and row me over," and the man of millions started off with long strides, only to find men waiting to waylay him on all sides.

Jones appeared at last ready to take Ivan and me home. I begged passage also for W—— and Von M——. W—— who was carrying under his arm our four loaves of bread, which we had purchased for a dollar, let one of them slip from the paper to the ground. "Bread is too precious to be thrown away for a little thing like that," cried the "boys," and immediately commenced giving it a thorough dusting. On reaching the "big tent" we were met by half a dozen men who had heard of our strike on Bear Creek, and were ready to start out staking in case we would give them a few details. "There are five of us," said they, "and we 'll all give you an interest." "Ah! in case your claims turn out well I shall expect a million from each one," and so saying, I spread the map out before F——, explaining to him carefully the entire ground, but without exacting the usual bargain of half-interest in each claim. Off they all started with heavy packs on their backs, and a strange sight it seemed! These society men, who are dined and wined in New York, who lead cotillions and attend teas, cheerfully making beasts of burden of themselves, by strapping anywhere from thirty to eighty pounds on the back, bending under the burden, tramping miles daily, with perspiration rolling from the brow, yet making no complaint. Von M—— went to his cabin for luncheon. W—— and I opened a tin of sardines and had some delicious hot soda-biscuit which E—— had left in the oven for us, after which we washed the dishes and prepared to draw up the papers in regard to some claims.

At 5.30 Jones rowed over for M——. Poor John had been feeling sore and ugly all day, and before starting said, "You 'd oughter 'a'seen Mrs. H—— in Dawson to-day. She did n't have no use for John at all, just nothing but dudes all day long. She went everywhere with that there red-necktie fellow." "But he is to have charge of our affairs," interrupted E——, "and he went to attend to the business part of it." "All right! you just keep on with them there dudes and you 'll see how you 'll come out; if you 'd trusted everything to John you would n't be having all this trouble now. Why, I 'd just like to see these 'Bah Jove' Englishmen a-tryin' to run your animatoscope. Just the way they 'd talk would make all the fellows give 'em the laugh; they don't know nothing about such things. Why, that there dog Ivan—a man kim up to me and said he 'd give a thousand dollars down for him an' call him cheap, but I ain't goin' to do no business for you folks when yer has a lot of dudes a-hangin' round. I 'll be durned if Mrs. H—— did n't ask a lot of 'em over to dinner to-night. Me and A—— don't want no dinner with the likes o' them, an' I tell you he ain't comin' no more when he knows she lets such fellers as them hang around." He sulked about until time to row across. Seven o'clock came and no dinner guests: eight, ditto, so we sat down with W—— and Von M——, enjoyed our stewed clams, delicious roast of beef, potatoes, scalloped tomatoes, asparagus salad, etc., which they had assisted in preparing, and discussed whether we should waste a bottle of champagne upon these two "boys." They overruled us by saying that once it had been iced it had to be used, so the contents of the bottle were carefully divided into four parts. We drank success to the animatoscope, and the fellows were congratulating themselves upon their luck in having had A——'s good dinner. At 9 P.M. in he walked with Jones. We thought, of course, that they had dined, but soon discovered our mistake. Our two English dudes transformed themselves into the most perfect of cooks and butlers. Tinned goods are quickly heated, and E—— went behind the screen to give directions. W—— served each course with a grand flourish and bow. Von M——, as cook, came in to see if the dishes were satisfactory, and was promptly ordered back into the kitchen. Upon opening a bottle of champagne, he remained in an expectant position, but instead of being asked to partake he was promptly ordered to place the bottle on the table and retire, much to the delight of Jones and the huge glee of A——, who was indeed surprised to see himself waited upon in such style by two young noblemen. I made a feint of eating and drinking; the others had most hearty appetites and seemed to enjoy everything. The tent door was wide open, and the table was lighted by the soft rays of the moon.

A KLONDIKE TEAM.

After dinner a man came to see about moving the logs for our cabin. All our neighbours pay twenty dollars a day for horse and man, but for the big tent twenty-five dollars is the lowest price. So " Big A——" and I walked along the river bank to a place where we were told we should find a man who owned a very strong horse. We found him, and tried to strike a bargain, but the horse's master recognised the owner of the " big tent " as well as the Klondike King, so bargaining was more than useless, and, finally, ten hours' work was arranged for on the morrow, to begin at 8 A.M. We seated ourselves on a log, where the moonlight shone softly over the Yukon and the mountains back of Dawson, and there M—— told me the history of his life. Although he had started with only three dollars and a half, he had always been so sure of success that his dreams were ever of how to invest the coming millions. He told of his plans for "going out," for visiting Seattle, San Francisco, Colorado, where he had worked for years, New York, and even London, and kindly offered to escort us over the Pass, and help us in the difficult places which we should be sure to encounter, as well as to show us the famous Alaska-Treadwell mines.

He also promised that in case of our return to Dawson, he would take us to virgin ground and tell us where to stake, and a promise of that kind from A—— M—— is worth more than a promise of millions from anyone else.

The next afternoon an Indian came to the tent and, in a most imperious manner, asked if we wished to purchase fish. As we had a roast of beef on hand, and W—— and I sat plucking feathers from ducks, a first experience for each of us and one which amused us hugely, we thought we had too much fresh food, but when he said only "four bits each" the temptation was too great, and we accompanied him down to the boat to select our salmon. We told him to bring it to the tent and receive the pay; this he declined to do in a most stately manner, handing the fish to W——, who accepted it as naturally as he carries bread and washes dishes, with never a thought as to what the members of the crack regiment to which he so lately belonged would say. Such men deserve success. The Indian followed us with great dignity, holding the hand of a small child of three years of age. After receiving payment, he stood calmly surveying the decorations. I started the music-box, to which the child listened with awe; then took her hand to show her the parrot. The father objected, however, saying, "got no time." But the child had caught sight of the strange bird and was so eager to make its acquaintance that it was some time before he succeeded in leading her away. I asked if they would like their pictures taken to which he replied, "Got no good clothes." It seems strange that people of different nations fail to realise the picturesqueness of their native costume, and only feel pleased with themselves when garbed in foreign attire which completely spoils their appearance. The picture taken, however, the Indian said with an air of command, "Picture finish very quick and then you give me." "What a haughty manner!" said I, as he disappeared from view. "No wonder; that 's the chief of the tribe, and the kid is a princess," said one of my neighbours.

CHAPTER XXIII

TRIALS OF BUILDING

Tuesday, August 30th.

AT 9 A.M. Jones came with a man to dig the foundation. At ten the man with the horse appeared, but after viewing the heavy logs said he must have an assistant, so he went off and finally secured one at eight dollars a day. Work commenced after ten, nearer eleven. I got out tape-measure and gave it to Jones to stake off ground, after the return of which he disappeared. Dr. H—— sent in his bill yesterday. He had paid me one professional visit, in which he had bandaged my feet and given me medicine. On his second visit I had announced myself as completely cured. Bill, forty-three dollars. As for E——, he had visited her once or twice, and massaged her feet twice. Bill, fifty-three dollars. "Big tent" again making for us its unfortunate impression.

Before leaving, Colonel Q—— said, "Now that you are not to have service here again, don't make any engagement for next Sunday, as I 'm to have a steam yacht (?) at my disposal, and am going to give a picnic only to members of the "four hundred." So I want you two ladies as leaders of it. Then there is to be the daughter of Senator ——. I tell you I 'm going to be in the very choicest society on that day." "Is 'Windy' going?" said one of the "boys."—"Not much." "Who is 'Windy?'" we asked. "Oh, she 's the lady that comes to all our tents and talks so much." "Not very kind of you to speak in that disrespectful manner, and you a *Virginia* gentleman." "Yes, I know; but I just can't help it. I like ladies as is ladies, like you two that all your neighbours are proud of, and not a woman who 's always pokin' her nose in your cabin and talkin' you almost blind. Now if we boys want to see you, we know we 've got to come over to your tent, and call, just as we would at home, and although you 're kind enough to say that we can come in shirt-sleeves and jerseys when it 's too hot to be comfortable otherwise, still, we always feel that we must spruce up for you, and we like to do it, and feel better for the visit. It 's a fine thing for us to have such ladies around, and it keeps us from getting demoralised; but how can we have the same respect for women who dress like men, and live like men, and talk like men, and act like men? Besides, you 're interested in all we say and all we do, 'cause it 's a new experience for you, and so we feel that you like to hear us talk. There 's a big difference, I tell you, which we feel even if we can't explain it to you, and you 're bein' here makes better men of us."

Now to return to our house-building. While the owner of the horse and his assistant were hauling up logs from the raft, I superintended them, E—— overseeing the man who was digging the foundation. From nine to twelve he dug the south and east sides, then saying, "I think I can work better for a little luncheon," left for the other side of the river. Work being stopped also on the log-hauling, more as a joke than anything else, I said, "See how much I can dig while the men are at luncheon," and immediately began overturning the earth on the north side. A neighbour engaged in finishing his cabin said, "Don't you think your New York friends would give fifty cents admission to see you using a shovel?" "They 'd never believe it," said E——, "even were we both to swear to it," so she seized the Kodak and caught me in the act, with the perspiration rolling down my brow. "Let me show you how to hold a shovel, if you won't allow me to dig for you," called another neighbour. "I hate to see a woman working, but then you can't make much impression; it 's only play for you." This put me on my mettle, and caused me to work with such determination that I had soon dug the entire thirty feet necessary to hold the first log, but as different ones came in and refused to believe it the work of my hands, I realised more and more that those at home would be equally incredulous.

Down to the raft again, while E—— continued the housework, which to me is most obnoxious. The two men had done so little that I began to fear their task would not be finished by night, so questioned them. They could not tell! Thirty-three dollars a day and only half a dozen logs hauled up. At that rate they might spin out their job indefinitely. Neighbour E—— came and kindly brought us a bucket of water. We consulted him and others, but although they knew we were paying steep prices, they saw no way of our getting better terms, for, as one of the "boys" said, "They 've all heard that you 're very wealthy, and there are only three horses on this side."

As I returned from one of my many visits to the raft, "Who do you think is back?" said E——. "You 'd never guess—Isaacs," and just then his face appeared in the doorway. "Well, I got out o' grub, and 'as come back to see what I could do."—"How 's your lay?"—"Oh, me lay 's all right enough, but a feller has to have grub, an' plenty of it. 'Ave your things come in yet from the *Rideout?*"—"Yes, they 've arrived, but we can't get them yet, so that we 're buying food ourselves at Dawson prices." "How 's the parrot—got her yet?" said the irrepressible. "Oh, yes, I see she 's as cross as ever," as he seated himself by the parrot's cage. Then, seeing Neighbour J—— pass, he called out, "I say, J——, how about greens from your garden? Could n't you manage to spare me a few?" "Very few left," said J——, but relented, adding, "you can help yourself," which Isaacs did with a generous hand. The hours passed and the man who had dug only twice as much as I had, never again put in an appearance. J——'s partner, the Frenchman, told us that as the back of our building site was so much higher than the front, there should have been no digging there whatever, as it would cause so great a depth behind that ice (which is only a few feet below the surface) would be quickly struck.

At 2 P.M. Jones reappeared, and started at once for the raft, but could not hurry the work, the men saying that the logs were unusually heavy. After dinner, not seeing any "dudes" around, Jones, who was beginning to recover from his fit of the sulks, invited me for a boat-ride, which it seemed most politic to accept. As he rowed he became more and more cheerful, told me of the terrible fate of women who flirted, and said, "That 's why me and M—— don't like women, an' never have nothin' to do with 'em. Yer see A——, he 's never knowed no women anyway; he 's so bashful, that he 's afraid of even Miss ——, who 's been running after him so long, an' she ain't grand like you. I tell you I never could 'a' got him near you, but it was just your being so kind to me when I wuz sick that did it, and he wanted to do something for you ; so when I told him you two ladies was a-dyin' to go and stake out claims for yourselves, then says he, 'By gosh! John! they 'll do it, and you see if I don't help 'em, that 's what.' Now honest ; do you *mean* being nice to him like you are? coz, by George! if I thought you wuz just a-flirting I 'd put you down in the middle of this river jess as quick as look at yer, coz never mind how good you 've been to me, an' the likes o' that, A——'s been good to me since I wuz a kid, an' I ain't never had no father nor mother to do nothin' for me nor the likes o' that."

As he talked, honest John had rowed steadily Dawsonward, where he had a commission to attend to. I asked to remain in the boat, but this request was most firmly refused. "It ain't for the likes o' you to be a-sittin' down here 'mongst all these rafts. I 'll just take you to the Alaska Commercial Company, where it 's always respectable, and come back for you as soon as possible"; so down the principal street we walked. All the shows were in full force, bands playing, crowds before the saloons and gambling-places, and yet, even had I been absolutely alone and unprotected, I should have felt no fear.

While we had been waiting for our stores from the *Rideout* another animatoscope had arrived in town, and had forestalled us, and this was their opening night. Crowds were hanging about the door awaiting admission. We were told that as the "lightning express" appeared, dashed on, and disappeared, the miners howled with delight, and that one of them stood up and shouted, "Run her through again! run her through again! I ain't seen a locomotive for nigh on ten years." To think what we have lost by the detention of our cargo! Our "lightning express" will be old when it is finally turned over to us.

On reaching the Alaska Commercial Company's platform, we found the Salvation Army holding its meeting, surrounded by miners and idle men. Jones found me a vacant seat, which I took, attracting no attention, and told him to hurry off on his errand. One or two dogs came to be petted, then a young man approached, raised his hat, saying, "Is this Mrs. H—— ? I am Mr. ——, and learning that you brought in a great many novels, magazines, and illustrated weeklies for winter reading, which you are not to remain and enjoy, thought that you might be willing to dispose of them. If so, I should be very glad to take the lot," he added, with the air of a millionaire, "and I won't be greedy about the price, am willing to make just a small percentage." "Do you purchase for cash?" said I. "Well, no," he reluctantly admitted; "I 'm sorry to say I have no cash whatever, and thought perhaps you 'd just let me take them on commission, as I 'm very much in need of money."

Just then Von M—— appeared, and said, "The O—— Sisters are so excited by the success of the other animatoscope that they want to have ours, and are willing to give the building rent-free from two to six, and have benches made for the crowd which they expect. We *must* try and get the machine and appurtenances from the *Rideout* at once, as every day that the other show exhibits takes so much from our pockets and puts it into theirs, when we really should have been first in the field." Jones soon came to row me back to West Dawson. He and Von M—— spent the evening filling the little stove with wood until it became a flaming sheet of red iron, and still we were not warm.

Wednesday, August 31st.

Such a downpour of rain! It starts the canary singing at the top of his voice, as he hears the patter on the tent-top. How grateful we are to Dr. C—— for his little tent within the big one; it at least keeps us dry and away from the rivulets and rills which are beginning to form in various directions. At 8 A.M. the man with the horse and his assistant appeared. An overseer was absolutely necessary, as some neighbours had told us that they could spin out the job for any length of time otherwise: so, buckled into rubber boots, bloomers, and a jersey, with the mercury at fifty degrees, I went out into the rain and down to the river-front to count how many logs had been hauled up after a thirty-three-dollar day's work. Only fifteen! So it seemed better to strike a contract even at so late a time. The best they would listen to was ninety-eight dollars. As a man had told me that he and his partners could work faster without a horse than our employees with one, I went to them (my eight-dollars-a-day man having struck for ten); to my surprise they demanded one hundred and fifty dollars to carry the eighty-five remaining logs a distance of not more than one or two hundred feet. Back to the first men I went, knowing that my only protection was a contract, which was finally settled at eighty-five dollars; this relieved me from duty as overseer. Then came a man who revealed to us another expense. We must have someone to shingle the logs. Two men at ten dollars a day for five days! Forty more logs still remained to be brought down from the raft; no rope to do it with, so, as there was no place to purchase, we were forced to borrow. All our neighbours still in bed. I went to the tent of the invalid, as his partner had told us to call on him, and found both up and dressed, but the invalid was so weak that his partner and I both begged him to go to the hospital. The partner has been a kind, tender, and willing nurse, but has just heard of a big strike on Bonanza, to which he can go if relieved of this case and earn enough for two men, which is now quite necessary, as their funds are getting very low. After having offered any assistance in my power, I explained that my errand was only a borrowing one, and was at once given the desired rope.

I then returned to the big tent, where E——, most patient of cooks and housekeepers, insisted upon my partaking of the breakfast she had kept warm for me. She had placed all the buckets outside of the tent in order to catch the rain-drops, as our kind neighbours, who generally keep us supplied from the spring, and with wood, had not yet opened their doors and seemed to be sleeping the sleep of the just.

2 P.M. Our first visitor was the partner of the invalid, bringing his physician from Dawson, who wished to meet us. He had been but three weeks in this part of the country, and brought much news from the "outside world." Neighbour E—— came out. "I 'm trying to catch a few rain-drops," said E——, "as we are both afraid to go down to the spring for fear of slipping."—"Give me your pail; why did n't you call on me? I 've only been lying down reading a novel. Just whistle the next time you want anything." While he was gone Jones arrived from Dawson with the "boss carpenter" whom he had engaged to hew and fit the logs, preparatory to the construction of the cabin. Ten dollars a day for ten hours' work of hewing. He promised to begin on the following morning at seven, Jones saying that he might live on this side and sleep in his tent. After they left, I went out to gather chips and small bits of wood to keep the fire going. The man who was hauling the logs called out, "Well, you 'll do to live in this country; you work too hard to freeze."

A messenger from W—— brought the following note, addressed, "Mrs. H——, The Big Tent:" "I saw the animatoscope last night; it was a very poor show, but evoked great applause. We must get ours started *at once* before people tire of it, as it would be, *at the present moment*, a great success, for the other show has not the funeral of the *Maine* victims nor many other processions which the 'boys' are anxious to see. Von M—— has done all in his power, but it is impossible to obtain from the *Rideout* your cargo which was promised you a month ago. Somebody ought to make the loss good."

Shortly after, W—— himself arrived, and said, "I 've only five minutes to spare, but could n't resist the temptation of running over to tell you about the show last night. They had n't the funeral of the *Maine* victims, nor the troops and patriotic scenes which we have, but the audience howled all the same, so it appears to me that we shall simply coin money, once we can get hold of that cargo."

Von M—— soon came also, quite enthusiastic for him. "Well! I 've got permission to show it on Sunday, as I promised to give twenty-five per cent. of the receipts to the hospitals, which need money very badly. As there is nothing in the world for the people to do on that day, everything in town being closed, we ought to have the hall packed. As you took some lessons in San Francisco in order to teach your protégé how to run it, Mrs. H——, you 'd better come over to-morrow; we 'll go with you to get the cargo, and then you can teach us how to run the machine, and make the lime-light, and we 'll start ahead at once."—"Oh, dear! suppose I should have forgotten how to do it! I had but two lessons, and that was last June; and then fancy my going into a hall to show you how to run a show. What would our mothers say?" This is our usual war-cry, but Von M——, not knowing this, said, "Just fancy what *my* people would say at the thought of my *really* running a show. Would n't they be horrified!" "That 's nawthin'!" said Jones; "it 's that there red necktie what they calls a nobleman, an' he such a dude, an' the likes o' that, goin' into it. What 'ud his swell friends in London say?"—"What does it matter? Everything goes in the Klondike, and we 've all got to go back with a pile. We 'd be ashamed to go otherwise, for everyone seems to think that you 've only got to reach the dock of Dawson to return home with a million or more." "What part am I to have in the show?" said E——. "Oh, you can make out the list of views, and the list of music to be played in accompaniment, and then you can be present on the opening night and make it fashionable." E—— insisted, however, she wanted to do some of the *real* work, as it would be such a lark. "Well, Mrs. H——, will you be ready to go over and instruct us early in the morning?"—"Must I go in at the general entrance? Is n't there a side door?"—"Oh, yes! we 'll smuggle you in through the stage door, though what do you care with such a splendid lot of escorts to protect you even from stray glances? besides, no one is awake in Dawson before noon."

Next visitor, the man with bill for one hundred sixteen-foot logs—one hundred and twenty-five dollars. "I have the money with which to pay you," said I; "but Mr. W——, the lumber agent, tells me that you have not cleared them as you said, and that you must either pay him sixteen dollars taxes, and show me the receipt, or I must deduct it from your bill and give it to him."—"Then you 'd better deduct it, as I can't go over to town at once." On his departure we returned to the all-absorbing topic. We objected to a Sunday performance, but were overruled by our staff, who argued, "You 've done a lot of good with your church services here; now why should n't you take the people from the streets and temptation?—for you know how true it is that Satan finds mischief for idle hands, and you 'll be keeping them out of mischief while they 're looking at our naval heroes, and learning what they have done during the war; and then think of the big sum that will go towards the hospital; and last, but not least, of how we shall coin money!" "That 's what we want to do," said E——. "Think what a lot of good one can do in New York with it." "As for me," I interrupted, "ever since I saw that man from Dawson board our steamer, with bologna sausages of gold dust thrown 'careless-like' around his neck, I 've been dying to imitate him. Fancy landing in San Francisco like that!"—"Everyone would feel certain that you had brought back millions, and then the mushrooms would ask how you made your money, and other mushrooms would be delighted to whisper behind their fans that you made it running a show in Dawson, just as they said that Mrs. ——, or her mother, was at one time a laundress."—" What 's the difference, as long as you get the millions, and get them honestly? And then, Mrs. H——, you 'll be able to enjoy the two objects for which you are longing—your yacht, and establishing relief stations for the unemployed."

FIRST AND ONLY FIRE ENGINE.

"Have you heard the news?" called out one of the "boys" at the tent door after dinner. We thought from his tone that our army or navy had again been successful, and eagerly questioned him. "Why, there 's been an explosion at the the-*a*-tre, an' Arizona Charlie's show of moving pictures is bust up, so he had to return all the money. He could n't get the right kind o' oil or kerosene or something, an' so used the only thing he could buy—a cheap stuff which exploded and burned his man terrible bad all over the face and hands and everywhere."

Thursday, September 1st.

Up at 6.30, and ready for the overseer at seven. He needed assistance in hewing the big logs, so while he was preparing them I, in rubber boots, tramped up the hill in search of some of the men engaged on the previous day. At half-past seven found number one, who promised to come after breakfast. A little after eight the man with the horse appeared; I told him he would have to work hard to keep my men busy; he said his partner was not yet up. Found two men and asked if they wanted work at seven dollars and fifty cents a day. "With grub?" said they. "Not much," I replied, in the language of the country. "Wa'al! I suppose we might as well go to work for a day or so." That gave me three assistants besides the boss. An old man appeared. "Can't you make work for me?"—"How much do you want?"—"Same as the others."—"All right, go ahead." When E—— awoke an hour later she was much surprised to find matters so far advanced. The man from the raft had joined the other workers, and the air was merry with the sound of hatchets, gee-hawing to the horse, and directions from the boss, whose name I had forgotten, so inquired once more. "George B——," said he, "and I 'd rather you 'd call me George."

The fifth assistant applied, and was at once engaged. Then came "Frenchy" to know if we would employ a friend of his, but George said he had as many hands as he could keep occupied. E—— wanted some water for cooking purposes, so the "man with long hair" was told off to assist us, but when we asked him to go to the spring, of whose pure water we one and all have spoken with great pride, he said, "You must not drink of that. I live up there on the hill, and if you could see the stuff the folks on the top throw into it, you 'd never touch it." 'T was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. We called our neighbours in consultation, and found that they had known of it for the past two or three days, but had feared alarming us by imparting the information, so they had gone some distance whenever called upon to fill our water-buckets. They requested me to call the attention of the sanitary authorities in Dawson to the outrage, which imperilled life and health, saying that much greater attention was paid to the request of a woman, and that, the regulation once made, they would promptly enforce the law, and woe to the man who then dared to pollute the spring.

At 10 A.M. Jones and Von M—— turned up, each one with an invitation to go in his boat to Dawson. As I had important business, E—— promised to superintend the builders. Ivan accompanied us, wearing his fine new collar for the first time. As we were now preparing to leave for the "outside," and could not take our pets with us, we had accepted Jones's offer to raffle the parrot, which he took in his canoe. On nearing the banks of Dawson, there was the usual difficulty in working one's way through the rafts, which crowded the water-front to the obstruction and annoyance of all boat owners. My first visit was to the post-office; Ivan alone accompanied me, as Von M—— and Jones were fully occupied in carrying the heavy boxes to the O—— Sisters' Theatre where our performance was to take place. "The mail arrived yesterday, but will not be ready for distribution until the second or third of September," was the answer to my question. "How soon will you send a mail to the United States?"—"We closed one yesterday at five o'clock?"—"Oh, what hard luck! Is there no way of overtaking it?" I asked.—"Just a chance, madam; it was sent on board the *Ora*, which may not have sailed yet, so if—" but off I dashed to catch the *Ora*, which had blown her last whistle a few moments previously. Down the wharf I rushed, with Ivan at my side, for whom an admiring crowd made ready space. Many willing hands were extended as I jumped on board the steamer, and the purser kindly accepted my batch of letters.

From there to L——'s. The great man was behind the counter of his little shop, in his shirt-sleeves, waiting on an

Indian who was trying to drive a sharp bargain over some cups and saucers. I asked about our long-delayed cargo; told him of the great loss we had sustained, and that during our months of waiting another animatoscope had forestalled us. He replied that we would be very lucky if we were not forced to pay the freight to the agents of the *Rideout*, as many other passengers had done, with the hope of collecting from the Johnson-Locke Company (with which he had severed connection some time previously) on returning to San Francisco. He said, however, that our cargo had been turned over to the Collector of Customs, to whom we must now apply. He added that he was leaving for New York on the eleventh, and when I said that we had been obliged to postpone our date of departure from the first to the fifteenth, shook his head and thought that we were running a great risk, as, in case the water fell, or the ice formed, we might be shut in for the winter. I hurried to the Customs Office, which is in the same building as the Alaska Commercial Company, and, meeting a fellow-passenger, was told to remain below, as the collector was a friend of his, and that he would have our affairs attended to at once. I gladly waited, seated on the counter, Dawson fashion, and held a reception. S——, W——, M——, Dr. C——, and any number of others. S—— came to say good-bye, as he was just leaving "for the outside" on the *Hannah*. "I 've fixed it," said ——, as he came down-stairs. "He 'll be ready to clear your things to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."—"But we must have the animatoscope *at once;* that 's what I came over for,—to teach Von M—— how to run it. Won't he let me have just that?"—"I 'd rather you would n't ask him. I 'll do it if you say so, but advise strongly against it." After a hurried consultation with Von M——, we concluded that, after so much delay, twenty-four hours more would matter very little.

Starting out, K—— came running breathless, holding a home letter high in air, saying, "I saw this at the post-office, and coaxed them to give it to me for you." Down I sat on a box in front of a shop and eagerly read: "Colorado

From a Photograph by E. A. Hegg. ERECTION OF TAMMANY HALL, DAWSON.

Springs, July 13th. My dear Mrs. H——. This letter will probably never reach you, but if it should, it will assure you how greatly I am interested in you and your ventures," etc. "Letter from home? Good news?" called Q——, as he stopped, carrying me back from Colorado to Dawson, and reminding me that I must visit the Crown Timber Agent and pay the tax on the lumber. "How much do you intend to tax a poor widow for the few logs she uses in building her cabin?" said I, entering his office. He laughed, and, as though the matter had never before been referred to him, inquired, "How many logs? What length? How many feet for the house?"—when I interrupted him, saying, "Do not forget that I may spend the winter in Ottawa, where I shall have a chance of reporting you if your taxes are too steep." —"That would be the best thing that could happen to me, if you would let them know that I 'm collecting a goodly amount for the Government." "Make out your bill quickly," said I, "as this is a busy day; and bear in mind all the solemn warnings to those who impose upon the widow and the fatherless." He chuckled, cast a side-glance at the few men sitting about, whose grins straightway disappeared, leaving the usual look of gloom upon their countenances, and then said, "Would you mind coming again when I have more time to attend to it?"

Glancing at my list, I saw that E—— had jotted down pearline or washing soda. From one end of the town to the other I went in search of it, in every shop, but only one tiny box was to be obtained, containing about an ounce, price two dollars and fifty cents.

The commissions finished, I went back to the Alaska Commercial Company, to await Jones and the boat, and sat on a box outside the store. Miss B—— joined me, saying that she intended to remain "in" for the winter, and was going to live in a cabin up the creek, where the miners had been most kind and hospitable, and had not only given her food but had also slept in the open air, and turned over to her their log house during her short stay.

Mrs. M—— stopped to inquire when we should be able to leave. She said that her husband was doing very well, getting never less than sixteen dollars a visit from each of his patients, and that, though she dreaded the thought, she felt that she must remain through the ice and snow.

At 2.30 Jones came to row me back. We found Dr. C—— calling on E——, who was deep in the work of making out lists of our music, slides, and films. No sooner had I seated myself at the lunch-table than Mrs. R——, Miss D——, and her small sister appeared. They had heard that we were about to leave and said that M—— had made their mouths water at the thought of the delicious food we had brought in and begged us to sell to them rather than lock the articles in our cabin or take them back. We allowed them to look over the lists, to taste the tomato soup and the cider, the fame of which had gone abroad, and promised to let them have what they wanted, upon condition that they should find out Dawson prices for the desired articles, saying that we would sell for a little less.

K——, Von M——, Jones, and W—— spent the evening, but, although the little stove around which we gathered was of a deep red hue, and we were wrapped in furs and "plaidies," we were in a half-frozen condition. A number of our neighbours dropped in and exchanged yarns. One told us a particularly good bear story, to which it is quite impossible for me to do justice, and of his experiences in "coming in." He and his partner were passing through a thick copse of wood with about fifty pounds each strapped on their backs, when they heard an unearthly howl and saw before them a bear with two cubs. "My partner, who had never seen a bear before, gave only one glance at this one as she rose on her hind legs, turned ashy white, and made for the creek, into which he jumped, although well aware of the fact that it would carry him down-stream at a rapid rate. The bear had been hidden from us by a lot of wood, which had been prepared for sluice-boxes. With my heavy pack it was difficult for me to reach my rifle, so I began to go backwards as quickly as possible, while trying to unhitch it. The two cubs climbed a tree, but the mother advanced steadily. She was very near when I finally managed to get a shot, wounding her in the neck. This delayed her for a moment, but caused her to be more ferocious than ever. The second shot laid her out long enough for me to take good aim and kill her. I left the cubs to look out for themselves, and started in search of G——. He had been picked up by some men in a boat, and joined me towards evening, very much ashamed of his inglorious conduct."

E—— told of a visit Isaacs had paid her during the day, and of the following conversation: "I 'm sorry I did n't understand you ladies better, but Mrs. H—— always seemed so 'aughty-like to me that I did n't realise she was book-writin' and could n't be disturbed, but used to get hangry 'cause she never joined in my conversation. Now you, Miss V——, if you did n't talk to me I thought it was 'cause Mrs. H—— frowned upon it and that made me 'ot, and so I would n't do what you told me to; but since I 've been out on me lay, I 've been thinking it over, and have come to the conclusion that I could get on first-rate now; and then you did have such nice dainty luxuries to eat that a man never sees out 'ere. By the way, have you received your cargo yet? Do you know what the story is over in town? 'That the haristocracy 's living hover in the big tent with a grave-robber to take care of them.' Suppose you 've 'eard me called the grave-robber? Not a word o' truth in it. I never overturned a shovelful. I will admit that I had arranged with some of the fellows (and some that you 'd be surprised to know of, if Zeke should give you their names, but 'e 's not telling any tales) to open the grave of an Indian chief and take out a lot of curios, but some'ow or other we never managed to do it. Zeke got the reputation for it all right, and the others went scot-free, but 'e never peached. Now there 's a lot of the boys on this side an' the hother as swells around in your heasy chairs, an' they 're no better than Zeke (for he always looked out for your interest), an' they are a-tryin' to do you. There was that little Dr. ——. I made up me mind as 'ow 'e was tryin' to get money from you to put in a lot o' schemes as was no good, but I hasked everywhere and found out that 'e was all right, and so I said nothink, but I kep' me eyes open, an' sez I, Zeke 'll not hinterfere unless they try to do some hactive hinjury to those ladies, an' as they never did, I 'eld me peace."

Friday, September 2d.

Up at six, and discussing with George at seven the advisability of putting on an extra force in order to have the house finished in a couple of days, as the mercury is now at forty degrees, and the place so damp from the upturned earth that my dreams were of sleeping in marshes and creeks. Warming the tent is like trying to heat the open air, for half of it is raised in order to admit one side of the new building. The trenches were dug until they filled with water, which was drained off, and solid ice struck, on which the foundations were placed. At 10 A.M., as neither Jones nor Von M—— had put in an appearance, Ivan accompanied me to the water's edge, to see if there was a chance of getting across to attend to the necessary commissions. Two of our neighbours from Ottawa, the ones who had presented us with the ducks, had started, but on seeing me called out to know if I wanted to go to Dawson, and not only returned, but went to their cabin for a tiny camp-stool to put in the bottom of the canoe. We were soon in town, and as usual my first visit was to the Alaska Commercial Company, where M—— met me, to assist in getting the cargo through the Custom House.

Up to the office we went. No collector, no assistant collector. From place to place went my helpful friend, I not daring to move from the Alaska Commercial Company's platform, lest he should return with Mr. D——. No such luck, however, until a few moments before twelve, when he said, "The collector will attend to it directly after luncheon—about two o'clock."—"Can he not give me an order to get out some few things that I *must* have immediately? He knows that all charges will be paid," so Mr. R—— soon secured the desired bit of paper. My reception then came to an end, and, accompanied by Mr. Von M——and Dr. C——, we went in search of the storage warehouse, to which our goods had been taken. "What do you ask for having kept them a day?"—"Fifty dollars, madam; there are five tons."—"For one day?"—"For one day or one month; we never take them for less time than a month. Have you clearance papers?" He was handed the valuable order, satisfied himself, then said, "You must now find the agent for the *Rideout* and pay his dues before anything can be removed." W—— went in one direction, Von M—— in another, Dr. C—— remaining with me. The agent shortly after made his appearance. One of his bills was forty dollars for transporting the bowling-alley from the steamer to the warehouse, a distance of not more than two blocks, but I was grateful to him for having paid the bill instead of leaving it in the street, and found him a most courteous man to deal with. Von M—— and the others soon found the boxes containing the manganese, the chloride, and the gasoline, and took out enough to generate gas.

As we were about to start for the hall, Mr. H—— appeared, saying, "I have just been to West Dawson to see about the books, and as I have an offer for the entire lot at twenty-five cents each,—books, newspapers, weeklies, etc.,—Miss V—— considers that it would be preferable to distributing them between dozens who may leave many on your hands, particularly as a man is expected in at any moment with five thousand."—"And your commission?"—"Two cents a book." It was hard to think of some of them going for that price, but time is growing short, so I went with H—— and his backer to have the bags opened, and they were delighted with the appearance of our winter library. Down I sat on the floor, checking off as H—— counted. It was slow work but, when finished, I was given $153.25 in gold dust for what had cost us $49.78. My "staff" were ready to escort me to the O—— Sisters', when R—— passed, and holding up a bottle of malted milk, said, "Think of it! four dollars for this! but poor A—— can live on nothing else, as he has typhoid fever." I wanted to go and help nurse him, but upon learning that he had secured the services of a trained nurse, felt that he would be well cared for.

We entered the theatre through the side door, and went behind the scenes. Dr. C—— studied the instructions carefully, and in a few moments was making the lime-light as though he had been in the business for years. Under my instructions Von M——, aided by W——, soon had the machine in position, and all was working beautifully, when we discovered a leak in the bags. The members of the staff here assured me that as they now thoroughly understood the principle of the thing, it would not be necessary for me to wait, so W—— escorted me back to the Alaska Commercial Company to keep my appointment with M——, who was to have crossed the river with me at 4 P.M. As the rain was then coming down in torrents, we sought shelter in a warehouse near the boat and seated ourselves on a couple of boxes.

"John tells me you 'll not be able to leave Dawson before the eleventh," said he. "No; we have our house to finish and all our cargo to store in it before we can get away." "Well, I must get my ticket so as to be on hand to help you over the summit, for if so many passengers are a-going, you 'll have to walk faster than you did on the trail to the mines. And I must get a man to work your Bear Creek mine for you. You 'll just give him a lease for the winter, and he gets half he takes out, and in the spring you 'll be coming back again to see the clean-up," and this kindly fellow seemed to take as much interest in the mine as though it were his own. "You know you asked me to tell you of anything fine I might see. Well, there 's a claim that I can get for three thousand dollars, and it 's in the Gulch too. I 've bought so many miles of claims that I can afford to let a good one go to a friend, and it 's A—— M—— that says it will be worth next year a cool hundred thousand." Mrs. U—— here joined us and had a short conversation with this Klondike King, whom I presented to her. Six o'clock came and she left. Men had already discovered "Big A——'s" whereabouts, and were hanging about, ready to buttonhole him, while two members of my staff were waiting for me. "I 'll come to-morrow to the 'big tent' at six o'clock, if you want me," said A——, as I was about to leave, "although some business may keep me from it."

As Von M—— and W—— were escorting me to the boat, the former was called away. After a few moments he returned laughing, and said, "Here 's a good joke on someone! 'Arizona Charlie' wants to see me at eight o'clock this evening on important business. Evidently since the explosion his man can't run his show, and he probably thinks I 'm an expert." We conjured up all sorts of reasons for the appointment—perhaps that he wanted to buy us out at a large figure. It was quite late when we reached the tent, where E—— sat hugging the stove. She had been almost drowned out by the rain, and was greatly discouraged, as the men had all stopped work. She heated some macaroni and cheese for us, and gave us some beans, toast, and prunes, which we ate with the usual relish. As we got into Von M——'s canoe to come across we found that another raft had come in and blocked all chance of exit. Von M—— commenced untying the knot when a coarse voice shouted, "Don't you dare to touch that raft!" "I 'll not only touch it, but will cut it and let it float down-stream if you talk in that style!" shouted Von M——, who was tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since early morn. This language had its effect in bringing down the owner of the raft with a couple of men who said in apologetic tones, "I say, pardner, no offence; I did n't know you could n't get out," and they worked to such good effect that in a few moments a passageway was opened for which Von M—— thanked them as cordially as though there had been no harsh language. When we neared the bank Ivan jumped out on a rock which was so slippery that he fell back into the water and could not gain a foothold. Mr. B—— clutched him by the collar, which was more beautiful than useful and promptly slipped over the dog's head. After a struggle of at least five minutes, in which my heart was in my mouth, he was safely landed, and ran to the tent shaking and shivering.

After dinner, as the "boys" were all gathered around our stove spinning yarns, Y—— said, "Oh, Mrs. H——! Another Klondike King has come to town. I walked to the post-office with him, where he got such a funny letter that I begged him to lend it to me for you to see." "How good of you! Read it aloud!" said I, and we listened to the following:

"Mr ——: I am going to write you a few lines. It will be very strange for you to get this. You will perhaps think this is surely a scheme. But I see in the paper of your immense wealth, and I thought perhaps you would buy back my Home that we lost about eight years ago and I had worked so hard to get, but reverses in Business we lost it but I do so much wish you would Buy it and if you ever come back and have no one to take care of you I would gladly do so. I know you have plenty money, and on that you could get anything you Desired but you know that many a man has had lots and lost it you can buy my Home, and realy you would not miss it out of so much money as you have, and I could live in it again and I pay the taxes, and the Deed in your name and if you come back to the States you will have a nice Home We sold it for Twenty Hundred Dollars and it is No —— —— Street —— now if you don't want to do that, you can tell me how I can invest a few dollars out there that would make me that much. To get my Home back I would even gone out there myself as I have a friend Mrs. —— of —— that was going with her husband, but at last they gave it up and I had n't enough money to go myself. I am not a young woman any more, and I would send you one of my Pictures but am afraid you would perhaps Ridicule it I could write you a whole lot more, but if you should get this and answer, and I hope you will, You may perhaps call this a Polite way of begging But I don't mean it that way at all. You Buy the Place, get the Abstract, and I live there But it will be in your own name, and if I should die without seeing you It will be the same. No one has so much money that they could afford to invest so much that would only bring them so small Interest on their Money. But ever since I read about you in the paper I had thought of writing But I could not hardly do so, as I was afraid you would think I was a fraud, but I signs my own name, and will give you refference when you write to me. Respectfully your *true* friend —— —— Box ——"

"I can get a better one than that for you. D—— D—— received it last week after some correspondent sent a letter to his paper in Kalamazoo, telling how rich he was." "And I 'll get you a fine one," said another, "if you want to make a collection. Those who strike it rich receive them by the hundred, and I really think they ought to publish them, names and all, because it 's becoming a perfect nuisance."

As we were planning to have our cargo moved from the warehouse to our new cabin, which is to be finished in a few days, Colonel Q—— advised us strongly not on any account to do so, saying, "Never mind how strong the lock, should the winter be a hard one, people knowing of the comforts and luxuries not being used, and thinking you enormously wealthy, would be too greatly tempted to help themselves." The other men in the party all agreed with him, and advised us strongly to dispose at once of everything which we cannot use, and which we do not care to pay heavy freight upon. Jones came in and announced that the parrot, which was being raffled for fifty dollars, had dropped from its perch and died shortly after.

CHAPTER XXIV

BUSINESS PROPOSITIONS

Saturday, September 3d.

UP at half-past five to write yesterday's experiences before the arrival of the men and the interruptions consequent thereon. Mercury thirty-nine degrees! Almost too cold to hold a pen. Never before have I so appreciated sunshine nor so longed for the gorgeous orb to make its appearance. At seven, one of the men gathered wood and started a fire, which scarcely made any difference in the atmosphere. A man appeared asking for work, saying that he and his partners were in great need of money. On learning the terms, he went back to inform them, and returned, saying, "We don't care to take it for so little as seven dollars and a half a day." As we sit in steamer chairs shivering with the cold, while watching the slow work on our new cabin, how incongruous seems the note just written to the postmaster to change our address from Dawson, Yukon Territory, to Palace Hotel, San Francisco! How impossible seems the thought of being in the midst of luxuries once more, of having a nice warm room in which to dress, and to choose just what one likes to eat. We shall have to live on the American plan this time, as the European would cost us a small fortune with the appetites we now have in reserve. Yet how often shall we find the rooms overheated, the atmosphere that of a conservatory, the life limited and restrained, and long for the wilderness and the freedom thereof. A taste of such liberty as this must finally spoil one for civilisation.

Breakfast over, Von M—— came to inquire if I would be ready to go to town by ten o'clock. "That will give me just time to make my bread," said he. "Why do you bother with making it? We 're going to buy ours," E—— replied. "So should I if I had the shekels," laughed Von M——, as he strode off to his tent. Mr. J—— and Mr. B—— were also invited to cross in Von M——'s canoe, and as we had the Criterion, the music sheets, and the magic-lantern slides to take, Ivan was left at home notwithstanding his loud and vigorous protests. J—— had an appointment and left us as soon as we touched shore. B—— and Von M—— commenced to lift the box containing the heavy Criterion which was to play the music for the moving pictures, the weight of which far exceeds one hundred pounds. "Hire some men for that; you will break your backs," I urged. "Then we 're of no use for this country," retorted Von M——, as he climbed the steep hill and with B—— staggered to the "hall." I followed with the magic-lantern slides, taking them to a room which the staff had engaged for the purpose of practising.

They said they should not need me for some time, so off I went to the Alaska Commercial Company, meeting Miss ——, who said, "I was just watching for you. You must let us have some of those articles which you expected to use this winter had you remained. Papa wants to see you also, for you have many things which we need, and shall not be able to have sent in until next spring or summer. Won't you come with me? Papa 's just gone up the street, and we 'll overtake him in a moment," and the attractive young girl waited for me while my commissions were attended to at the Alaska Commercial Company, then accompanied me to the Recorder's office, she in search of her father, I, to find Captain B—— to induce him to have some action taken, some law passed, in regard to our polluted spring. There was a dense crowd of miners at the door who had been standing in line for days, hoping to record claims to which they had tramped, then prospected, and finally staked, but they politely made way for us to enter. Both of our men had left.

As we started back I was stopped by the proprietor of —— Hotel, who, introducing himself, said, "They tell me that you and Miss V—— have been waiting here all summer for your winter's supplies, and that now just as they 've come you 're both 'going out.' Everybody supposes as how the grub that you have got is such stuff as one can't buy here, and as it would n't be safe to lock it up for the winter with a lot o' starvin' men about, I 'm ready to take the whole lot of it off your hands; and if you don't sell it to me, I 'll have to go out over the Pass an' then like as not, be kept out until it 's too late. Another man approached. "Is this Mrs. H——? I am Mr. C——. Heard that M—— had begged you to bring in an animatoscope show for him, and that after you got it here you had concluded not to let him have it. Now, if you 've made no other arrangements, I should like to buy out the entire outfit, as I have much idle time on my hands, my cargo not having arrived. I 've travelled all over the country, showing 'moving pictures' of every description. 'Arizona Charlie' wants me to run his (suppose you heard that he 's had an explosion), but I have refused, as I want to start one of my own, and they tell me you ladies got the very best of everything to give that protégé of yours." Mr. D—— here interrupted, asking if he might see my invoice of winter's supplies, and if he might have first choice.

"Excuse me," said a man, raising his hat, "but can't I interrupt for just one moment? Hearing that you ladies had just received your winter's supplies, as you were going back home, and making sure you would n't take them 'out' with you, paying fifteen to twenty-five cents freight, nor lock them up where so many will need 'em, shut in here all winter, I made so bold as to go over to the 'big tent,' where I saw Miss V——, and told her I 'd take the entire cargo, which she said would be much better than dividing it up among all who are trying to get it." "Good-morning, Mrs. H——," said H——. "My friend, ——, the stationer, is about out of stock and wants to know if you won't let him have your winter's supply instead of locking it up; and as

so

for groceries, there 's a corner in the market and you can make a very handsome profit, if you will dispose of yours."

During these interviews I had continued the walk down to the Customs Office; entered, and received a bill for $263 duties! "Will you give me the bill to show Miss V——?"—"No, certainly not!"—"Not even a receipt?"

PACIFIC HOTEL

THE STATIONER'S STORE.

I queried. "Why, no! You 've got your goods, and you 've paid for them; what more do you want?" On my way out, I was joined by R——, who said that he had engaged the only cabin on the *Ora* for E—— and me, and advised us to take our robes and pillows, as the bunks were not furnished, and we should be obliged to "turn in" on a piece of stretched canvas. Then came M——, who said, "Had such fun at the masquerade ball last night! I went as a giddy blonde, dressed *décolleté*, with short skirts and stockings filled with chips, and wore long golden curls; I would n't have missed it for the world, for 'Nigger Jim' spent two hundred and fifty dollars in chips and drinks on me, before he discovered I was a man."

Mrs. U—— next came and seated herself at my side on the Alaska Commercial Company's platform, where we chatted for half an hour while waiting for my trusty boatman. Then I saw long strides, and handsome M—— approached. "It is only five," said I, "and you were not to go over till six. What a pleasant surprise!"—"I only just came to chat for a moment and to know if you really expect me at six." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he left as R—— joined me, only to be buttonholed by two men as he was saying, "I 'll be back in an hour." "I want to lay a proposition before you," said R——. "A friend of mine has just staked a splendid claim on —— Creek, No. —. He is the first one on it, but can't get into the Recorder's office, and fears that someone will discover its value —some man with a pull who can get in there before him. He needs money so badly that if you will let him have a hundred dollars and get one of your friends to help him in to record his claim, he will give you one quarter interest in it." "I 'm awfully sorry! It 's easy for a woman to enter there, owing to the great courtesy of the miners, but how to get a man in is a problem quite beyond me."

"Have been looking for you everywhere. A——'s ready and waiting," interrupted the cheery voice of Jones. "Have you finished all your business? Miss V—— sent me for you." So with two escorts down the bank, into the canoe I went, and was speedily rowed across by the stout arms of good old Jones. In landing, M—— attempted to assist me up a bank much steeper than the place where we generally landed. Jones, who was tying the boat called out, "She can't do that; go around the other way," to which A—— replied, "If she 's going over the summit, the quicker she learns the better," and with the aid of his strong hand, I sprang lightly over ground from which I should have shrunk in fear and trembling only a few months ago. "By gosh! you 're a trump! There 's nobody living in these parts could do better than that," said my trusty guide. "Is the summit very much more difficult than this?" I asked anxiously. "You bet!" replied "Big A——" with such an air of conviction that my heart sank, and doubts began to arise as to whether I should dare attempt so perilous a trip.

E—— had a nice dinner ready for us—her fish with sauce hollandaise being delicious. M—— was preoccupied, and had little to say, but, in walking out before the tent, he confided to me that he felt heavily the responsibility of having offered to escort us over the Pass, as business was still pressing on all sides, and so much remained to be done that he greatly feared not being able to leave by the fifteenth even, in which case there was danger of the river freezing us in, so that we might be obliged to spend the winter on the tiny steamer, with scant provisions and perhaps not fuel enough to keep warm, and that, for two such "grand ladies, accustomed to every comfort, would be a terrible thing. I have so many big deals on, so many leases to prepare and sign, so many transactions that must be finished before I leave," said he, "that I may not know until the last moment on what day I can start. Could you be ready at an hour's notice?" he inquired anxiously. "Sure," said I. He looked relieved. "And now will you be excusing me, for I have more engagements for the night than I well can meet," and with a few pleasant words of adieu to E——, off he went in a tiny canoe, when he might have had steam-launch and crew at his command.

The rain is again coming down in torrents. We are worried beyond measure that the house, which we had been told would be finished by Saturday night, is still far from completion, and that the cost is to be nearly eight times the estimated price; that the principal part of the animatoscope is missing; and that we may be "frozen in" before we can get everything arranged satisfactorily. All this, combined with the rain, the general dampness of everything belonging to us, the impossibility of making a fire burn with wet wood, and the chilliness of the air, had such a depressing effect upon our spirits, that for the first time we felt thoroughly inhospitable, so shut up the tent, put out the lights, and crawled into our beds without receiving any visitors after dinner. As may readily be imagined the thought of the possibility of a winter in these icy regions was far from cheering, and as a result we both had very little sleep.

Sunday, September 4th.

Rain still falling in torrents. Ground so damp that the water oozes out wherever our feet touch the earth, even in our living part of the tent. Mercury thirty-eight degrees. Camping-out is no longer a pleasure, and we glance at our roofless home, so near and so inviting, wondering when we shall be able to move in. Oh, if the sun only *would* come out now that we need it so much! After breakfast Von M—— appeared to ask if we had any commissions for town, as he was going over and expected to be able to give the show. While E—— prepared the breakfast, I was engaged in the dignified task of gathering wood, being protected from the rain by rubber boots and mackintosh. I made three attempts to start the fire, but, though carefully tended and nurtured, it died upon each occasion a sudden death, either from the ignorance of the builder, or from the greenness or dampness of the wood. Had it not been for the convenient oil-stove, we should have gone hungry. But we were in a half-frozen condition, and I was scarcely able to hold a pen, when I attempted my daily record. At ten, Jones arrived, and, by saturating the green wood with coal oil, he soon had a brilliant flame, which was the most cheerful event of the morning.

2.30. Arrival of some of the "boys" from the —— Company. After a visit of half an hour M—— exclaimed, "Don't you want me to make some muffins for luncheon?" —"What! have you not yet lunched? It 's three o'clock." —"No; wanted to make muffins here, because you enjoy them so—and so do we." In a few moments, this society boy from home had a pan of flour, corn-meal, and butter, and was deep in the mysteries of the kitchen. Such delicious muffins ! and as we ate them, and enjoyed the other viands which E—— prepared, M—— said, " I never told you about the wedding. They asked me to make the cards, ' nice and neat and kinder fancy, with birds and flowers.' Only employees of the Company were invited. They all sat with their feet under their chairs around the stove, which was well pulled out so as not to scorch the wall-paper. The bride was coy, although not terribly embarrassed. There would be long pauses, and then somebody would get up the nerve to tell a story, but there was n't much laughing, except at those S—— told, and of course we had to roar at those." Someone interrupted, " One does that naturally, for S—— is a most brilliant man at a dinner, and all that he tells is well worth listening to."—" That 's true, too, and we all recognise it, but whether it were so or not, we 'd feel obliged to laugh loud and long just the same. Well ! to go back to the wedding, the champange flowed like water, and oh ! my head ! my head ! it 's awful ; and I don't know what time the affair came to an end.

" Do let me press another muffin upon you, Jack. You have n't thrown up the sponge already ? Why, I 'm just beginning to lay in my winter's supply, and I 'll ' lay to ' on the rest of the muffins in a minute. I tell you they 're good, even if I did make 'em myself, with these dainty paws of mine, and it is more fun picnicking over here than going back to the four-o'clock dinner. They give us plenty of good grub, but if you 're not at your meals on time, there 's a kick, and some fellow calls out, ' If ye had n't come in just when yer did yer 'd er got swapped right in the necktie.' Excuse my Klondike slang, ladies, and don't let my ma get onto any o' these fine expressions, for she 's the dearest, loveliest, and most particular of old ladies you ever beheld, but it is such fun to pick up all the phrases that you dare n't use at home," and the handsome boy stuffed his tenth muffin into his mouth, and sat with a rapt expression of enjoyment. Just then a little field-mouse ran near the stove, picking up the crumbs that had fallen. With a shriek I jumped up on the bench, calling, " Kill it ! kill it quick ! Don't let it get away," while E—— was equally vociferous, begging that its life might be spared, as it was " a dear little thing, and so tame," but my terror caused the " boys " to put an end to the existence and future unhappiness of the rodent, particularly after E—— said, " Why I watched him playing on your mattress this morning, but never told you for fear you 'd make just such a scene."

As we gathered around the stove in which the " boys " had succeeded in building a magnificent fire, K—— said, " The *May West* is in with a cargo of one hundred marriageable widows. I 'd like to cut the rope and let her go out with them all, and the boys are very much inclined to do the same, and if you were to see them you 'd think us quite right. Such a lot of frights the eyes of man never beheld ! Now, Mrs. H——, if you really *do* come in next year, and bring some pretty girls with you, think what a blessing it will be for the ' boys ' who cannot get on the ' outside ' without imperilling their millions ; and how fine it would be for the girls also, for you can answer for us, and know what a splendid lot of husbands we would make." I was not surprised to learn later that the story about the widows was a hoax.

E—— had a long search for the meat for dinner, but the box in which it had been placed was empty, and the bread near it had also disappeared. Not a nook or cranny was left without thorough investigation. At last Ivan, who had been soundly sleeping all day, rolled over and revealed to us half a loaf of bread, giving us a decided clue to the culprit, who was quite unconscious of the betrayal of his secret. " How could he have found it ? " said E—— ; " I not only hid it deep in the box, but covered it with dozens of papers." After the departure of M—— and his friend, the fire began to die out again, and we were in despair, when good Jones arrived. " I 've been a-thinkin' o' you ladies all day," said he, " and wonderin' if you wuz a-freezin' to death, but could n't for the life o' me git across the river, and, as it is, I got to be back to a seven o'clock chicken-dinner ; but I suppose your dude friends has been here and made you a nice fire and done your cookin' for you just as John would 'a' done if he 'd been here. Hulloa ! what 's the meanin' o' all them dirty dishes ? Do you mean to say they *ett* with you and then left you all them dirty dishes to wash ? Well, did yer ever see the likes o' that ? I tell you I ain't goin' to wash after them. I 'll slave for you and do what no money cud hire me to, but them dudes kin just wash their own dishes." "Quite right," said we, as he dropped into a chair in a state of indignation. "They generally do 'clean up' before they go, but they had n't time to-day. We 'll do it ourselves." As we slowly made preparations to begin work, Jones relented and said, "It 's a low trick they done you, but I ain't a-goin' to see you ladies a-washin' up, so I 'll have to do it. Here 's a nice mince-pie I brought you, an' it 's red hot, just feel it." A mince-pie is something I never touch at home, but the honest fellow had tried so hard to please us that I ate two pieces with gusto, to his great satisfaction.

Everything was soon in apple-pie order, the fire blazing, and as we heartily thanked our kind neighbour, he said, "I don't want no thanks, but I just want you to notice the difference between me and them there dudes o' yourn, who would n't give you a hand to cross the summit, I 'll be bound. I dined with A—— to-night and he says he 'd give two thousand dollars down if Pat Galvin 'd come in and pay him that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, so 's he could start out to-morrow with you two ladies, for he just thinks you 're the nicest things on *earth*, and he 's so afraid you might get frozen in he can't sleep nights. It 's worryin' him almost to death. What are you writin', Mrs. H——? You 're allus writin', no matter how early I comes in the morning nor how late at night, you 're as busy as a cat with two tails. What 's them things ? Anchovies ? 'Oh, I see, said the blind man' ; and do you know that fellow could n't see at all, that blind man, and just the same I can't see what 's anchovies—never heard o' such things before in all my life. You still too busy to talk, Mrs. H——? I believe it 's jest as Isaacs sez,—you 're haughty. Why should you have such haughty ways about you? Now Miss V——, she 's always ready to talk to a fellow, and she 's so nice to me that it almost emboldens me to ask her to be my wife. I say, can't you git Miss V—— to have me? Has she had many other offers durin' this trip with you? Hard to count? Bet your life I kin count 'em if you 'll jest tell me where you 've been. One in Colorado Springs," repeated John, as he told it off on his thumb. "Two in Denver," marking off forefinger and another; "two at Coronado," and down went the fingers of one hand; "one at Los Angeles," and the second hand was brought into requisition. "One at San Diego, five in San Francisco." Here Jones suddenly bent double and put his hand on the toe of his boot, calling out, "Hold on a bit, I ain't got fingers enough; they 've run out; got to start in on my toes. Well, it 's no use; if she would n't have any o' them dudes, she ain't got no use for John."

A little later Von M——, K——, and W—— arrived. The former was in a high state of indignation as he held out the retort belonging to the animatoscope and showed it with two big holes. "The most outrageous thing that ever happened! Just see how they have 'done you.' We had the animatoscope in perfect condition and were just ready to open the doors and take in hundreds of dollars, for every one in town is wild to see the war scenes and the Corbett fight. Crowds were asking when we should open up. We were trying it for the last time, when we suddenly discovered that the gas was leaking frightfully, and, upon examination, we saw the rottenness of this retort. A slight pressure of the hand and you could put your thumb right through it." The others were equally indignant that we should have been allowed to come this distance with such an article, and said, "That 's just it. You were women, and they knew you were coming to the Klondike, from which you might never return, and so they did n't care. I hope you will write them up and fully advertise them for doing so dishonourable a thing."—"However, let 's say nothing more about it to-night," said Von M——; "for I 'm too angry at the thought that you should have been treated in this way, and also at the immense loss we shall suffer, if we cannot get another retort."

W—— proceeded to divert our minds by showing us a magnificent piece of quartz. He had been out with an experienced miner who thought he had discovered the mother lode, and had staked off the portion which the law allowed. His experience in getting there is worthy of note. Another miner had made the same discovery; it was a race for life, as it were. Both couples dashed down the bank to the river. The first there took W——'s canoe, and there was no other to be had. For a moment at a loss, a brilliant idea occurred to the two left behind; they took a short cut across town to the barracks, entered police headquarters, and made a charge against the two men of having stolen their canoe. Two of the mounted police were immediately detailed to go to the banks of the Klondike, and, as the culprits rounded the bank from the Yukon and stopped for a third member of the party, they were immediately captured, lodged in jail, and the boat turned over to our friend and his miner. They reached the promised land, staked off the earth containing the treasures, and hurried back to release the so-called thieves, who took the affair as a huge joke, laughing that the others had succeeded where they had failed. W—— promised to let us know where to stake, as soon as the ground should be surveyed, and we decided to be prepared for a long tramp on the road to millions at a moment's notice. We had a little chat about friends in common in New York. "One thing I found there," said W——, "is that many New Yorkers are more English than we are ourselves. I went to spend an evening with a young lady at her request, and had been getting on beautifully, when she suddenly told me, apropos of nothing, that she thought we English only came to this country to laugh at and make fun of Americans. As I had never dreamed of doing such a thing, she frightened me so that I left and never went back again."

Monday, September 5th.

Jones came early in the morning to help get breakfast. "Well, ladies, you 've got plenty o' wood yet, I suppose? What, no wood! I suppose some o' them dudes came last night after I left. If I 'd 'a' known they wuz a-comin', you 'd 'a' got no wood. When I left, you folks wuz a-goin' to bed. What do I care about them dudes? Think I 'm a-goin' to make a fire to warm them up, nor the likes of 'em? Why did n't you send them out for to get wood and not let 'em be a-usin' of John's after he took all that trouble for to get it for yer?" I had had a talk with George, who had just discharged five of the least useful of his labourers, and had engaged one of them to go back in the woods and chop for us; so in the midst of John's harangue he entered, bringing us enough fuel to last at least a week. John stopped and gazed in astonishment, looking very foolish. Finally he said, "Well, I never! And you 've been hirin' a man at seventy-five cents an hour to do this, an' John a-sittin' here. Well, I 'll never talk no more."

We were here interrupted by the contractor for the lumber for roof and floor. Two hundred and ninety-eight dollars was the lowest price for it, although the house itself was to have cost, all finished, less than that. It had to be done, however, and the order was given. Next came the man who had made a verbal promise to bring all the heavy logs from the river to the building site for eighty-five dollars. This sum was handed him. "And where is the pay for my first day—thirty-three dollars for my first day's work?" "Your contract was for the entire thing." "Indeed it was n't; it had nothing to do with the first day's work." His companion stoutly agreed with him, and after much discussion, finding that they were determined to have the extra thirty-three dollars or have the law, I was obliged to give way and be swindled out of it, rather than have further trouble. Another effect of "big tent!"

While we were at breakfast, the invalid's partner came in, saying, "He 's almost gone, and he sent me to thank you ladies for all your kindness." "What can we do for him?

We 've been so busy for the last few days that we 've sarccely had time to be of assistance." "Oh, but he 's grateful and your air-pillow was such a comfort to him and made his poor head so easy. There 's nothing can be done now, unless you might have a little brandy to keep him on a bit longer.' The stimulant was given instantly. "It 's very dear here, and I would n't like to take it without paying for it, you 've given him so much already." "Don't mention it; he 's more than welcome to all that we have. Shall we go to him?" "No, he 's kind o' flighty-like; all night long he would n't let nobody do for him but me. Dr. M—— stayed all night and would n't take a penny, but whatever he tried to fix for him, he 'd say, 'Let Jerry do it; Jerry knows what I like,'" and here the poor fellow broke down as he thought of his comrade's approaching end.

We had many appointments in town, but could not bear the thought of leaving at such an hour. Jones went to help all he could. While he was gone a man entered, saying, "Good-morning, ladies, I hope you have n't forgotten me." As he bowed, smiled, and extended his hand, E—— thought we might have met him "on the outside," so spoke of the long trip from San Francisco. I reflected that he might have been one of those introduced by A—— on the trail, so discussed that. He finally began with the usual formula: "I have a little proposition to make to you, ladies. Hearing that you were very wealthy, it seemed to me you might like to go into a big thing. You see, I am one of the owners of a river boat. Our captain has decamped with all the funds and we 're out about twenty-five thousand dollars. Well, we 've concluded to give you ladies a big interest in our steamer for five thousand dollars cash, and you 'll probably get it back several times over in freight and passengers before the end of the season."—"You 've come at a bad time, for we 've grub-staked so many men that we are wondering whether we shall have enough money to 'get out.'" Some time passed before our benevolent friend could realise such an incredible story and take his departure. "Did you ever hear such gall!" exclaimed W——. "The idea of a fellow's having the nerve to try and inveigle two women to put five thousand dollars in a tiny boat like that just at the end of the season, when she 's likely to get shut in the ice before she can make another trip. It 's lucky you have us to protect you," said the dear boy. "What would you do without your staff?"

John rowed us over to town, E—— promising to go the following day, if I would only attend to the business once more. W—— and Ivan accompanied me to the O—— Sisters', where we found Von M—— in despair. "It simply means a fortune lost," he said; "not a soul in town can make a retort for love or money. It was a despicable act for your merchant to have started you off with such a thing as this, and you really ought either to bring a big suit against him or show him up so that no one will ever trust him again. Such a small saving to him means such enormous loss to us." There was nothing further to be done, so W—— and Dr. C—— accompanied me to the storehouse to get out the acetylene light plant. It was soon found, and in fine condition, except that one leg was off, and that the agent had omitted to put the instructions in the box as promised; but the calcium carbide with which to run it did not turn up after a search through over twenty of the boxes.

Then came C——, to look over our lists and the prices we had placed upon them. He begged us to turn over the entire cargo to him, allow him to advertise and exhibit it for a day or more, and in case he did not sell we should be at no expense; otherwise he was to receive ten per cent. of all receipts. Mr. D—— and Mr. R—— came for the goods we had promised to let them have, but when they saw that it would be necessary to take a few things out of each box and then close them again they promised to wait.

Next stopped at the office of the *Ora*, to arrange about passage. They promised to reserve the only cabin on board holding two bunks; no mattress, no bed-linen, blankets, or furniture of any kind. It will be necessary to carry even our pillows with us. Price, one hundred and twenty dollars to Lake Bennett, and no food supplied. Meals, two dollars each. Steamer to sail on the fourteenth. "Can she surely make it as late as that, and not be shut in the ice?" I queried anxiously. "We think so," replied the agent. "Oh yes! Mrs. H——," said a man, raising his hat. "I went out early in October last year and there was only a thin sheet of ice through which we cut our way without difficulty."—"But it is much colder this year everyone tells me, and the winter will begin earlier."—"So they say, but there 's not much doubt of your being able to make it. Don't you worry. Take all the blankets you can carry, though, and the warmest of wraps. You can sell them all at Bennett, and for better prices than here, as you won't want them after you reach civilisation again."

After opening a box from which E—— had requested me to bring some packages, we went back to the usual rendezvous, where I was soon joined by S—— and D——. I had previously been in the office to inquire the cost of freight, as we wished to send our boxes with personal effects out. No one knew. In telling S—— of it, I said, "I told them it ought to be much cheaper going down the river, as you have so little to send." "Very kind of you to give them suggestions and ideas," laughed he; "it 's not everyone who is so good. I 'll see about it, but you know that coming in it was excess luggage; now it 's freight." I was next stopped by Mrs. H—— and Mrs. K——. The latter had thrown up her job at Circle and had come to try her luck in Dawson.

At last my good boatman Jones appeared, and glad I was to return once more to the quiet of West Dawson. E—— had a nice hot dinner all ready and promised to attend to the business the following day. In the midst of dinner the invalid's partner arrived, saying, "It 's all over. Mr. Jones has been in and washed him and done everything that could be done for him, an' I 've brought you back your pillow an' your chair, which he enjoyed so much; seems like they made him more comfortable than anything else," and his lip quivered. We saw that he was about to break down completely, so made him join us, insisted upon his taking food, and tried to divert his mind, but it was all in vain. "His wife 's the nicest woman that ever walked the face of the earth, and here 's his little girl,—she 's only ten years old, but there ain't a finer elocutionist in all Kansas." Here he opened a watch and showed us the picture of the fatherless child. "I want you to take care of this watch and chain," said he, handing them to me; "there ain't no one I 'd rather trust than you two ladies, and if I don't go out, I want you to take these trinkets to her. It 's goin' to be a terrible blow, coz last time he wrote he wuz in ez good health as any of us. I can't write. I 've hed many a partner in the past fifteen years but no one I thought so much of as him, an' in his mind there warn't no one like Jerry, an' all during his sickness he was the most uncomplainin' man you ever did see. I 've been over to try and get him a coffin an' there was n't one to be had for less than seventy dollars, an' that the most ordinary, common wood. At last, ez I wuz feelin' pretty discouraged, I met a fellow as wuz on the trail with us, an' when he heard the coffin was for poor ——, sez he, 'You can take it for forty dollars, and that 's just what it cost me,' an' it ain't got no handles neither." "I just been up with J—— for to find a place where to bury him," said Jones; "we had to choose the new cemetery coz his is the first grave we 've ever had on this side of the river." "Where can we have the service?" said the bereaved partner, looking around the big tent. "You might have this in a moment," we responded in answer to his glance, "but, as you see, the cabin is rapidly going up in front of our doorway and the stove is before the other entrance, so that there 's no possible place of exit for an occasion of this kind." "You 'd better have it right in his own tent," said Jones; "the parson can stay inside with him, and we can all remain outside," and thus it was arranged.

The poor fellow then talked of sitting up all night with the remains of his friend, but he was in no condition to do so, and good Jones promised to do it himself or to secure someone else. His grief was great, and we tried to console him with the thought of the devotion he had shown in tender care and nursing. "Yes," said he. "I 've done everything. I stopped work and run myself in debt to get him what he needed, and only last week, when someone offered me seven thousand dollars to go out and stake a claim on Dominion, I wuz a-goin' coz you ladies said you would take care o' him, but my heart failed me at the last moment, and I sez, 'No, I 'll lose the seven thousand dollars rather than desert him,' an' I with only ten dollars left an' no grub. I wuz feelin' pretty down about it, but I never let on to him, and I thank the Lord now for it. He only had a little while when he could talk to me before he went, but he sez, 'I ain't a-goin' to tell you what to do, coz I know you 'll do what 's right,'' and here the poor fellow gave way again. "I want to thank you, Mr. Jones, for washin' him an' bein' so good to him, an' if you 'd only cut a little lock of his hair for his wife. I can't do it. She expectin' him back hale and hearty as when he went away, and waiting for a letter, an' he under the ground when she gets it."

Here Von M——, D——, and J—— came in from a miners' meeting; a committee had been appointed to cut away all brush and dead wood within two feet of the spring, and the miners had decided to carry out the law themselves and wreak summary vengeance on the first one caught sullying its waters in any way. Von M—— was the last to leave, discouraged and disheartened that so small a thing as a "rotten retort should cause shipwreck to what would otherwise have been known in Dawson as 'the best show on earth.'"

Tuesday, September 6th.

George and his assistants came at seven, but were greatly hampered as there were no twenty and forty nails to be had in Dawson; the men who had spent yesterday going to Klondike City for our roofing and flooring had returned without it and had another trip to make. Jones said there was half a keg of nails in "Louse-town" ("excuse me," he said, catching my glance, "I mean the town with the beautiful name"). After breakfast he took E——, with her long list of commissions, across the river, and the duty (which

I detest) of washing dishes and "cleaning-up" devolved upon me. But even at seventy-five cents an hour there was no one to be had, as all were engaged on the house. A yellow cur, that now comes daily in search of food, has taken the habit of rolling up in our best blankets with his muddy feet. And no amount of shouting and chasing will drive him out; he has to be actually beaten before he will move; so on seeing him stealthily making himself comfortable for the thousandth time, I caught up the largest stick to be found and rushed towards him, only to slip on the wet ground and find myself seated in slime and muck. Could "Jinks" have been reached then, his punishment would have been severe; as it was, he had made tracks before the stick neared him, evidently having fully realised the situation. George entered with a man to be paid off. "Why are you being discharged?" said I. "He 's not feeling well, and the doctor says if he don't lay off at once he may follow the poor boy who 's just died." So our man got his money and many instructions as to the care he must take of himself.

One o'clock came, and I went to see if anything could be done for the departed neighbour before he should be laid away. Not a flower of any kind to be had. A little before two the clergyman arrived, but was told that the men had dug twice and, although high upon the hillside, had been unable to get below four feet, as they strike ice. He went to see about it. Then the friends began to assemble. "I liked to 'a' dropped dead when they told me C—— had 'gone,'" said D——. "I did n't even know he was sick. Why, he mighter come over to my cabin and stayed." "Oh, he liked this side best," said his partner. "He did n't want ter live in Dawson, and so I did n't want ter bury him there." "That 's right; where a man chooses his place, that 's where he 'd oughter be buried," said D——. "Whose is this big house going up?" he inquired, turning to me. "What 's it for?"—"Residence."—"Costs a good lot o' money to put up a house like that. About the same as a brick and brownstone to home. Whose tent is that? What do you use it for? Well, it 's a mighty fine, well-made one, an' I know something about them ; been in that business myself. Goin' to stay 'in' this winter ? Oh, it ain't so cold here ; 't ain't half so bad as Dakota and Iowa. No wind, and so you don't feel the cold. Why, my wife goes out sometimes in winter with only a little fascinator on. She gained twenty-five or fifty pounds, but she lost it again this summer. Well, sir, when I came in here last year there was n't a tent on this side, and not many in Dawson, and now just look at it ; hardly an inch of ground to spare. You see them hills opposite ? Well, the sun never gets over them in winter, so we never have more 'n four hours daylight. You ladies goin' out over the trail ? Well you 'll find snow on the summit, because it 's snowing now on El Dorado and Bonanza hills."

Just then the clergyman returned, saying it would take another hour to dig the grave. "I wonder who we can get to put him in his coffin," said his partner, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "We 'll help you," said D——. "John and I 'll do it." The hour passed, and a dozen of us stood in solemn silence before the door of the cabin in which the remains had been laid. A sled was brought out and on it was placed the coffin neatly covered with black cloth. Two ladies offered wild flowers which they had gathered on the hills, miles from Dawson. The grave-diggers returned and joined the throng of mourners, as did my dozen workmen, whom I had told to stop work for the service. As we gathered around the box and sang, *Jesus, lover of my soul*, our voices faltered as we thought of the poor fellow who had left home, wife, and child, buoyed up with the hope of returning to provide them with comfort and luxury ; of his weary tramp over the trail ; of trials, vexations, and disappointments as illness came on, and funds became low, until the last days when he called for his loved ones who were far away. The service was most impressive, the silence broken by the sobs of the bereaved partner, and all eyes were filled with tears of sympathy. The ceremony ended by the broken voices taking up the strain, *Shall we meet beyond the River*. Heads were bowed for a blessing, and then the pall-bearers took up their precious burden and carried it to its last resting-place in the lonely grave on the hillside.

A short visit from J——, and then E—— returned and was greatly surprised to find that I, the lazy one, had washed all the dishes and laid the table for dinner with clean tablecloths (newspapers). Her trusty boatman, Jones, followed with a box of groceries, which he almost dropped as he caught sight of the table, saying, " Well, well, well ! who ever would 'a' thought them little fins o' hern could 'a' done all that. I bet she did n't like it a bit, now, did yer, little one,—honour bright ? "—" No ; and Miss V—— is the only one for whom I would have done it ; but I could n't bear to think of her returning after a tiresome day and finding things in confusion. But before I forget it let me ask,

THE LOCK OF HAIR FOR THE WIDOW.

Did you cut a lock of that poor fellow's hair before you left? for his partner is waiting to send it in a letter to his wife." Jones dropped. "Well, now, if that ain't awful! I clean forgot! Just to think o' the likes o' that! Oh! I know"; and before we could divine what he intended to do he had seized the scissors and cut off one of his own curly locks. "She 'll never know the difference," said he; "me and him had hair about the same colour, and if it ain't just the same, she 'll think it changed up here, or after death." Horrified, E—— and I protested, but in vain. Jones was sometimes obstinate, and this was one of the occasions. The partner came in and received the precious treasure, while our lips were sealed. "What must I pay the gravediggers?" said he. "Oh, not much," Jones replied; "an' as for me, many 's the corpse I 've washed and dressed, an' never asked nothin' for such services yet, an' don't intend to begin now." "Wa'al, then, I 'll tell you where to go and get the best claim in this country, bein' as how you 're so kind, an' as for the other men, I 'm willing to pay as long as ever there 's a cent left."

After dinner E—— related her experiences of the day. M—— R—— had selected over a hundred dollars' worth of goods from our boxes of groceries, D—— had done the same, also G——, giving her checks which covered the entire amount we had paid for said articles in San Francisco, and leaving us still two-thirds of the stock. "What a pity we never thought to bring in brooms," said E——. "They are selling at seventeen dollars apiece in Dawson, the commonest kind, and very few to be had." She had disposed of a tin of evaporated tomatoes for seventeen dollars, when D—— saw it and said, "You *must* let me have that. I 've sent orders for them all over the country and never have had one filled since coming here. It makes my mouth water just to think of them. I 'll take it right now and carry it home." "Can't do it," replied E——; "it 's sold." "Does n't matter. You can say it was stolen," and off he walked with it, before her very eyes, calling back, "This stuff is too delicious to give up. I 've been longing for it for ages."

Listen to his punishment! That very evening, as he prepared his first dish, he found the tomatoes full of tiny white worms, and rushed into the "big tent," exclaiming, "Well, if you ought n't to give Goldberg and Bowen a piece of your mind! To think that you should be 'done' even by a firm like that." [Let me state here, however, that on our return to San Francisco, this same firm returned, not only the price we had paid for the tomatoes, but also the freight to Dawson.]

Wednesday, September 7th.

Hardly were we dressed when two men arrived, announcing themselves as grocers from Dawson who were just about to start in business. They wanted to purchase our entire stock of winter's supplies in that line, but finally asked if we would be willing to accept one hundred dollars down, and let them sell the remainder for ten per cent. commission. E—— promised to give them an answer after a day in town. Examining our lists carefully they offered cash for the entire lot of stationery. Next came the dead man's partner, saying that one of his friends was going home, and had offered to take the watch to the widow, whose address he gave, begging me to add my letter to his. Jones soon came to row E—— across to town, leaving me to housework and journal, from which I have only been interrupted by visits from Dr. C—— and Von M——, who had expected to show the animatoscope to-morrow. A new retort having been made at an enormous cost, they found a flaw in it, which necessitated the making of still another. How we all groaned over the cruelty of the man who had sent us the outfit in such a condition! And now the house is ready for the roof, but the lumber for which we contracted has not yet materialised, although this is the third day our men have been told that it was ready and have gone in search of it only to be disappointed. A tremendous gale is blowing, shaking the tent to such a degree that its collapse or inflation seems imminent. The builders have come to tighten all the ropes. We are grateful for the sunshine and a temperature of seventy degrees, which allows the fire to be extinguished, as the stovepipe was long ago blown off.

Neighbour E—— paid us quite a visit, fearing we might be alarmed at the gale, and ready to be of any assistance. His partner is attending to their claims on the American side, and their hopes are high in regard to the future, but that is no exception to the general rule of "boys" in this part of the world. It was nearly seven when E—— returned, Colonel Q—— bringing her packages for her. She was radiant. "Oh, my dear, I 've had a *splendid* day; sold over a thousand dollars' worth, so that M—— complimented me highly, and begged me to go into partnership with him, he to supply the money, I to do the 'talkee-talkee.' I told him that I certainly had missed my vocation."

After dinner Von M—— and Jones spent the evening. "How about the retort?" we asked. "Oh, I 'd give that man of yours the 'retort courteous' if ever I were to see him in California," said he; "I 'm having another one made with silver solder and the expense is going to be something enormous. If you don't do something to that man you deserve to be cheated in the same way for the remainder of your life. Just think of the daily loss; for everyone I meet asks when the show is coming off, and they 're all wild to see the naval heroes, warships, etc." Indignation and sorrow ran riot, but there was nothing to be done except possess our souls in patience, and remember, too late, Judge B——'s advice to us to see each box packed and put on board the steamer.

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CHAPTER XXV

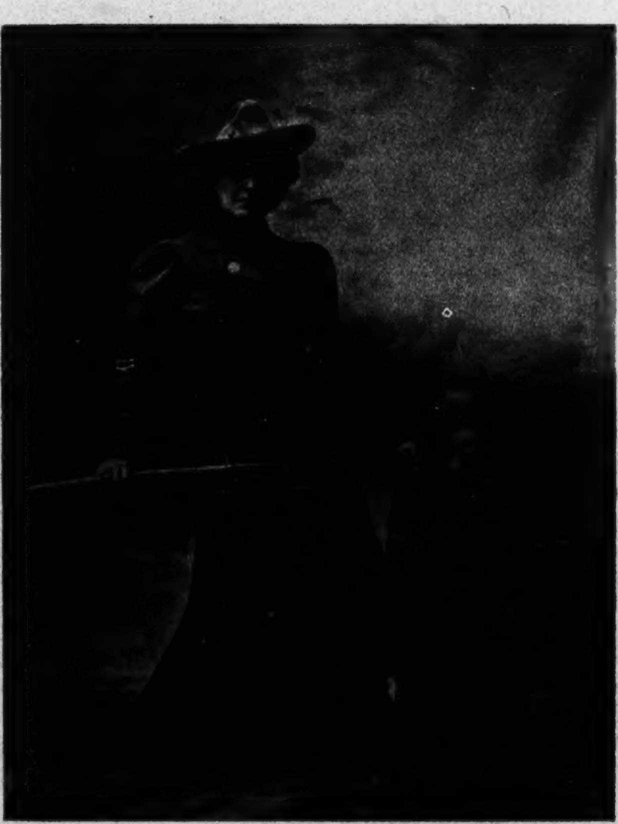
A NEW EXPERIENCE

Thursday, September 8th.

THANK the Lord for a warm day and sunshine. It takes a little from the dampness which strikes a chill to the marrow. Jones took E—— to town with Ivan, while I remained to fill a trunk with all the finery I had brought, expecting to dress daily for dinner ; but life in the tent makes such garb an impossibility, and silken hose are not exactly appropriate in rubber boots or muck-a-lucks, which we now take off only at bed-time. Nothing but heavy flannel, such as one rarely wears at home, is comfortable. A skirt is decidedly in the way in gathering wood for the stove, washing dishes, cooking, etc. E—— has tried it on several occasions and has succeeded in burning three of them, consequently we put them on now only when we are on our way to town. So, as our merchants told us that they had many calls for finery and that it would pay us much better to leave all such articles here to be sold by them, asking ten per cent. commission, we gladly decided to rid ourselves of all that we do not need, and thus save fifteen cents a pound freight. Not until 6 P.M. was the list finished, the articles marked and packed, and the little eight-dollar steamer-trunk labelled twenty-five dollars.

About two o'clock, as I saw how much there remained to be done, and looked at the kitchen with its unclean pots, pans, and kettles, I called George and asked him to find me a man to wash dishes and put the place in fine order. The assistant soon appeared and worked steadily for three hours at seventy-five cents an hour, and what a transformation I beheld! Everything shone as cooking utensils do at home, new table-cloths (newspapers) were on all the tables, etc. I complimented him, adding, "Your three hours will expire in five minutes, but come to-morrow and there will still be work for you." "Oh, I don't mind working overtime," he replied; "it 'most kills me to loaf, I get so lonesome." He continued to talk, telling me of a claim he had staked on Bonanza, which he went to the office to record. After having waited in line for ages, he finally reached the desk, but to his great disappointment was told to return in two or three days, as there was some surveying to be done. He waited according to instructions, wasted more time in trying to gain entrance to the Recorder's office only to be told that the claim had already been recorded by someone else. "They say he put one o' his friends on it," said the poor fellow, "an' after me a-trampin' way over there to get it; so now I 've got to work for grub and run the same risk again when I earn enough to go out on the trail. 'T ain't like that on the American side."

At last E—— returned, saying, "I have some bad news for you; some of our things are missing, and the man who took all the stationery for two hundred and thirty-five dollars and paid me in gold dust, must have it back, as we have n't the things to deliver. Between the cheating of the people from whom we bought goods, the spoiling and detention of our boxes by the steamship companies, and the non-responsibility of the warehouse owners, it is enough to drive one crazy. I asked the latter about missing boxes and he said he could n't tell, as several had called for them. 'But you have no right to deliver without an order from Mrs. H—— or from me,' I contended. 'Well, they came and took them and *said* they had your order, so how could I help it?' The purchasers might have held us responsible for the missing articles, but they were awfully nice about it. They asked me to go with them to their new store and check off as they took the things out of the boxes, and see for my-



MISS VAN BUREN IN TRAVELLING COSTUME.

self just how they looked and what was missing; so round I went, sat in the rear of the shop with my back to the door, and checked off as fast as I could write. They were so delighted with the groceries that they wanted them all, and as they placed them on the shelves, the people, seeing luxuries such as have never before been brought here, commenced crowding in and wanting to buy, and I *know* they think the store belongs to you and me, as the boxes were marked with our names. A dear old lady said to me, 'Have you any sewing-silk?' so I just said in my sweetest tones, 'Oh! I 'm awfully sorry, but we have n't opened the box containing it yet. Could n't you wait till to-morrow?' and she said, 'Certainly, dear.' As she went out, our grocer said to me, 'You 'd make a fortune for yourselves and for us if you 'd only go into partnership with us; we could n't have made that old lady wait—she 'd have gone somewhere else.'

"Those jars of orange marmalade that we bought at Goldberg's, three for sixty-seven cents, I had put aside to bring home, as we have none and that is all there is in town; well, a man came in and saw them and exclaimed, 'Orange marmalade! how fine! how much is it?' I said one dollar and fifty cents, and would you believe it, he took it instantly! Oh, it 's such a lark! I never had so much fun in all my life; how I *do* wish that we could open a shop of our own. Won't you? I 'll do it in a minute if you will, and we 'll not only make our everlasting fortunes, but we 'll have great fun besides!" "You 'd just oughter 'a' seen her," said Jones, gazing at her admiringly; "I 'll be durned if everyone in town did n't want to come and buy of her just for the honour of speaking to her. Why, she 'd sell everything you 've brought up here inside of a week, an' me a-sittin' there and a-lookin' at her, like to bust at the way she did give it to them folks, a-talkin' so nice like they 'd never been talked to before, an' the likes o' that. I tell you, *you* ain't in it no more! If I did n't feel proud, you kin never believe me again. Hulloa! who 's washed all them dishes, and shined up the pots and kettles so, and changed all the newspapers and done everything so fine? Why, you do know how to do something, after all, and me a-thinkin' you did n't. Well, if you ain't the two smartest women I ever seen, an' me a-thinkin' city folks did n't know nawthin', an' the likes o' that. I never would have believed them little fins o' yourn could 'a' done so much work. I was only proud of Miss V——, but now I 'm proud o' you both."

"I can't sail under false colours, John, my boy. That sort of work disgusts me beyond measure, and as long as I have a sou to my name, someone else does it for me." John cast a contemptuous look at me, and said, "Well, I suppose you 're good for writin', but I never *did* see no good in the likes o' that. But I tell you *she* fascinates 'em when she begins to talk, an' everyone wants to give her an order."

"You should have seen how everyone admired Ivan," said E——. "He is really the best-trained dog I have ever known — was not a bit of trouble,— followed me everywhere, and I should not have known he was there, so unobtrusive was he." "Well, he *ett* with me," chimed in Jones. "Miss V—— she *wouldn't*, and so I said, 'Ivan, you want to go to the restaurant?' an' he never so much as looked at Miss V—— to say by your leave. He knowed that restaurant and how everybody stuffs and feeds him there, and he just made one dash for it, an' you never seen the likes o' it in all your life."

Von M—— spent the evening. He was in good spirits, and so sure of the great coming success of the animatoscope that on the strength of the first week's expected receipts he begged us to save him at least one hundred dollars' worth of groceries.

Friday, September 9th.

Seven o'clock and all the workmen on hand still waiting for the lumber which was promised so many days ago. With that in our possession the roof and floor could be finished in one day, and we ready to move in the morrow, and how we long to leave this wet ground and get out of our rubber boots. Patience! patience! patience! as the clergyman said the last time he preached under this canvas. It is more required in this country than any other quality. Jones came at 9.30 to take E—— to Dawson, as she is such a wonderfully clever business woman and enjoys it so greatly that it seems better for both that affairs should remain in her hands. My assistant of yesterday returned, and was sent off to chop wood, which makes that fuel more expensive, although taken from the trees back of the house, than at home. When we first arrived, we could easily have cut a sufficient number of trees close at hand to have built a cabin in a short space of time. During this one month, one-roomed cabins have been going up about us so rapidly, in order that the "boys" may get out of their tents before frost, that it is now necessary to tramp at least a mile and a half for fuel.

At 4 P.M. as I was still going over accounts, Von M—— appeared in utter despair. "The man who sold you that animatoscope outfit ought really to be killed," said he. "After great expense and endless trials we have succeeded in getting a retort made that will do. Then I filled the bags with gas, but in one hour it had all gone, and I found, not only that the bags were leaking, but also that they had already been mended in several places, and if we use them we are liable to have an explosion. I can't imagine a man low enough to send two women this distance with such a rotten lot of stuff. Merchants seem to think that when they outfit you for the Klondike they can put upon you all the stuff that no one else will take and that they never will hear from you again. I hope you won't lose patience, for I 'm working at the thing night and day, hoping my best to bring it out. A lot of my friends who were wild to see it and also to chaff me for running a show have all gone 'out.' That alone means hundreds of dollars, and the amount we are losing daily from men who would gladly pay a dollar or more to see the Corbett fight, is incalculable. I 'm doing my very best, but as soon as we get one part straight another gives out." "Patience! you are the one who is showing that quality beyond all others," said I; "for you are devoting your entire time and attention to it, simply in the hope of what may come."—"Oh, that 's all right. When I undertake a thing I 'm determined to make a success of it, but we 've been labouring under great disadvantages up to the present. I 've searched the town, but of course there 's no such thing as a gas-bag to be had. There 's an old tank which a man is not using, on which we might put a gauge, but he asks fifty or a hundred dollars for it, because it 's the only one in town, and the moment he finds that it is indispensable for our show there is no knowing to what price it might go. However, I 'll get some luncheon and go back to town and see what can be done." So off the poor fellow went to continue his hard work against obstacles which should never have arisen.

At 6.30 E—— returned, the faithful Jones carrying meat and provisions. "How 's the house gettin' on?" said John. "You don't know! Been a-writin' all day as usual, I suppose, but by Jove, everything does look nice and clean, and no mistake, though of course you did n't do it yourself." We went out to see George, who pointed out with great pride the solidity and substantial character of his work. "It 's all arranged so 's you can put another story on next year, if you want to, and here are some poles for the awning over your balcony." From the doorway a most glorious view was obtained of Dawson, the hills, and the full sweep of the Yukon River—a view from a second story would mean something not to be surpassed in Switzerland. The resemblance to Lucerne is great. K——, Von M——, and Jones spent the evening. The latter found that the reflections cast upon the tent by the lantern were so large that it made our shadows appear in gigantic proportions, so he posed in the most absurdly grotesque ways, in order that any neighbours who happened to be looking on might have a free magic-lantern show.

E—— was filled with enthusiasm over her business transactions of the day. "Do you remember that dollar and a half mirror for which you were offered ten? Well, to-day a man said he *must* have it and that he would give a dollar more, but I said there was none in our cabin on board the steamer, and that we must take it 'out' with us." "Oh, well," said I, "to have the satisfaction of making such an enormous percentage, let 's sell it and use those in our toilet-bags." "All right, we 'll offer it for twelve to-morrow. One thing is most annoying," continued E——; "when I looked in the chemist's box to get out your 'grippe cure,' there was not one there, and more than a hundred different articles on the list were missing. We had a most thorough search, but there was not a sign of them, so we lost the sale to the chemist, who offered three times what we had paid." —"Could the box have been opened on the steamer?"—"Hardly; it was so well packed and so tightly nailed up that it seemed as though just from the shop.

"What do you think a man told me to-day? He made me swear not to give his name, but said that he had heard that the customs officials, thinking we were very wealthy, had 'salted' us well in payment of duties in order to make up for those who had come through with 'permits.' They also said that we had brought some things in without declaring them and that they were coming over to search the tent and seize them. That 's what one gets for being honest. "We gave them our *exact* bills, just as they were sent to, and paid for by, us; even second-hand articles we paid for, although we have been chaffed by many for not having bills 'cooked' and sending in duplicates as they did." "Oh, you can't blame them," said a listener. "They 're not here for their health; they 're in a hurry to make a fortune and 'get out,' and the more they hear of the wealth of you two ladies, the more they kick themselves for not having asked you a hundred per cent." "I must go over to Dawson again to-night," said Von M——, "and find L——. I 've inquired everywhere for him without success, and finally pasted up notices in the prominent places, hoping to attract his attention and have him look me up."

Saturday, September 10th.

Up at 6.30, and thankful for mercury at fifty degrees instead of forty. At 9.30, as the trusty Jones had not made his appearance, we sent George for him, who found him soundly sleeping; half an hour later he rowed E—— to town. Was busily writing, when George interrupted me. "Excuse me, but there 's another man to be paid off, name C——, four days at eight dollars per day." "How does it happen that you are getting more than the others?" I inquired. "Oh, I 've been carpentering; that 's worth more." —"Are you a regular carpenter?" He blushed and said, "I 'm a professional man at home, but here I 'm doing what I can get for a living," and glancing at him I saw how far above the average was the face of the fellow dressed in overalls. Returned to my writing, and presently heard two men making the circuit of the tent, finally saying, "Where the dickens can the entrance be?" I raised the flap and they handed me a bill for lumber. I then proceeded to deluge them with questions as to the cause of the detention, and the reason why their contract had been broken. It was the noon hour, so I had to go in search of George, who was at dinner, and turn the men with the lumber over to him. "I 've half taken their heads off, George," said I; "so leave you to complete the task." "Why, you don't mean to say that lumber 's here already?" called out one of the workmen; "well, you must have hustled." The other men joined in and chaffed them so unmercifully that it is a wonder they did not cut the rope and let the raft float down the Yukon.

Four o'clock, and E—— came in, looking ready to drop. "It 's all off, all off," said she; "we 've *everything* back on our hands again." I was alarmed and perplexed, and, fearing that something dreadful had occurred, questioned her anxiously concerning the result of her interview with the merchants. "Oh, I 've had the most awful two hours of my life. Now that the grocers, M—— and S——, have all our boxes there and all our things displayed, instead of giving us a thousand dollars down and good security, they want to send us out of the country without a penny; said they would be willing to sell on commission for us, but would n't put down a sou. They know we are leaving on Wednesday, that we have not the time to do all our own packing, collect our goods (which make a fine show on their shelves) from them, and transfer them to someone else; they have heard we are building a house which is to cost several times more than we were led to believe; that we have grub staked men liberally, and spent so much ready cash that they think they have us in a tight place and are taking advantage of it. M—— said, 'I will not give you one penny down and no security of any kind, and would rather you would take your goods away.'"

"That was because she intimated that she could not trust him to render a true accounting," interrupted Jones, "and you can't talk to men like that in this part of the world." "I beg your pardon, Mr. Jones," said E——, in her most dignified manner, which completely crushed poor John; "I said it would not be business-like to trust them without security, nor would it." The talk continued for some time until finally I said, "You are perfectly fine at business, but you are tired now and this, naturally, has upset you; shall I see what I can do?" "You can't do a thing with them," cried E——. "Yes, do go," said John; "coz she was so excited, she would n't let them talk and say what they would do. You 'll see they wants to do wot 's right an' the likes o' that, only they got hot, and did n't care then what they said."—"Here I 've wasted a whole week, and when I told M—— that his partner S—— had offered me five hundred dollars down only yesterday, he said he did n't believe it. I simply opened the door and said, 'Will you come here a moment, Mr. S——? Did you not ask me yesterday if I would accept five hundred dollars?' 'I did, Miss V——,' he replied. M—— was furious, but could not go back of that; so the situation now is five hundred dollars down, which M—— does n't want to give, or selling our goods on commission of ten per cent. and no security of any kind. That does n't seem right or business like to me, and I don't see how we can safely trust them with our goods."

"Do come an' see what you can do with 'em, Mrs. H——," said John. "I 'll row you across now—I think they 'll come round all right when they 've cooled down. They 're friends o' mine, an' I introduced them to yer so as to do all I could to help yer, but if you come back next year I 'll never introduce a livin' soul, not even if you never has nobody to speak to," and Jones looked also as though he had lost his last friend.

"Don't be discouraged, E——," said I, ready to start; "I 'll arrange something."

While crossing the Yukon Jones said he thought that E—— had taken offence where none was intended, and hurt the *amour propre* of the two men. In a few moments we had reached the store. Jones then said, "Mr. S——, I 've brought the partner of Miss V——, who has come to have a fuss with you." "Oh, I hope not," said Mr. S——, with a sigh. Mr. M—— asked me into the office, and I asked him to lay all the facts before me. In a quiet, dignified manner he explained that as a commission merchant he thought that five hundred dollars down was sufficient guarantee of good faith, and that his books would be open weekly to the inspection of our agent, to whom he would pay over all moneys; but that, owing to some expression of doubt as to his good faith he had request E—— to remove her goods, preferring to fill his shelves with other articles of his own, from which he would obtain much more profit than the ten per cent. commission. As for security, he could give references from reliable persons here and on the outside if we wished, and should be glad to keep our goods on these terms if we saw fit to accept them. After thoroughly discussing the matter, I promised to give a decision the following day, and was referred to Colonel K——.

I went to his office, but he was not in. I waited for a short talk with the gold weigher, who had been very kind to us, and asked his advice. "Commission merchants are not supposed to give security," said he, "particularly in this town where money brings ten per cent. a month, and I think their offer of five hundred dollars, with a decision to report to your agent weekly, a very good one." Colonel K—— returned, greeted me most cordially, and said, "I 'm very glad to meet you, Mrs. H——, and have long wanted to know you, but am the busiest man in Dawson, with never a moment to myself, night or day. What can I do for you?" He listened carefully to my case and said, "I think, if you have your own agent to collect weekly, that M—— and S—— might do very well by you, and I 'll be very glad to superintend or do anything in my power." With such advice from so responsible a man my mind was relieved, and I went down quite content to wait on the platform of the Alaska Commercial Company for Jones. Mr. H—— stopped to ask, "Have you disposed of your stationery?"—"Yes, and for exactly the price which you called exorbitant. The parties, who purchased for cash, said that our demand was so reasonable that it allowed a good margin for profit to them."—"And your groceries?" "I suppose you remember that you offered to give two hundred and fifty dollars for the lot, out of which your commission was to be deducted? Well,

THE ASSAY OFFICE.

I 've sold one hundred dollars' worth each, to three different individuals, and have between four and five hundred dollars' worth remaining!" said I triumphantly. Here we were interrupted by Dr. ——, who had just returned from a fifty-mile tramp on the trail and said he hoped to go out with us on the *Ora* on the fourteenth.

Good, kind Jones here made his appearance to row me back, "Well, did yer fix it?" said he, as soon as we were floating down the Yukon, with Monsieur L——, the brewer, as passenger. "I hoped yer would. It don't do no good to lay down the law to them people up here; they won't stand it." Von M—— spent the evening. Said the animatoscope was working beautifully, except for the leak in the bags, which could not be discovered. He had engaged a man who thoroughly understood acetylene lights at two dollars an hour, and they were to practise at one o'clock the following day.

Sunday, September 11th.

Our watches and clock were not wound last night, so excited were we over the events of the day; consequently there was no way of telling the time. I had written several pages, and E—— had the breakfast almost ready, when, glancing at one of the watches, she exclaimed, "Why, it 's going! and it 's only half after four! Well, if that 's not a good joke on us! I thought it strange that I did not feel hungry, and it 's as silent as the grave; even the dogs are quiet after a hard night of barking." Shortly after came the sound of a gong from one of the river steamers at Dawson. "That may mean anything from six to seven," continued E——. "George said he was coming to work on the roof of our house to-day at seven, if we did not object to his desecrating the Sabbath. I told him that under ordinary circumstances we did, but now we cannot help ourselves if we wish to put our household effects under cover. He has not arrived yet." "I forgot to tell you," interrupted I, "that Colonel K—— has invited us for luncheon on Monday, but I told him that one of us had always to remain in the tent, as the last article stolen was a bottle of champagne."

10 A.M. and no one to row us to Dawson. All neighbours soundly sleeping. Not a tent door or house door open.

10.30. Jones sleepily appears, only to hear that we have no wood and have not been able to hire anyone to fetch us some, as there have been no passers-by. He kindly skirmished about West Dawson, but not a man would chop fuel on Sunday. "I did n't like to tell 'em it was for the 'big tent,' or else you would 'a' been 'hot' at them a-doin' it for nawthin' or at the 'out-of-sight price' they 'd 'a' asked you." So, like the good soul he was, he had stopped and cut it for us himself.

It was quite eleven before I could reach Dawson to keep my appointment with M—— and S——. "Only an hour late," said they, as I entered the little establishment to check off the goods on the only day when we could not be interrupted by customers. We worked steadily until one, when Mr. M—— invited me to the restaurant opposite for luncheon. The cheapest thing on the bill of fare was "lamb chops, one dollar and fifty cents." This I immediately selected. It was served with very good bread, butter, and pickles. M—— told me of many interesting experiences in Alaska Several of our friends who passed came in to greet us, among others Von M——, who said, "I not only saw you, but noticed that the fixtures are for the acetylene light, so stopped to see if some one here could teach me the secret of preparing the gas, as I must try and use it unless I can find a good tank to replace your useless gas-bags." After luncheon I finished checking off the list of "personal effects" that I did not wish to take back. M—— had written them all down, and the sum amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. "Well, I guess I won't get married," said he, "if ladies have to travel with so much stuff that they don't want, besides all the beautiful things that you ladies are taking back."

Just as we were beginning to check off the groceries, Von M—— came and offered to assist. I read and checked from the bill. M—— found the articles and packed them on shelves, while Von M—— wrote the list and numbered them in M——'s book. It was quite six before we finished.

"What can we do now?" said I. "We are leaving on Wednesday; only Monday and Tuesday to do our packing, and it will be impossible to check the remainder with your shop full of customers." "Oh, the checking now will take very little time. Can you be here at seven to-morrow morning?"—"Should like to, but there's not a man in West Dawson who can get up before nine, and here 's Mr. Von M——, who slept till nearly one to-day, according to his own confession." "If I had a boat," said M——, "you should never have that excuse for not coming early, for I 'd row you over myself," and he looked as though he very much doubted my ability to rise earlier than any other West Dawsonite.

Von M—— escorted me down to the water-front, where I met C——, who inquired if the bowling-alley had yet been disposed of, and, if not, whether he could get at it after our departure in case he should find a good customer, his intention being to try and float a small company with the idea of gaining a ten per cent. commission on its sale. A Jewish fellow-passenger next accosted me to ask if I would let him have the fifteen-pound blankets just received in my box from Murphy Grant for fifteen dollars. "Most certainly not," said I; "the cost was twelve dollars, the freight one dollar and fifty cents, to say nothing of the duty."—"But what are you going to do with them? Blankets are a drug on the market." "Keep them," said I; "not give them away, certainly." As we were approaching the canoe, a raft was tied in front of it, blocking egress entirely. "How do you expect us to get out?" said Von M——. "Oh, you 'll find a way if you try," replied the owner as he disappeared into one of the houses. Although we pushed small boats this side and that, we could make no room for the egress of the *Anne*.

Von M—— then shouted until he brought out the man who had tied the raft, and having discovered from experience that only suasion is of use in this part of the world, he said, "I say, partner, will you lend us a hand at getting out of here?" The man's manner instantly changed, he became most affable, and worked to such good effect, letting out the ropes of some boats, drawing in on others, that we were soon afloat. Before pushing off a man, catching sight of Ivan, said, "What a beauty! I say, partner, I 'll give you five dollars spot cash for that dog." "Don't you think four would be quite enough?" retorted Von M——. "Oh, you 're joshing; but honour bright, I 'll give you seventy-five dollars," he shouted, as we got farther away from the shore. To relieve his mind, I called out, "A thousand down would not buy him; he 'll earn that in prizes next year, and be known as the great Klondike traveller." We were soon at the tent, where E—— had been holding a reception the entire day, everyone of our Dawson friends and acquaintances having turned up. Nevertheless she had a dinner of corned beef, potato balls, and asparagus salad prepared, in which we were joined by Jones and Von M——, the latter furnishing a loaf of his own bread, which was as delicious as E——'s nice tea-biscuit.

Von M—— and E—— washed dishes, and, as we gathered around the stove for pleasant converse, a sudden gale of wind sprang up, shaking the tent as a dog would a rag. In a few minutes shelves were all thrown down with a crash. Fortunately, that very day the glass had all been removed. The tent next became inflated, and was raised so high that all the side-poles were lifted out; papers whirled about; the stove-pipe bowed first in one direction, then in another. E—— looked outside and said, "It 's a hurricane sky, as black as ink; the tent will surely fall to-night, and I don't want to remain. Oh! if those men had only sent the lumber as agreed, we should now be under a solid roof." Good John came to the rescue again. "Take my tent, ladies, I 'm going to sleep over in town to-night any way, an' you might, just as well as not. It ain't for the likes o' you to be skeered all night when John 's got a nice little tent as tight as a drum, what no gale can harm." E—— was decidedly inclined to accept this offer, saying, "We 'll be crushed to death if this does come down, and you 'll be responsible." But the workmen had assured me that, although the tent had been badly put up, at the same time there were so many

TIED UP AT DAWSON.

ropes and they were so tightly fastened that we had no real cause for alarm. Towards midnight the gale abated, our fears were quieted, and we crawled into our smaller habitation and slept the sleep of the just.

Monday, September 12th.

Up at 5.30. Wrote steadily for two hours. At 9 A.M. Jones arrived, saying, "Unless you ladies want the frost to draw the nails out and the rain and snow to leak through your house, you 'll have to buy some tar paper to put between the lumber and the slabs. It 's an awful price, but it 's the only thing to do; only costs three dollars a roll in the States, but there 's a corner on it here and so it is selling for thirty dollars each, and almost impossible to get at that." George came to confirm this statement as to the absolute necessity of this extra expense, saying that had the lumber and slabs been according to order it would have been all right, but, owing to the fact that a different lot had been sent, tar-paper *must* go in; that perhaps a roll and a half might do, which Jones hoped to get for forty-five dollars. Extra nails, door, hinges, and hasps were also wanted at once, so over I went with Jones to the North American Transportation Company to cash a check for one hundred dollars. Only ninety-five dollars was handed me in return. "What does this mean?"—"Five dollars for commission; that 's what we have to pay at the bank."—"Very well, then, you may close my account at once. I refused to go to the other company because they charged me two dollars and fifty cents a hundred on notes that would be sold at a premium to miners going home who cannot carry so much gold dust, and opened an account here owing to the fact that you cashed at par." "Well," said the clerk, "we will do so this time, but hereafter must charge the percentage." Jones was then given seventy dollars with which to purchase the necessary articles, and went off on another mission, for which as usual he would accept nothing but thanks. I went to M—— and S——'s to continue checking off the goods, a task which occupied me steadily until 4 P.M. The laundress passed and was requested to bring the linen to me at once, but failed to do so, although she had promised readily enough. W—— was one of many to call and inquire for foolscap paper, and stopped to chat and chaff me about my "store." "There must be a corner in foolscap," said I to M——. "Indeed there is, and had you brought enough to stock this store we should all have made our fortunes. One can ask any price for it now."

The work ended, I went to pay Mr. W—— for the lumber with which our house was built, but his office was closed and padlocked. On my way back through Main Street, I stopped to inquire of real estate men if there was any demand for houses in West Dawson. They said that there was none, but that they were ready and willing to take charge of the cabin at once, and see what could be done. Met Mr. W—— talking to our consul, and stopped to tell him that as we were going out on Wednesday, I must pay dues "then or never." "I 'll go back with you," said he. "Tell him, Mr. Consul, please, that although I do live in the 'big tent,' which has created an erroneous impression in the minds of the people here, that I am only a poor widow, and must not be imposed upon." "On the contrary," said M——, "widows are dangerous, and should be doubly taxed."

Mr. W—— then escorted me to the office, and made out the forms, which I signed on four different papers, paying thirteen dollars. On handing me the receipt, he said, "The Government has decided to recognise 'squatters' rights' in 'Dawson Annex,' so this bit of paper shows that you have paid your dues, and prevents your land from being jumped." "So it is not 'West Dawson,' but 'Dawson Annex?'" questioned I. "That 's the official name for it," he replied.

Back to M—— and S—— I went, only to learn that Von M—— had called for me and concluded that someone else must have rowed me across the river. Down to the usual rendezvous, to see if perchance good Jones might be there. Not a sign of him, and six o'clock struck. A long day from 5.30 A.M.

After waiting half an hour Neighbour E—— passed on his way home, and kindly rowed me over. He spent the evening, while a few of our neighbours "looked in" long enough to exchange a yarn or two. "Here 's the first letter I 've received for months," said one, and before reading it aloud he made the following explanation: "You see, I struck it pretty rich last year, and a reporter happening to meet me when I came back from one of my mines on Dominion with a big bag of nuggets, took a snap-shot and wrote me up. The picture and the story found their way up into a corner of New England where I used to live, and the next mail from there into Dawson brought me letters by the dozen from people I 'd never seen or heard of, but who 'd all developed an enormous lot of friendship for, and interest in me, since hearing that I 'd probably struck millions. The only one I answered was from a young girl who wanted me to look out for her brother, and here 's what she says in reply:

"My dear Sir: Your kind and much appreciated letter came to hand several days ago. It may surprise you to hear that my brother returned home, after getting as far as Lake Linderman. He, with many others, lost his outfit and all provisions and turned homeward, reaching here about —— ——. His tales concerning the Klondike were thrilling indeed" ("That 's good"—interrupted Q——,—"and only got as far as Lake Linderman!") "and we are heartily glad to have him return with good health. He brought with him a handful of nuggets"—("Wonder where he got them, in the Lake, or from behind a counter?" was the next interruption) —"and a ring which is quite a curiosity. These he will keep to remind him of those miserable days. I can never thank you enough for the kindness you show in your letter. I feel assured that you would have done anything in your power for my brother, and in return, let me say that if I can in any way return the kindness, I shall be happy to do so. Though poor in this world's goods, we should rather have brother at home with us than running such risks. I have no sweetheart to go to the gold mines. As you say of yourself, I have never been a favourite, but that does not make me miserable. I have my father and mother to think of, and their comfort ought to be considered. You see my brother did not have very much 'New England grit,' or he would have pushed on while so near. Now with *many, many* thanks, for the kindly and generous manner with which you have treated me, I am ever your *true* friend, D—— J——. P. S.—Many wishes for good health and success." The reader of this epistle was so unmercifully chaffed that the party soon broke up.

I told E—— of Jones's conversation while rowing me across in the morning. "It ain't for me to talk an' the likes o' that, but if you go away from here leavin' all your business to them 'Pick an' Dilly dudes' you need n't never expect to see nothing o' your money. They don't know how to git on with the folks here, who gives 'em the laugh every time. You see these here English dudes they *talks* to yer like they woz the only people on this durn globe, an' the likes o' that, and the folks here ain't goin' to stand their grand airs, an' they 'll be puttin' them out before they knows it—them an' your machines an' everything else, an' then where are you? Now if you 'd just 'a' trusted to them as you knows well, you 'd never 'a' had no trouble. I 've been about the world enough to know what 's what, an' can josh everybody an' keep 'em good-humoured all the time, but them there dudes, I ain't got no use for them, an' no one else ain't either." "Well, Jones," said I, "'them there dudes' you talk about are most energetic, and rush to work the moment you tell them of anything."—"What have they done? They 've had your animatoscope for weeks an' ain't made it work yet, an' ain't likely to." "But," interrupted I, "there are others whom we would like to trust who are more than willing, but always procrastinate, so that they have to be asked over and over again to do a thing until we are weary and they also." "All right," said Jones, "it ain't for the likes o' me to tell grand folks like you what to do, but I would n't trust my affairs as you 're a-trustin' yours, that 's all."

E—— then confided to me that when Jones took her across, he had as passenger the bartender of C——'s saloon, who said, "I ain't seen the parrot for a day or two. It made such a lot o' noise that I kinder miss it. What 's become of it?" "Why, it died the first day it went over," responded Jones. "Not much," said the barkeeper. "I tell you it did," said Jones, "the very first day, as I told these ladies." "Well, it 's a pretty lively bird for a dead bird, then," said the barkeeper. After he left Jones said, "That there barkeeper was just a-joshin' yer ter try and make you hot." What is the mystery?

CHAPTER XXVI

IN THE NEW HOME AT LAST

Tuesday, September 13th.

E—— was rowed across by Jones early in the morning. She was to finish lists and attend to commissions; I to remain and do the packing. At noon, George brought five men in to be paid off and laid off. One was paid a dollar too much, and not having the change offered to work it out in chores, an offer gladly accepted. He got some kindlings, but when we asked him to clean and hang up some pans, he said he was n't accustomed to such work and could n't do it. "Neither are we accustomed to it." "Well, it 's woman's work, anyhow." "Won't you clean this coat outside for me, then? It 's too heavy for me to brush." "I don't know as I care to do that, either," said he, stepping outside the tent; "when you want wood chopped you can send for me."

At two o'clock George announced that he could give me a couple of men to lend a hand at moving into the house if I were ready. In one corner in the back of the house we placed the stove, put up shelves, I driving in nails, having plenty of them for the first time. In another corner was an enormous supply of wood, all the ends left from the house, and shavings. The two other corners were reserved for our beds, which were boards, placed on four short logs of wood, covered by canvas tightly stretched, our hammocks were laid on top of that, then our air mattresses minus the air. Blankets and comfortables were covered by the fur robes so kindly loaned by Mr. L——, and by the one recently purchased for one hundred and thirty-five dollars, for which a generous man has just offered me seventy-five dollars.

At 5 P.M. everything was in order, and I enjoyed receiving my first visitors, Von M—— and W——, who brought me fine news—that the animatoscope had been tried and was running so perfectly that they thought of giving an exhibition the following day, or else of taking that day to advertise. But their hopes were again dashed when they discovered another serious obstacle, viz., that the one hundred pounds of carbide for generating the gas, and for which we hold the receipts from the Johnson-Locke Company, have never arrived. This necessitates the purchase of the only fifty pounds of carbide in town at a price twenty times higher than that which we paid in San Francisco. Their next information

OUR HOUSE FINISHED AT LAST.

was that "Arizona Charlie's" show had shut down again, as he could get no more 86° gasoline.

It was after seven when E—— returned in high spirits, after a most successful day. She was delighted with the house, the arrangements, and everything in general. Many heads stopped at the door to see the largest house in Dawson Annex. Many compliments were passed and we were feeling most happy over the change until Jones came with a bill for lumber almost one hundred dollars greater than the price contracted for. We became decidedly annoyed over the discussion that followed. Jones declared that lumber at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a thousand was marvellously cheap, and that we had all that the bill called for; we, on the other hand, could not understand why the lumber merchant had failed to keep to his contract. Jones said that he had sent much extra wood that was not included in the bargain, while George declared that it was not extra, but short. Jones concluded that there was no pleasure in doing favours and commissions for two such ladies, who thought more of twenty dollars "than a poor man like me of a hundred," and so we were bullied into giving him three hundred and sixty-four dollars to pay a bill which seemed all wrong.

Von M—— came back from Dawson quite elated at the thought of the speedy opening of the show and pleased with his aristocratic staff of assistants to which is now added R——, of Victoria, B. C. Mrs. T—— looked in to say, "you are never intending to sleep in this damp cabin to-night!"—"Damp! why we 've taken off rubber boots and muck-a-lucks for the first time, and are now enjoying shoes and a floor, instead of sinking in muddy ground." How we did enjoy our beds!

Wednesday, September 14th.

Such a splendid night's rest! It was nearly seven when I got up, quickly dressed, and opened the door facing the Yukon River, as the windowless mansion was in total darkness. What a glorious view! the sun was just peeping through the mist that covered the mountains. George was on hand with another lot of men to be paid off, after which he said, "I don't like to see you two ladies done in the eye, but that lumber bill was all wrong, and I 'm ready to go with either one o' you two ladies and help you out." E—— had unfinished commissions, I, packing, to do, so it was easily arranged, and she got Jones, who arrived at 9.30, to row her across. One of the neighbours appeared to show me some views he had taken, and to exchange photographs for some of my chemicals. I got some fine Kodak views from our palace door, then went down the bank to snap the new steam-launch for which the owner asks seven thousand dollars, saying it is worth fifteen thousand on the "outside." Engaged "Dave" to wash dishes and clean up generally.

Two steamers have left this morning, of which I have taken views while wondering whether their passengers will reach the outside or be shut in by the ice. Quite a gale is blowing, and my soul is filled with gratitude at being under this solid roof instead of in the big tent. Several neighbours called to admire the new house, which they said could easily swallow any four of the cabins of Dawson Annex. Towards dusk a young man approached the door saying, "Have you any bread for sale?" "Not this evening," I replied. On seeing my quizzical look, he took off his hat, saying, "This house is so big I thought it must be a store, excuse me for the mistake."

Jones has been feeling sore for some time, and speaking of "Big A——," said, "I told him Miss V—— said me and him was n't no gentlemen for coming two hours late to dinner. I think you 're both o' you grand ladies givin' us the laugh anyway, an' don't believe you 'd recognise us on the 'outside' even at a dog-fight; anyway, you 've learned a lot o' Klondike expressions an' knows how to talk language

From a Photograph by E. A. Hegg. A SHIPMENT OF GOLD, SEPTEMBER 14, 1898.

that me an' A—— understand, and don't put on no airs, nor talk highfalutin' like them there dudes o' yourn. By gosh! would n't I like to be at a dinner in New York and hear Mrs. H—— say to Miss V—— 'You bet,' and hear Miss V—— call back, 'That 's what'. I guess the folks would all drop their knives and forks and stare at you both like you was crazy." E—— brought some lamb chops, and that with potatoes constituted our dinner. As we were at table a neighbour called with his wife. They pictured the horrors of the Chilkoot in such a way that we shuddered and began to think of trying the White Pass instead. We were awakened at eleven by a knock at the door, then a voice called out, "Oh, I beg your pardon, have you already retired? Just came to report about the show; the advertisement across the street worked beautifully and attracted hundreds and thousands. Will tell you all about it in the morning. Good-night."

Thursday, September 15th.

Opened the front and only door at half after six. Such a glorious day! the sun already shining on the beautiful hills opposite, dressed in yellow autumn garb. George was on hand early to stake out another 50 x 100 lot, as we are entitled to squatters' rights on a second bit of ground, so he told us that he would put a cache on it that would hold it. E—— then told me of her trip to the steamship office the previous day, where she had been able to change the cabins from the *Ora* to the *Columbian*, as it would have been impossible for us to be ready in time for the former, but when she visited the *Ora*, and saw C——, F——, M——, K——, and others all going out and informed them of our change of plans, their regrets were loud and long, as they said they had arranged such a charming party to go over the Pass together. Pass goes in capital letters as we have not yet crossed it and treat it with great respect and awe even in writing. E—— also told me of having disposed of the soda machine, until the purchaser found that the man who sold it had failed to inclose directions as promised, so that the deal was off and the article left on our hands.

Von M—— appeared at 9.30 most enthusiastic over the show of the previous evening. Of all the hard-working, energetic fellows I have ever met he takes the lead. He is now to employ his evenings, from eight to eleven, throwing advertisements on a sheet across the Main Street, he to have fifty per cent. of the profits, the man who makes the slides twenty-five, while twenty-five per cent. is to be divided between E—— and me for furnishing the machine and light; so we felt very proud of having introduced a novelty into Dawson. Von M—— explained that they first threw artistic pictures until they had a large crowd gathered together, then advertised the animatoscope with the Corbett fight to take place the following day: "Go and see the Corbett fight," etc., etc., and wound up by saying, "Those who wish to advertise may leave orders at the O—— Sisters'." After the show was over, they were delighted to learn that many had made inquiries in regard to subscribing. We purchased in San Francisco one hundred pounds of carbide with which to run the acetylene light that illuminates this show, but although we have the receipt from the *Tillamook* or Johnson-Locke Company, and their promise that it should be sent by the first boat up the river, the barrel was left at St. Michaels and we are paying one dollar a pound for that which cost seven cents in California. "Done in the eye," as George would say, on all sides. The experience, however, is valuable, though costly, and we shall know what to do next time. E—— was soon ready, and Von M—— took her to Dawson. As one of the keys of the Yale padlock which fastened our door had mysteriously disappeared, Von M—— exchanged with us for a padlock of his.

I locked the cabin and went with George to select a site for the new house. We went on the hill, questioned the neighbours as to where the land had been staked out, and where the street would probably run, and took 50 x 100 on a small elevation quite close to the creek. There I left George building the cache and returned to my journal. Dave soon came to see if he could assist me. He chopped wood and brought water, then was paid eighty-odd dollars for his twelve days' work, and said good-bye, as he was going up "to work for wages" on Bonanza this winter. As he wished me a safe trip home, he said, "In going out, I hope you won't have luck like ours, for when we came in we first struck a rock, and then an iceberg, after which the captain told us for to get out the life-boats, as we had n't much time, as the ship was about to sink, an' then, would you believe it, I missed that landslide just as narrowly as I missed the shipwreck, an' my family in Los Angeles knowing nothing about it."—"Our people at home would be greatly astonished to see the work we do and the privations we put up with here, would n't they, Dave?" "Indeed they would, ma'am," said the good old man. "I dunno what my wife would say to see me up here washing dishes for two ladies and doing kitchen work, when she thinks I 'm panning out nuggets and coming back with millions."

I had scarcely settled down to accounts when Neighbour T—— called. "I 'm obliged to be most inhospitable," said I, "but I am deep in mathematics; if you 'll only come in the evening when the light is not sufficient for reading and writing and we are perforce idle, you 'll meet with a most cordial welcome."—"Oh, I just came to ask if you 'd take a letter out for me."—"With great pleasure." This reminds me that M—— and S—— asked E—— yesterday if she would get their letters for them, as they had tried for weeks to enter the post-office but without success, the crowd in front of the door being so dense. In fact I saw men pushed out by main force by the police simply because they were too eager to enter for news from home. E——, who is always obliging, went to the post-office and the crowd at once made way for her. Another woman also asked for S——. "Here, you ladies can take all the S——'s," the clerk replied, and they were handed almost a barrelful to select from, but she could not get near the M—— list. She also saw the Crown Agent yesterday in regard to the land. It seems that J—— had applied for over one hundred acres, while the law allows only forty. He was told last week that the first demand had been refused, but that he might put in a petition for forty acres ; until he does so, all those who build are recognised squatters, and his forty acres cannot interfere with their rights.

Jones has not yet made his appearance and it is now after one. "Our show" is to commence at two o'clock. E—— is going, but it would make me nervous if things went wrong. "Arizona Charlie's" show has shut down, not to reopen, and he has applied to Von M—— to take up his contract at the Combination Theatre, as he finds it impossible to continue without gasoline. Another neighbour has just called to tell me that he is to build between two cabins as the commissioners say cabins can be five feet apart. Am thankful that there is no room on either side of our big house for more than a garden. The men who would take a lay on our claims on Bear Creek now say that they have not the time to go out and look at them and return to sign papers before we start. The man with the horse with whom we had the misunderstanding about bringing logs, has just been here, most anxious to take a lay on both claims. J——'s partner, the Frenchman, has offered me his interest in the forty acres for a town site for two thousand five hundred dollars. A man who has an invalid wife at home and is wild to get to her, called to offer me a half interest in his richest claim for two hundred dollars—just the amount necessary to reach home, as he has no other way of raising it. Another neighbour stopped to tell me that he had a fine chance of buying a claim from a man just sent to the hospital. What opportunities for magnificent investments, besides ten per cent. a *month* on all money lent on A1 securities ! Still another neighbour stopped to say that Mr. O—— has promised to pay a visit to "Dawson Annex" on either Saturday or Monday to take the lay of the land preparatory to a survey.

E—— refused invitations to dinner and returned shortly after seven, Jones rowing her back and remaining to dine and wash dishes. After dinner Mr. S—— and Mr. F—— of the Alaska Commercial Company spent the evening, bringing the unheard-of luxury of a box of chocolates. Just as he left, Von M—— rushed in, saying, "The animatoscope is such a success that the manager of the Combination Company wants to hire it, and has sent to know our terms, and as for the magic-lantern show in the street, we have three advertisements already at thirty dollars a week each, and are likely to have so many more that we shall probably soon be able to advance the price." Well-deserved success for Von M——, after so much hard work!

Friday, September 16th.

My turn to do commissions in Dawson to-day. Von M—— rowed me across, Jones carrying my packages to the boat. My first trip was to the Alaska Commercial Company, as a Mr. Q—— had expressed a desire for my beautiful fur robe. Knowing that I was so soon to leave, could not take it out with me, and had no other opportunity for disposing of it, he made me an offer of one hundred dollars, though aware that it cost one hundred and thirty-five, and that its mate had been sold for two hundred and fifty. To M—— and S——'s, where the latter said, "Oh, Mrs. H——, you are just in time; there 's a lady in the little room who 's going wild over the pretty things you and Miss V—— are leaving here. I could n't show them or explain to her satisfaction; would you mind seeing her?" In I went and found "playing saleslady" so amusing and pleasant that I disposed of eighty dollars' worth in half an hour. From there to pay dues on the lumber for cache, to hold the land, but since the arrival of Mr. O——, times have changed and W—— thought it impossible to comply with my request. So straight to headquarters I went and found O—— most charmingly affable. He immediately ushered me into a private room to listen to my appeal. "Go to W——," said he, "make a formal application for the two lots, one for you and one for Miss V——, pay twenty dollars cash down, and, as the land is to be surveyed on Monday, you will have first claim if your houses do not stand on the street; in case they do, they must be moved." "You do not mean to say that after putting up the most expensive house in West Dawson, there is a possibility of its being moved?" "If it must be," said he in a kindly way, "I promise to have it done for you for two dollars." Back to W——'s office, where, finding that I could not sign for E——, I was obliged to put in an application for the lot on which our house now stands, and proud I was to learn that my name heads the list and my receipt is number one in the Dawson Annex or West Dawson book. "Land will be very valuable there next year," said the Crown Agent, "as Dawson is crowded, and filled with typhoid fever and dysentery, so that those who can get no land here, or who wish better sanitary arrangements will turn to the other side."

On leaving the office, Captain B—— joined me, presenting two other officials, who posed before the government quarters in compliance with my request. Met Mr. W—— just returning from his claim on Bear Creek which adjoins mine. He stopped and triumphantly displayed some of the most beautiful gold I have ever seen, which he obtained at a depth of only two feet. From that time on, applications for a "lay" on our claims began to come in, until it is now *embarras de richesses.* W—— said, as he left, "I 'm sure of one thing, and that is, there 's enough gold in my Bear Creek claim to keep my family in luxury for the remainder of their lives, and as yours is 'end on' with my 'pay streak' you can feel very happy over it." Passing M—— and S——'s store again, they begged me to come in and see two ladies who were anxious to get some of our fine laces, so in I went and explained and showed to their heart's content. After they had decked themselves in our laces and ribbons and flowers, etc., I said, "Have you ever tasted any of Van Camp's tomato soup? It 's the most delicious thing we brought in."—"Oh, we must try it then, if *you* think so," and presently their order ran up into the hundreds and our commission merchants wanted to engage me as well as E—— for a partner. I found it quite as much of a lark as she had done, and felt as though back at a booth, selling for a church fair once more.

Von M—— hunted me up to give me a private exhibition of the animatoscope, which runs beautifully; he had just shown it to the managers of the Combination Company, who expressed themselves as delighted with it and ready for a "dicker." M——, W——, and R—— accompanied me for the last shopping, and then, having refused the Captain's invitation to dinner, Von M—— and B—— rowed me home. A storm was brewing, and we gained the shore just as the gale sprang up in all its force and tried to blow the canoe out to sea. Von M—— and Jones dined with us. We were thankful at being out of the tent and in high and dry quarters, as the floodgates were let loose and the rain came down in such torrents that it seemed as though Biblical history were about to repeat itself and we to be prisoners in the ark. To our four candles, Jones had contributed a lantern (we had sold our fifty-cent one for three dollars), and Von M—— a fine kerosene light; even this extra illumination did not fill the corners of the house, so we gathered around the table to read the latest paper from Seattle, dated August 26th, which I had been induced to buy for fifty cents, as the young rascal who was selling them like hot cakes had called out, "War still going on in the United States. War begun between England and *Roosh*-er." Towards eleven, the patter on the roof-top being a little lighter, our guests said good-night and went out into the blackness.

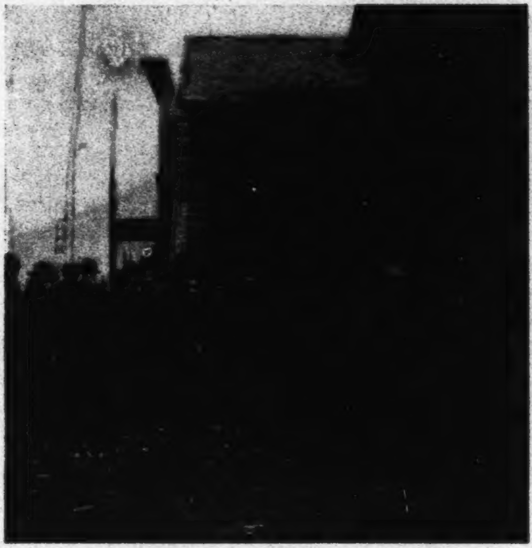
Saturday, September 17th.

Jones and I are decidedly at cross-purposes. He does not like my "dude" friends and "haughty" ways, and is becoming very sulky to me, while still devoted to E——. Last evening he went with her to find the cache which we had paid George for building, but there was not a trace of it to be seen, so they said. Jones accompanied me to have it pointed out, but there were only four sticks in the ground and the men about there said that our workmen had done nothing else; that *they* had cleared the land and felt entitled to it, so E—— promised to see the Crown Agent in regard to it. Another man came for a "lay" on our claims. "I told you I was going to work them for you," said Jones; "have you any objection to me a-doin' it, Mrs. H——?"—"Yes, Jones. A—— has given you a 'lay' on Sulphur, which is too far away, and then again you say you are going 'out.' Your plans change daily, while I want an experienced miner who will attend to nothing else."—"When I tells you I 'm goin' to do it, I 'm goin' to do it; an' if I goes out I puts someone on ter the lay—see?"—"That won't do; there 's to be a contract drawn up and the work is to be done systematically." Jones looked angry and said nothing more. There was no water in the bucket, and the spring is a block off. I spoke of it once or twice to E——, but Jones made no move to get any. I took the bucket and started for the spring; he never moved, and allowed me to go. He looked very sullen when I returned, and soon after disappeared. E—— said, "I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself," to which he replied, "Well, she 's nicer to them there dudes an' the likes o' that than she is to me, and if she wants me to do anything for her she 's just got ter ask me."

E—— left at ten to be rowed across the river by Jones. I had just begun to wash the breakfast dishes when she entered, dripping. "Fell into the Yukon and was up to my neck when Jones pulled me out." "Don't stop to talk, but come to the fire and get into dry clothing as soon as possible," said I, hastily preparing a hot drink and warm flannels. "The rock from which I stepped was very slippery, and as I was about to get into the canoe I lost my footing and was in the Yukon before I could realise what had happened. Had Jones not caught my hand I should have been carried down by the current; even as it was, it seemed an impossibility for him to lift such a weight as mine into the canoe, which tipped as he leaned over. I could get no hold on the rock, so simply threw myself on my back to float, and that was the only thing that saved me. How I got on shore is a mystery to me, for you know the river is very deep there. I did not think of myself at all, but only of what a terrible thing it would be for you to go home and tell my mother of my drowning. Oh, but the water was cold!" An hour after, E—— had quite recovered and insisted upon carrying out her original plan of rowing to Dawson, leaving me to finish packing. She is in for another ducking, unfortunately, as the rain is now coming down " in sheets."

A visit from a neighbour to inquire if I need wood or water. He has just left after giving me a graphic description of his summer on the Stewart River. He and his five companions had begun to build a few doors nearer the creek, he said, when J—— came like he owned the country and ordered him off. " One of my pals invited him to visit a warmer clime, and he came down off his high horse and begged us not to put up our shack there, pending litigation; so we moved to the other side of your mansion, where we intend to live. W—— has just put up a sign to stop building until after the land shall have been surveyed. We did stop for a day, but after talking it over, decided to go ahead, even if they jail the lot of us, and we 'll see who has the greater influence in Ottawa." " But, since the law allows fifty feet front," said I, with the air of a landed proprietor, " why should you encroach upon the rights of others, and why should you not put up your cabin where you can have your full allowance ? " " Oh, we don't care for the ground," he replied, " we only want a roof over our heads. You see this part of the world is not at all as we expected. We had an idea that it was only necessary to come here to make a fortune—perhaps not to pick up gold in the street, but, at least, that men with good health and willing to work might make a good living until opportunity threw something fine in their way. Instead of that, we wasted the entire summer prospecting on Stewart River, but, finding nothing, we have come here where the demand for workers is far less than the supply. If I could go back and take my old position at three thousand dollars a year in Ottawa how gladly would I do so; but a man, once having come here, is ashamed to return without having made his pile, consequently I must stay forever, perhaps, although my dear old mother is seventy and praying to see me once more."

Here he was joined by one of his partners, whose face was so radiant that he said, " It 's easy to see that he 's had a letter from home." " How did you manage to get it ? " I inquired, "for yesterday the line before the post-office of those waiting to enter was so long that I photographed it."—"Why, we come from Ottawa, and we 're friends of O——'s, and we 've promised to go over to-morrow and help assort the bags of newspapers."—"Then take our names, Miss V——'s and mine, and try and get ours before our steamer sails, and you 'll be rewarded by some



WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

New York papers, if you care to have them."—"Care! care for them! Just think what a long winter's night means to six boys in one cabin with nothing to read. We 'll bless you all winter for them." Another neighbour now appeared, saying, "What do you intend to do with your big tent?"—"Pack it, unless someone offers a high price for it. It 's worth at least a thousand dollars up here, but rather than pack it, we will take eight hundred dollars cash for it." "Very well, I 'll go and see my partner, as there 's to be a big boom in the spring at Forty Mile, where there is very little lumber, and we want to be ready to open a restaurant or something when the first rush begins. We have another tent in view, and shall take the cheaper one." I smiled, knowing that the largest tent in Dawson could be put in a small corner of ours.

Jones then arrived, saying, "Miss V—— has just sent this bag to you, and says, will you sell one of your hats, as you are 'going out' where you can get plenty, an' the likes o' that, and some ladies over in town ain't got none and wants to have one o' yours." Five minutes after, my two city hats were packed and Jones was taking them down to his canoe. Jones also told me that the *Columbian* is not in yet, and should she come to-night she cannot leave before Monday or Tuesday, which is rather alarming, as yesterday we had the first frost and the ice is ready to form at any moment. What should we do if shut in for the winter? Just then we heard a loud whistle and blowing off of steam, and a steamer passed. "What is her name? She 's flying the British flag."—"The *Domville*, I think."—"No, it can't be; it must be ours," and down to the bank I rushed. Twilight was coming on, but glad indeed was I to see *Columbian* in big letters, which means that by this time next week we shall be well on our way towards home and friends once more.

E—— returned at six after a most unsuccessful day. Her bath in the Yukon had delayed her so that she was too late for her appointments. The land office had closed, and she could not get the receipts for our two lots. M—— was away, so she could not sign the contract and get our five hundred dollars. She had found the streets too slippery and muddy for words, and said that she might just as well have remained at home, adding, "Much as I want to leave lest we should be shut in by the ice, still it is a lucky thing for us that the *Columbian* cannot sail before Monday at three, as that will give us the time to have our legal papers drawn up and get miners to work our 'lays.'" Jones chopped wood, brought water, cleaned the fish, washed the dishes, and made himself so helpful that I forgave him for letting me get the pail of water in the morning, and pretended to have forgotten it. I also bound up his finger when he cut it during the wood-chopping. We were all tired, so he left at nine in such a rain-storm that, feeling certain no one would venture out, we retired early. Hardly were we in bed before we saw the rays of a lantern through a crack in the door and heard a loud knocking, and there was K——, who was obliged to postpone his call till the following evening.

Sunday, September 18th.

We slept soundly until after six when, by the dim light of the candle, I saw a mouse running across my bed and into the blankets. There was no stopping then to yawn or to turn over for an extra snooze. Out of bed I bounded with a shriek that must have aroused every neighbour, while E—— shouted with laughter, saying, "How can you be afraid of a dear little thing like that? It seems impossible." After dressing, on opening the door, the first sight that met my eyes was the mountain opposite covered with snow. Our hearts sank. What will it be on the summit? What shall we do? We never can cross with a light snow hiding the bad places, and not sufficiently packed for a sled. And we both marvelled at our daring to wait until so late in the season. The rain was still pouring down, everything muddy and slippery, and only a little wood remaining that was fit to burn, although many cords are stacked in one corner of the house, but they are too green for this year's use. Not a man in sight who could be hired. All our kind neighbours would gladly work as a favour, but this pride forbids our asking.

"Jones says he 'll never cut another stick for you nor bring you a drop of water unless you ask him; that you 're 'that haughty to him now you treat him like the dirt beneath your feet.'" At this moment he entered, and E—— said, "We are almost frozen to death." "That so? Well, I ain't goin' to have it said that two ladies froze to death while John was here to make a fire for 'em an' the likes o' that," and with these words he took the green wood and wielded the axe with such force that he soon had the stove filled with shavings and small bits that crackled and warmed that corner most beautifully; then we had to choose between two evils, keeping warm and sitting where it was too dark to read or write, or remaining near the door through which came our only light and being too cold to hold the pen.

Jones finished chopping, eyed the wood and said, "Well, Miss V——, if I 'm to row you over to town at ten o'clock, I think there 's enough wood to keep *you* warm until then, an' I 'm glad to have chopped it for yer, coz yer asked me so perlite like," and he seated himself on a box and looked at me maliciously as much as to say, "an' if you don't do the same, yer kin stay here an' freeze to death." I went several times to the door to see if there might be a passer-by who could be hired, but although the rain had at last ceased no one was in sight. Finally, as E——'s preparations for town were almost completed, I humbly said, "I 'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Jones, but would you be so kind as to chop enough wood to keep the fire until Miss V——'s return?" "Certainly, with great pleasure," said John, as he caught the axe and swung it high in air and rapidly packed the wood, as one having had years of experience.

"You 'd oughter 'a' seen Miss V—— yesterday morning though, Mrs. H——," said Jones suddenly; "if it 'd been you, you 'd 'a' drowned sure; but she never said a word and never shrieked as you 'd 'a' done, nor clutched at the canoe to tip it over. She did'nt lose her head a little bit, but when I reached her, she just kep' a-holt o' my hand and turned over on her back and floated without making any fuss at all. And then you oughter 'a' seen the clever way in which she gradually worked one foot into the canoe quiet like, and that too with the Yukon thirty feet deep right where she was. I did n't know for a minit what I should do. I knowed I could n't get no grip only holding her by the hand, and that I must get her arms, so I dropped her hand sudden-like and caught her right under the arms, where I cud lift her good, an' you know she ain't no light weight, so it shows how strong I am, to 'a' been able to 'ave saved her," concluded Jones proudly.

"Now about them trout you bought last night," said he, changing the subject; "don't you let no fellow fool you again, Miss V——, by calling that there fish trout. I did n't like to say nothin' about it last night, 'cause you was so proud o' your trout, but them 's the only fish on earth that ain't got no scales, an' yer only got to go outside the door to see how many scales I cleaned off them there fish. Now next year when you two ladies come up here, if you can't get no cook, an' the likes o' that, just let John know, an' he 'll take a lot o' lessons, so 's to be able to do your cookin' for yer all summer. How did you happen to bring meat home in a newspaper, Mrs. H——?" continued the queer youth; "you who are so particular about having nice paper to wrap your things up in."—"I asked the butcher if he could not put it in *brown* paper; he looked at me a moment, then smiled, and said he thought he was doing me a great favour to wrap it at all, as there was so little paper in town that few could obtain it." "Well, I guess there 's wood enough here for all day," said Jones, "I 'll come back an' wash the dishes, an' if me an' you 's good friends to-night, an' there's not a lot o' dudes around, I 'll wash 'em again after dinner; that is, if your steamer don't go out to-day."

"What 's this?" exclaimed E——, as she raised a cover from a saucepan, "and this?" raising another, "and this?" looking at a platter containing a white pyramid. Meekly I confessed, "I wanted to cook something before your return, so thought I 'd try a risotto. I filled a saucepan with rice, covered the rice with water, and while writing happened to glance up to find the rice swelling so fast that the overflow filled that first pan; a few moments later, it did the same thing again, and so I had to fill one dish after another until there was nothing left to put the surplus in, and the remainder in the bottom was cooked to death and there was no multitude to be fed, for even the Siwash dogs refused to eat it." "Why, that 's just like the miracle what I heard about in church one time when I was a kid," said Jones; "only them was bread an' fishes." E—— said she had once read of someone 's having a similar rice-cooking experience, but thought it a fable, never dreaming that anyone could be such a "ninny." She begged me to leave the culinary department to her for the remainder of our stay.

W—— then appeared, saying, "Well, ladies, I 've something pretty to show you," as he carefully unfolded a paper and showed us another lot of gold from his claim which adjoins ours on Bear Creek. "Oh, how beautiful! Won't you sell me just a little of it to take home?"—"Would you say it came from your claim?" "Certainly not," I replied in righteous indignation; "I have not lived here long enough to have learned to tell Yukon lies, and shall only represent absolute facts." "Well, if I don't go out on the *Columbian* to-morrow to sell my claim, I 'll present you with this," replied W——, "because I can go back there and get plenty more. I saw a lady up there yesterday who pulled out a poor fellow's stakes and put hers in, and when I told her he might call me for a witness, she said, 'Well, he had n't oughter 'a' staked here when he knew I was a-comin'; he only got two hours ahead o' me an' that don't count.' It was powerful wet up there, an' I had n't even a tent, an' had to sleep out in the rain."

E—— finally started for Dawson to get the steamer tickets. Sunday or no Sunday, it had to be done, as they refused to sell them before the arrival of the boat. Neighbour D—— came to apply for a "lay"; he talked of his life up here and of the impossibility for those at home to realise that we are all cooking, washing dishes, "and the likes o' that," as Jones would say, rather than engaged in panning out millions. "If ever I get back to my wife again," said he, "I 'll just tell her that she 's the best cook on earth, and I know what it means after eating all the messes that we boys concoct." George came in to say that fine reports are being heard on all sides from Bear Creek, and that we are likely to derive a good thing therefrom, but the trouble is that all men who own claims want to go "out": the men who remain want to "work for wages," and no one cares to take a "lay" until after having prospected the mine and had a chance of finding the pay streak. "Taking a lay" necessitates three months of hard work, building a cabin, digging through ice and snow, and putting up sluice-boxes for the spring clean-up, for all of which the owner pays nothing, and the " lay " man runs the chance of not making wages.

A sudden booming as of hundreds of rifles. The dogs run in all directions. Ivan comes and seeks protection at my side. Bang! bang! bang! I go to the door to discover the cause of all this commotion in Dawson and see an enormous flock of wild geese flying across the town. Not one seems to fall; they are high in air; but Dawson covers a long extent of ground, the geese do not change their course, and the shots continue for some time. " Don't believe they 've hit a single one," calls out a neighbour. He joins me as we walk down to the water-front to see the result, when down comes the rain again and we rush back to cover.

" It begins to look as though miners' wrongs and grievances were to be righted," he observed, " now that O—— has at last appeared. He seems a pretty square sort o' man, and has just as much time for a poor fellow as for the most important individual here. If W—— and W—— had 'a' stayed here much longer they 'd 'a' been murdered, sure. I know of two or three fellows who were a-layin' for 'em, and ready to swing for it, too. I see the land over here is to be surveyed to-morrow, and then there 'll be no more trouble about squatters' rights, and we 'll know what we do own an' what we don't, an' there 's a big satisfaction in that, I tell you. This is a pretty nice shack o' yours. What do you intend to do with it? Comin' in next year? That 's right; the boys 'll be glad to see you back an' give yer a hearty welcome, too, coz you 've been powerful kind in givin' us medicines, lendin' us books and papers, an' the like, an' tho' some of us ain't come in an' been neighbourly, coz you 've had grand folks from Dawson, we 've allers been ready to stand by you and would 'a' been on hand for your buildin' bee if ever you 'd set a time when you wanted us. But you went an' hired such a lot o' men, and had a reg'lar overseer, so that we kinder felt like we 'd be in the way.

" What you goin' to do with your mandolin? I would n't mind taking care o' it myself till you come back. Dunno how to play, but I might learn long winter evenings." "No one ever had a better lot of neighbours," said I; "they 're all making such kind offers. One is willing to take care of my beautiful dog, another of my fur robe, still another of my zither, and even half a dozen have offered to live in and protect the house for us during our absence, so"— "Well?" said the man, grinning expectantly;—"so we have talked it over and decided that we cannot impose upon such kindness and good-nature and have appointed an agent who will devote his entire time to caring for our interests, as this property will be valuable next year. Already every lot on the water-front has been taken, and even on the hill very few bits of land remain, so what will it be next year, should there be another influx? In Dawson, cabins of one and two rooms rent for from one hundred to five hundred dollars a month, so a house with four rooms and a wide mess-hall should bring a handsome rental, particularly as it will soon be too cold for the hundreds who are now living in tents to occupy them much longer."

Mr. T—— next appeared with a beautiful big fish cleaned and prepared for cooking. "Won't you and Miss V—— accept this for your dinner?" "How very kind! Just what we were wishing for, and not a shop open in Dawson!" said I, as I stopped blowing the fire. "Let me do it for you," said T——, depositing the fish. "Do you want a big fire?"—"Just as big a one as the stove will hold, as I wish to boil water to wash the dishes."—"Are you going to Santa Barbara, Mrs. H——?"—"I hope and expect to go there." —"Won't you please deliver a letter in person to my dear old mother? It would be such a gratification for her to see someone who can give her particulars impossible to write." And upon receiving my promise to look up the mother immediately upon arrival, and taking a last look at the sparkling, crackling fire, he left to attend to the haul of hundreds of fish from his net, which he intends to dry and keep for the winter's dog-food. And thus is the time frequently passed instead of in the alluring search for gold with pick and shovel. Next visitor, Colonel Q——, who said that he had come all the way down from Bonanza to bid us good-bye and asked if we had finished all that we had to do before starting. "Yes, we 've given 'lays' on all our claims except the Bear Creek, and shall sign papers to-morrow for that."—"Bear Creek! why, that 's the coming El Dorado! What number?"—"No.—."—"Just in the heart of the gold region! Why 'Big A——' has bought all around there, which shows what it must be. Don't give the lay to any ordinary miner. Let me put my men on both claims—yours and Miss V——'s, for this year's—work; unprospected as they are, I 'll gladly take an option on them for fifteen thousand dollars each for only half-interest, and will pay you in the spring out of my part of the pannings. I can show you all sorts of references from people whom you probably know, and letters from the syndicate that is backing me." After some further conversation on the subject, I promised to talk it over with E——, Colonel Q—— to come in the morning with papers drawn up, in case we should both be ready to sign.

Next visitor was Mr. E——, of the North American Transportation Company, who has been most courteous in cashing checks for us. He was anxious for me to see his aunt in New York, and tell her something of his life here, so gave me a little sketch of his experiences. He "came in" about a year ago, full of hopes and light of pocket, as did many another who had preceded him on the road to the land of gold. Realising that fortunes were not to be picked up by the wayside nor found in the first shovelful of earth, he had not allowed false pride to interfere, but had taken the first work that offered itself, which in this case meant carrying heavy packs for twenty dollars a day. When one has one's own "grub," money at that rate rolls up rapidly, and he soon had sufficient to purchase a lot of dogs and bring them to Dawson, where he sold some of them for four and five times what they had cost, and retained others for winter work.

He soon had a few thousand dollars put aside and was looking about for an investment, when a miner told him of a third interest to be purchased in a fine-looking claim from a man who was homesick and anxious to go out. After long and careful consideration the thousand dollars was paid, and the miner sent out to prospect. He found such rich pannings that he covered the hole and rushed back to try and persuade Mr. E—— to obtain another third, which he shortly after succeeded in doing. The third and last partner not only refused to be bought out, but offered a large sum for the two-thirds, which was most tempting to our hero. He followed the advice of an old and experienced man, however, and not only kept the property, but sent workers out for the winter. "Here are some of the nuggets from it," said Mr. E——; "won't you select one and accept it from me to put with the collection you are taking out?" "But if you give away nuggets like this, you will have none left to exhibit," I objected. "It is very seldom I meet one to whom I care to offer a nugget, and in such a case it is a real pleasure to have her do me the honour."

His courteous manner overruled my objection, and I heartily thanked him for the beauty which he chose for me. "It has not been all smooth sailing," continued he. "Before Captain H—— gave me a position as bookkeeper in the North American Transportation Company, I was making a trip with three companions when we lost not only our boat, but all our provisions, and were eight long days with absolutely nothing to eat—but you must be tired of hearing me talk of myself. When do you go out?"—"On the *Columbian* to-morrow."—"But have n't you heard the news? She has just come in, and as the ice has already begun to form in the Yukon, she will not make another trip, but goes to her winter quarters at Fort Selkirk." "Oh, impossible!" I cried in alarm, at the thought of being shut in for the winter without proper stores and heavy clothing. "Why, Miss V—— and I have already engaged our passage." "All I know," said Mr. E——, "is that a friend of mine who was going out on her has just had his money refunded." At this moment one of my new neighbours entered and said, "Do you know that we are all shut in for the winter and cannot get out, as the *Columbian* is now going into winter quarters?" —"Oh what shall we do? It would be delightful if we had come with comforts and luxuries, prepared to remain, but as it is, we have disposed of everything and have not even a good stove, as this one does not keep us warm enough even at this season."

Then came E——, looking the picture of despair. "Well, I suppose you have heard the news! We are shut in for the winter. The *Columbian* has made her last trip, and now it only remains for us to freeze to death, and I should prefer blowing my brains out. I knew something terrible was going to happen. Why did we wait?" Von M—— and Jones, who followed, tried their best to console us by painting the pleasures of a winter in Dawson in most glowing colours; but nothing could rouse us from the fit of despair into which we had been thrown.

Although it was 6 P.M., and I had not dined, I persuaded Von M—— to row me across to Dawson in search of better news. We went first to the agent of the *Columbian*, who said we might go as far as Fort Selkirk, where we would have at least a chance of being picked up by some small steamer and taken on to Bennett, but that he could give no guarantee that we would not be left at Selkirk the entire winter. He said, further, that he was going on the *Columbian*, and would do all in his power to assist us in every way, but thought it more than likely that we would run great risks, and he could not avoid the responsibility of telling us so. From there to the office of the small steamer *Willie Irving*. Her agent *thought* she would be able to make another trip, but she would not be ready to start for several days; thence to the office of the *Flora*. Her agent had not yet returned, but I would not go back without some encouraging news for E——. We walked through the Main Street, meeting many acquaintances, some of whom said, "It is all nonsense worrying about ice in the Yukon. Why, the steamers can run until October 1st. The only trouble with the *Columbian* is that she has received a large contract for a cargo of cattle, which will pay her much better than taking the one hundred and fifty passengers, and so she gives them the 'go-by.'"

This was encouraging, but not sufficiently so, and we wandered on until, as good luck would have it, we came face to face with Mr. F——, the courteous manager of whom we were in search, and received from him the glad tidings that the *Flora* would leave on Tuesday or Wednesday and that, although her accommodations could not compare with those on the *Columbian*, the best cabin on board should be reserved for us. I was in a great hurry to take back this good news, but Von M—— had a positive engagement at eight, so Mr. F——'s brother very kindly offered to row me back. "Have you crossed the river often?" I asked, with some anxiety. "Oh, no!" he answered; "I'm generally in a great funk on the water, but I'll do my best." Von M—— saw my reluctance to accept the services of one who made such a confession, and laughed as he said, "Don't you worry, Mrs. H——, he'll take you over all right; he's only trying to tease you." Von M—— pushed off the frail canoe and departed with a *bon voyage*. My heart was in my mouth, as I remembered that E—— had just had another narrow escape, which I have failed to record.

A steamer coming in had cut adrift several of the rafts that line the water-front, and they had done much damage to the small craft; among other things had stove a hole in Jones's canoe just above the water-line, which he had not noticed until half-way across the Yukon, and was just entering the strong eddy. Had I been the passenger he would have said nothing and trusted to luck to my remaining motionless, but knowing E—— to be so cool and collected, and with such marvellous presence of mind he said quietly, "Your life depends upon your not moving; you must scarcely breathe, as the least tip of the canoe will cause the water to rush through the hole and we shall be swamped and drowned before aid can reach us." Needless to say E—— followed instructions to the letter, although she saw Jones's face blanch with terror as he crossed the dangerous current, and she breathed a sigh of relief when he said, "We were pretty nigh death a few moments ago and it was only your courage what saved us."

I bore all this in mind as F—— started out into the darkness and towards the rapid current. "You must row up against it until you near the opposite shore and then float down with it," I meekly suggested. "Is this far enough up?" said F——, with strong, manly stroke. "You row as though accustomed to the oar and are probably laughing in your sleeve at me, still I 'm such a coward that I 'm glad you gave me an opportunity for begging you to row upstream, as I 've seen many boats swept down *en route* to Circle City." As we landed, F—— said he must hurry back, then asked again how far up-stream he must row before attempting to cross? There was that in his tone which made me quite certain that he was making game of me, so I was not at all surprised when Von M—— returned at nine o'clock and said, "F—— was delighted at fooling you so, and told me all about it. Why he 's one of the best oarsmen of London. Could n't you tell that by his stroke? Since Mrs. H—— has told you that you 'll not be troubled by the ice but can get out easily on the *Flora*, I suppose you 're all right now, Miss V——?" "No, I 'm not," said E——; "I don't like going in a tiny little cabin on the *Flora*, where there 's scarcely room to move, no bedding and no comforts, when I had expected splendid accommodations on the *Columbian*." At this we all taxed poor E—— with being most ungrateful, forgetting how her nerves had been tried by two narrow escapes from death in the same week. Jones washed the dishes, while Von M—— and K—— assisted us in copying the lists of the many articles left at the commission merchant's.

Monday, September 19th.

E——'s turn to remain at home and pack; mine to attend to the errands, so she coaxed Jones to row me across and bring back several articles which she needed at once. Scarcely were we well out in the stream when he unbosomed himself. "Well, I suppose you 're satisfied with the way in which you and Miss V—— are leaving your affairs, but I kin tell you, you 'll never git nothin' out o' them, from them there dudes. Now me and A—— would 'a' taken charge an' 'a' done everything an' the likes o' that, but when I found you was a-askin' them dudes, then I just dropped out, an' told A—— to, too. An' if you give them there claims to Colonel Q——, you 'll never get nothin' out o' them neither. He 's windy, that 's what he is; he kin do a lot o' talkin' and the likes o' that, but what kin he do? But them 's the fellows what takes with women," and in this strain he continued until we reached the opposite shore. After giving Jones the articles desired by E——, I stopped at the *Columbian* office to give up our cabins; then went to Mr. W——'s, where I paid the required deposit for a lot for E—— and me.

On leaving West Dawson the sun was shining brilliantly, and the canary was singing with a heart of joy at the unusual sight, but an hour later the rain was coming down again in torrents, the streets were ankle-deep in mud, and too slippery for easy walking. A man stopped me and said, "Lady, will you do me a favour? My sister-in-law has just died of typhoid fever. I want to close my shop and put a notice on the door, but cannot write." So down I sat on a box just inside the door of his shop and wrote down as he dictated in broken tones, "Closed for to-day. Death in the family." As I heard the sounds of grief from the other side of the board wall I inquired if I could be of assistance. "No, lady, thank you kindly; it 's all over now." I met Mr. A——, who said, "I 've tried many times to cross the river to see you but have never been able to hire a boat, and then as time passed I was ashamed to go lest you might not receive me for being so rude." Had a pleasant chat with "Arizona Charlie," who inquired, as they all do, if E—— and I intend to spend the winter here. Went to the Alaska Commercial Company, where Mr. S—— told me he had just sold my one hundred and thirty-five dollar robe for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Should like to have had more, but ten dollars was little enough to pay for the comfort it has given me during my month of ownership. All sums received in gold dust this morning, and it is heavy to carry.

Colonel K—— invited me to his office, where he and Mr. R—— were most kind in offering to look after our affairs during my absence, and I left promising to go with E—— and lunch with them the following day. R—— followed to ask if I would take a letter to his wife. "I don't like to give it to you, as I have no postage stamps," said the fellow, who had shown himself so generous and hospitable.—"Nonsense! let me have it." "And you won't forget it?" he said, handing it reluctantly, but in a manner with which I fully sympathised, as so many times I have had misgivings as to the memory of man.

I had been in almost every shop in town for butter, but there was a corner in it, and none was to be had except at exorbitant rates. One thing may be said to the credit of the Alaska Commercial Company, that it keeps on the even tenor of its way, and, corner or no corner, prices remain the same. I asked for butter there—none to be had. Knowing that a plentiful supply of everything is always reserved for the employees of the company, I appealed to Mr. H——. "Could n't you order your clerk to sell me just one two-pound tin of butter?" "It 's against the rules, Mrs. H——," said this most obliging of men, "but if you are in great need of it, it will have to be done."—"Need of it! why we even ate toast without butter for breakfast this morning." Immediately the order was given, and a two-pound tin of the precious article was speedily handed to me at the old price of one dollar a pound, which obtained before the corner.

With one exception all our labourers had been paid for assistance in building our house. That exception was "Si" S——, who had been sent to the hospital. I had hoped to find time to visit him, and take him the money myself, but suddenly came face to face with him. "Why, Si, what are you doing out in such a storm?" said I to the man, who looked too faint to walk and was as yellow as a piece of parchment. "Come into this shop and get your money and go straight back to the hospital."—"Oh, I left there this morning and don't want to go back."—" Why not ? Are n't the Sisters kind to you ? They are always so good and patient." " Yes, they 're very kind, but there are so many sick men there that it 's depressing and I 'm going home to my nice cabin." " Go at once, then," said I, " and don't try walking until the rain ceases and the sun shines again." " Si " left, thanking me, but I met him at least a dozen times during the remainder of my day in town, and shall expect to hear not only of his having a relapse, but of his death. The unhealthfulness of Dawson is not responsible for all the deaths ; the wilfulness and imprudence of men must also be taken into account.

Stopped to get the heaviest, warmest mittens in town for E—— and for me, as we are told that we shall certainly need them in going over the Pass. Was passing the *Columbian* as the last whistle blew and saw a lot of fellows leave the steamer. They had been on board to see us off and were amused to find me talking quietly with Dr. C—— on shore. " When do you leave, Mrs. H—— ? " said they.—" On the *Flora ;* am just going to her office to get my tickets," so they accompanied me. The second-best cabin was reserved for E—— and for me, as the first best is taken by the manager and wife. Back to the Alaska Commercial Company, to collect my parcels and then to wait for a neighbour obliging enough to give me a " lift " over. K—— and Dr. C—— were both waiting for the same kindly person to turn up. M—— came along. " Well met, Mrs. H——. I want to go over to say good-bye to you and Miss V——. May I go in your boat ? "—" You certainly should if I had one." Shortly after Colonel Q—— and a friend approached and offered to take me across. " May M—— come if he gives a hand with an oar ? "—" Of course, and without," so off we went down the muddy banks, slipping, sliding, sinking, until we reached the boat, which contained so much water that I drew back in alarm. " Widow of a naval officer and afraid of the water ! " they laughed. " Naval officers are those who really know the dangers of the deep," I replied. As we landed the Colonel got back in the boat and pulled out again. "Do you mean to say that you are not going to land, and that you pulled all the way across just to bring me home?"—"Sure! I heard that you were waiting for a lift and rushed to the rescue, glad to be the first one," and the gallant Colonel was out of hearing before he could receive my heartfelt thanks.

E—— had finished packing, and was engaged in preparations for dinner, but gladly welcomed my addition of moose steak, fish, jam, bread, etc. I triumphantly showed her three loaves of bread "for fifty cents." She held them up laughingly, and said, "Look at Mrs. H——'s bargain! It takes all three to make one ordinary-sized loaf." M——, as usual, prepared his pan of delicious muffins. After dinner E——, who was anxious to see the advertisements which Von M—— was throwing from our magic lantern on four sheets sewed together and hung in the middle of the road high in air, went across the river with Jones to sit in a near-by shop. I had my first uninterrupted moment for letter-writing, and was making the pen fly when there was a rap at the door and two new neighbours entered, carrying their lanterns and doffing their cowboy hats. The evening passed quickly, listening to the stories, both exciting and entertaining, of their life on the trail.

"Did you ever hear how many '*true* friends' we miners have when some reporter writes home that we have struck it rich?" inquired J——. "Here is one of the letters that was sent to me: 'Dear Friend i *may* call you that may i not I have been Readding all about you in the —— Herald and thought i would write to you, as you have been in the Gold Feelds and aught to be able to know all about the place by this time. Well i want to come out there and see if i kin git a chance to find anny Gold coz i am just tired of working all the time for nothing i have been working in the Restaurant for three years and am sick and tired of it, so I want a change. i am all alone in the world and have no one to say that i cannot go where i wish so will you please be kind enough to write to me and tell me all about the plaice and how much it will take to git there and what will be the best way to git there, and I will be your Friend fer Life. Well you will think that i am verry bold to write to you, a strainger but i don't think that i am a strainger as we were both born in the U. S. and that is enough for me to be your Friend for Life and a good Friend at that So will you write to me in far away—— and tell me all the hardships of the country and may the Blessing of God be with you forever more Hopeing you will answer this i remain your true Friend Nellie J——. P.S. I hope you will git this letter all right. Good-bye.' "

CHAPTER XXVII

A SERIES OF DISAPPOINTMENTS

Tuesday, September 20th.

ON opening the door, I was horrified at the sight of ice and looked anxiously at the river, inwardly thanking the Lord that the stream was still flowing. No sign of our steamer, however, which is beginning to be overdue. E—— called out, " Any sign of the *Flora?* " and groaned at my reply in the negative. " We shall certainly be snowed and frozen in," sighed she. " If we were only safely at home again! We shall never be able to get out this winter. Why does n't the steamer come? " We spent the morning packing, and were quite ready at twelve, when Mr. Jones came to row us across to Colonel K——'s for luncheon. It was most refreshing to see a house with carpets, windows, curtains, beds, easy chairs—even stairs to a second story, where we went to lay aside our wraps. Life in the Yukon would be delightful could one live in such luxury, but when small windows with four tiny panes of glass cost from seventeen to fifty dollars each, an ordinary broom between ten and twenty, but nearer the latter price than the former, a tub and wash-board such rarities that there is only one in all West Dawson, and the happy possessor has so many friends that he is obliged to lend them on certain days at fixed intervals—then people become accustomed to doing without all luxuries, many comforts, and even necessities. The luncheon of " human potatoes," and real underdone roast beef was delicious, and we asked permission to go into the kitchen to see a real stove once more, instead of the small

Yukon makeshift. Colonel K—— had invited to meet us our fellow-passenger Mr. R——, and a Dr. R——, who has been attending a poor young girl who came here on our steamer expecting to make her fortune as trained nurse, as she had certificates from three different countries. She had, however, immediately fallen a victim to that dread disease, typhoid, which is creating such havoc here, and Colonel K—— and Mr. R—— have combined with Dr. R—— in their efforts to care for this poor, homeless wanderer. The Doctor offered his cabin and treatment free, the others paying for nurse and all the expenses incurred, not only because she had come here in the care of the Alaska Commercial Company, but because of their great, warm, tender hearts.

During luncheon Colonel K—— made many inquiries in regard to our stay in West Dawson. When he found that our effects were divided between so many different agents, his kind heart finally dictated the offer for which we had been longing,—that of accepting the power of attorney for us, of taking general supervision, and having our different agents report weekly to him,—he to receive all moneys and keep the Alaska Commercial Company in San Francisco informed of our credit balance. R—— shook his head, saying, "he is simply killing himself now with all the work he has taken upon his shoulders; everyone who leaves the country begs him to assume power of attorney until I am always watching for the last straw." Here Colonel K—— interrupted, saying, "But these ladies have a very valuable cargo which, if well managed, should yield them a handsome profit, and someone ought to be at the head to take reports from their agents. Next year, if they take my advice, they will only bring in the money—nothing else—which can be so easily invested either in claims that pay five hundred per cent., or in lending money at ten per cent. a month."

As we finished luncheon word came by telephone (there are a few in Dawson) that our steamer *Flora* was on a sandbar and that a drop of ten degrees in the mercury would freeze the river and arrest all further navigation." "Is there no possible way of getting out, then?" we cried.

"Yes," replied Colonel K——, "the *Domville* sails in an hour, and I advise you to try and catch her, as it may be your last chance. I can let you have a boat and men to go across and get all your luggage." We hastily decided that I should go at once on board the *Domville*, see the purser, look at a cabin, and find out the latest possible moment for sailing, thence to the steamship office to pay for tickets, while E—— purchased eatables and a few necessary things for the trip, and by that time the boat and men would be ready to take us over for our luggage. We met M—— taking unusually long strides, and he shouted, "Yeze had better hurry and get out by the *Domville*; the *Flora* 's on a sand-bar."

On board I dashed, with Mr. R—— helping me across a gangplank so long and so narrow that I should never have dared attempt to walk it except under such excitement, and ran up the steps to the purser's office. A crowd thronged around the door, but, with the usual deference shown to women by the rough diamonds who handle pick and shovel in Alaska, way was made for me. The purser replied in answer to my question, "Nothing can be had except at the office." The ship was so terribly crowded that there was scarcely standing room. Off to the office we rushed, I, far ahead, turned to see if Mr. R—— had been lost. "I 'm following," he cried. "Your excitement means single file!" The office was not only packed to repletion, but there was also a long line of men waiting in the streets, hoping for the best. As I approached the desk, the clerk said, "Give A—— M—— and his partner two bunks in the six-roomed cabin." The Kloudike King, who could have chartered a thousand such steamers! I first asked for a cabin for two. "Cabin! why, my dear madam, there is not even a berth! The men who are now buying tickets are to sleep on floors, tables, or anywhere else."—"When will the *Willie Irving* go?"—"Thursday, if she gets in on time."—"Then put Miss V—— and me down for a cabin on her, please."—"There are no cabins, but we can curtain off a place for you."—"Anything—rather than be frozen in."

I then went in search of E——, and we gazed at each other in despair, which became deeper as we saw the *Domville* push out on her homeward trip. Kind friends insisted upon our remaining over for dinner in order to try and cheer our drooping spirits. After doing many commissions and spending an hour with Mrs. T——, I went back to the Alaska Commercial Company, where I met "Arizona Charlie." "So you did not get off? But don't worry, there will be several more chances yet, and even if you should be frozen in, you won't find it so bad." "What is the matter with your show?" I asked; "it has not been running for some time."—"No, we have a contract for four months, but cannot fulfil it as we can get no 86° gasoline, and we had such an accident trying another kind that the theatre people won't let us exhibit again until the electric-light plant is ready."

We were soon met by Colonel K——, Mr. McF——, Captain B——, and Mr. R——, who gave us a most charming dinner at the Fairview Hotel. At a table near us sat our old friend A——, dining alone. Next to us were some very nice California "boys," and one or two others of the Alaska Commercial Company. As the mandolin and guitar gave us the strains of an old familiar song, the "boys" took up the chorus, which was so well sung and so inspiring that we could not refrain from joining in also. We were invited to go to the theatre after the dinner, but thought of poor Jones waiting to row us back and so went to Mrs. T——'s, where he had promised to meet us. Her rooms are over the big saloon of C——, who, although he runs bar and gambling tables, is one of the biggest-hearted men in town.

We found our boatman awaiting us, but looking very serious as he said, "It 's the blackest night we 've ever had; there 's a strong wind blowing, an' it 's dangerous to cross the river, but I 'm ready to row you over if you 're willin' to take the risk." Mrs. T—— interposed, saying, "I would n't cross to-night for a thousand dollars down; one of you could take my room." Here C—— entered, and, hearing the discussion, said, "It 's too big a risk; you take your lives in your hand, and could go to the bottom without anyone's being able to find your boat, even, in this darkness.

Take my room, and I 'll wrap up in blankets and sleep on the floor, just as I 've done for years previous to putting up this building," and, in spite of all our protests, orders were given, his nice big room prepared for us, and we were duly installed. To think of it! A four-poster, regular mattress, sheets, pillows, and pillow-cases. How curious it all seemed, after having rolled up in furs and blankets for two months! We could see through the cracks in the floor, however, down into the barroom below, and could hear the gamblers calling, at the roulette-table, red or black, triumphantly or despairingly as they won or lost.

Wednesday, September 21st.

We were up and dressed before nine o'clock, and went to thank Mrs. T—— and say good-bye, but saw through the crack in her board door that she was still soundly sleeping. We went to the Alaska Commercial Company, where we soon signed the papers giving to Colonel K—— power of attorney for us, purchased some heavy woollen hose, and then went back to have breakfast under our own roof. Before starting, we met C——, who reproached us for having left so early, as he had ordered breakfast sent to our room, only to find that we had gone. We stopped at the grocer's to make some purchases and learned that our second box of drugs *had* arrived by the *Rideout* with the others, but that it had been stored in another warehouse from which he had just received it. This careless mode of delivering goods makes one feel a strong desire to intrust one's valuables only to the Alaska Commercial Company or North American Transportation Company.

Ivan, who had been a solitary prisoner during our absence greeted us with wild bounds of joy. Our house seemed like a barn after the civilisation on the other side. We soon had a nice breakfast of chops, toast, and potatoes, and then E—— went up the hill with Jones, he carrying boards and logs, she, nails and a hammer, with which to build a cache and get it finished before the surveyor should arrive to survey the land. Before night the cache was finished and marked with E——'s name, as being paid for to the Lumber and

Land Commissioner. During their absence, "Si" S—— arrived to inquire if we had received certain logs and, if so, to get money for the same; there were eleven of them at a dollar apiece, for which he promptly received payment and went off happy, looking as though the rain-storm had rather benefited him than otherwise, and as though he had no further need of hospitals. Next came my "long-haired labourer" to know when he should take our luggage across the river, as he could not find out about our steamer.

E—— returned from Dawson (whither she had gone again to see about the possibilities of "getting out") in a most excited state. "Neither the *Willie Irving* nor the *Flora* is in yet, and there is no news of them, so I went on board the new steamer of M—— and S——, the *Clara*, which they will send up the river to-morrow. They have offered us the best cabins on board if we decide to-night that we will go with them, but we must let them know *at once*, as everyone who wants to go out is frightened, and their office is crowded with applicants. Even Mr. and Mrs. F—— do not dare to wait for their own steamer, the *Flora*. I stopped to consult with Colonel K——, and he said, 'Go by all means, if you want to get out. If you want to stay all winter, we will give you the most charming one you have ever had, but if you are determined to run for home this may be your last chance,' and he wrote you this note," added E——, as she handed it to me. It read, "Mrs. H——, Present. Madam: 'You put!' and thereby accept the advice of yours without a struggle, O. B. K——."—"We must hurry and have dinner, so I can go back and tell M—— of our decision." "Oh, don't go back to-night, E——; it is darker than last night, and the cabin will surely be reserved until morning."—"No, M—— said I must come myself or else we could not have it; he has promised me the whole ship, and he means what he says." "Why, she 's washed every dish," shouted Jones, who had rowed E—— home; "would you believe it! and when she first cum here she could n't do nothing. She 'll know how to work well foreninst the time that she gets through with this country."

Just as we were dining, who should enter but our former Jack-of-all-trades, looking as though he had tramped many a mile. His beard had grown. He said he had been chopping trees where fire had been before him and blackened trunks and boughs, so that he felt too unclean for the presence of ladies, but could go no farther. "Shall I ask him to sit down and eat with us?" said E—— in French. "it is inhuman not to do so." Isaacs understood French, and looked such an object of pity that my sympathies were aroused as well as E——'s, so that the cordiality of our invitation soon overcame his scruples, and he thoroughly enjoyed the beefsteak, which he said was the first he had tasted in weeks. He was too fatigued to remain long after dinner, but begged to be allowed to come and assist us in the morning. Jones rowed E—— across the river to secure our cabin, and pay a deposit of twenty dollars. E—— and Von M—— spent the evening with me. The latter having secured another "ad" at thirty dollars a week, felt that the magic lantern was more than paying for itself. He strongly advised our leaving at once by the *Clara*, as the *Flora*, if on a sand-bar, might not be able to make another trip, adding that Mr. F—, the owner, feared to wait longer, and intended to take his wife on the *Clara*. Just then another mouse ran close to my chair. When E—— discovered that these little creatures made my life miserable, he began to whittle, and soon had made from three sticks of wood a most ingenious mouse-trap, for which I was most grateful. When E—— returned the die was cast, our deposit made, and we were to be ready to sail the following day at noon on the *Clara*.

Thursday, September 22d.

On opening the cabin door early this morning, what was my surprise to see the ground all white and the snow falling heavily. A groan from E—— informed me that from her cot she also had caught a glimpse of the white mantle. "Now it *is* hopeless," she cried, "and we shall not be able to get out this winter. A direful death was predicted for me, and the prophecy will surely be fulfilled if the ice shuts us in. We have received assurances, however, from different ones," said I, "that the river will flow for several weeks yet. We had better make an early start, and be on the Dawson side in plenty of time to attend to last commissions."

Hardly were we dressed when Jerry W—— appeared, saying, "Well, ladies, I can't let you go off without telling you what splendid property you have on Bear Creek. It is now considered finer than anything yet discovered." "Oh, Mr. W—— do let me have that gold you panned out from there; I 'll give you any price you like to ask," said I. "It 's awfully hard to refuse you, but it 's all I 've got, and if I can get out it will sell my claim for me at a high figure."—"But you won't get out, and you 'll go to Bear Creek many more times."—"If I were sure of that, you might have it and welcome, but I just wanted to tell you ladies not to sell even a half-interest for less than twenty thousand, unprospected as your land is, because the moment it is developed it will probably be worth at least ten times that." The long-haired neighbour then came to nail up our boxes; our trunks were too large and unwieldy to be packed over the Pass, and were to be left behind, particularly as we had been offered fifty dollars each therefor, anything with lock and key being valuable. Ivan, who had heard many offers from those who wished to care for him during the winter, and an offer of a thousand dollars cash for him, seemed to realise that we were about to depart. The intelligent beast began dragging his blankets across the floor and, as we watched him, put them in a large telescope bag, then got into the bag and seated himself upon the blankets, seemingly content that his preparations were made. It was such an unusal thing for a dog to do that I immediately got my Kodak and took a picture of him, in order to have proof that my story was not a Yukon fable.

The neighbours came in to lend a hand, and consoled E—— by assuring her that the mercury would have to be ten degrees lower than at present before the river would freeze over. K—— and Von M—— had the honour of rowing us across, while two other neighbours took over our boxes and bags in their big boat. We boarded the *Clara* and asked if we had a few moments to spare. "Oh, she may not go out until four or five o'clock," said the Captain, "and then it will be so late that we had better wait until morning." E—— started off to the office of the owner to discover the cause of the delay, while I went to Colonel K——'s to deliver to him the keys of the house and written instructions concerning everything left therein. Just then we saw the *Flora*, which has made the trip safely many times, coming in, and we were advised by several to change to her, in preference to going on a steamer that has never been to the White Horse, with a captain who has the channel yet to learn, particularly as the river is very low—many rafts, even, being on sand-bars. Some old captains, however, prefer low water, saying that the channel shows so much more distinctly. As I entered the Alaska Commercial Company's, George approached me with another man to be paid for logs. "Why, George, I have paid already for more logs than there are in the cabin ; our affairs are now in the hands of Colonel K——, who will settle with this man if his claim be just." "You can't go off without paying *me*," said the man in a brutal way; "I 'll attach your luggage." "Come up-stairs," said I, in my most freezing manner.

I saw that Colonel K—— was busily engaged with several men, so began to retreat, but the gallant Colonel insisted upon my entering and seating myself. George was told to remain outside. Two men with enormously rich claims, which will probably give them handsome fortunes next year, had used up all their means in preparing their land for the winter's work, and had left men to develop them. They were anxious to "go out" and remain until the spring clean-up, but were land-poor, and had not the wherewithal. They had applied, as does everyone, to the kindly, generous-hearted Colonel, who, as is well known, is ever ready to lend a helping hand to all in distress, much to the anxiety of those who surround him, as they fear that not only his purse but his time will be taxed to such a degree as to interfere with his personal duties. In this case, the men did not plead in vain. Then the Colonel said, "And now, Mrs. H——, what can I do for you this morning?" "I am in trouble again, Colonel, and, as you hold my power of attorney, I wanted to turn the man over to you, but he won't listen to it. We counted the logs in our house yesterday, and there are not as many logs in the entire cabin as this additional number would make."—"Where is the man who now wishes to impose upon you?"—"Outside the door with the overseer." Up sprang the quick, wiry Colonel. The two men entered, doffing their hats. "Be seated," said the Colonel, motioning to two chairs facing him; he then began a series of cross-questioning worthy of the sharpest attorney, quick and to the point, so that the men had no time to consult. In five minutes he said, "I shall go over myself and count the logs in that cabin to-morrow morning; and woe to the man who has tried to impose on these two ladies, as their affairs are now in my hands, and if anyone has dared to 'do them' he will have to answer to me." "And to me, too," said George, "for they treated me handsome, like I was a gentleman, and I ain't a-goin' to see them done, neither." "I only want what 's mine," said Pat, "and would n't cheat them out of a penny, for they 've been kind to all o' us boys."

Just then E—— came in and said, "The Collector of Customs tells me that they have no engineer for the *Clara* and that she is not going out to-day, as half of the crew are missing; all our luggage is on board, but we 'll never get away." —"Don't worry, Miss V——. Will you leave this to me also? I 'll send for the owner, find out exactly how matters stand, and, in case it seems wise, will have all your goods and chattels transferred to the *Flora*." E—— breathed a sigh of relief, and said, "Then if there is nothing else for me to do, I can accept an invitation to luncheon which I have partially refused, as I 'm simply starving," and off she went, grateful as are all others who never apply in vain for advice or assistance to this kindest of men. "And now, Mrs. H——, please make a few explanations in regard to these instructions, and then you must take your last luncheon with me at the Hoffman House, which is quite close at hand." Business was soon finished, and off we started, followed by the faithful Ivan, who remained quietly at my feet during the repast. Among the celebrities who were lunching there was "Nigger Jim," who looked very handsome in his rich garb of fur, which covered him from ears to heels. It was the first time I had seen him with a coat on, as he prefers shirt-sleeves even at the theatre and at a dance.

After luncheon the Colonel invited me back to the office, sent for M——, and interviewed him in regard to the *Clara*. "I had an engineer last night," said M——, "and we were all ready to start, but the man got drunk, so I discharged him on the spot, as I would not risk the lives of passengers and crew by taking out a fellow who drinks. However, I have many applicants for the position, and shall surely have a good man in a few hours."—"And your captain, has he ever made the trip before?" "No," said M——, "but we have the best pilot who ever navigated, and with our strong engines are sure to reach White Horse before any other steamer."—"Well, when you get your engineer, come back and let me know who he is." As M—— left I thanked the good Colonel most heartily, and told him that as there was evidently no chance of our getting away until the following day, he must come and dine with us at the Fairview, where we should spend the night, and then went off, followed by Ivan, to attend to final commissions.

Soon there came a message from Colonel K——, saying, "Have made inquiries, and find that the *Flora* has more chances of accomplishing the trip than has the *Clara*, so better change at once." E—— and I divided duties—I to purchase tickets, go to steamer and select room, and see that our satchels were placed as we wanted them, she to go to the office of the *Clara* to have deposit refunded, as they had not kept their contract of sailing on the 22d. I saw the wife of the captain of the *Flora*, who showed me a small cabin with two berths, but the best on board. The door was of boards nailed together, the hook a twisted screw, the bunks of tightly stretched canvas, of canvas also the wall which separated us from the extremely narrow deck; the only article of furniture was a box standing on end holding a tin basin. There was no pitcher, no glass, no mirror, neither soap nor towels—absolutely nothing but the tin basin and the places in which to throw our blankets and pillows. Comfortless, to be sure, but safe—the one steamer which is now to be depended upon. Fare one hundred and twenty dollars to the end of the route, and all meals two dollars extra, while upon the *Clara* the fare was one hundred dollars, and meals one dollar each.

At 7.30 Colonel K—— came for dinner; at the same time E—— returned, saying, "M—— refuses to return the deposit; says he has fitted up a room with mattresses, sheets, and pillow-cases—unknown luxuries in steamer travel in this part of the world—has laid in a supply of delicacies just for us, and that we promised to go with him, but only changed our minds when the *Flora* came in. I told him his contract had first been broken by not sailing at the appointed time, and now he holds us to our agreement, and the luggage is still on board his boat, which is to start at daybreak in the morning." Colonel K—— was at once all energy. "Ring up No. — on the telephone," he said to the man at the office. "Tell —— to come to the 'phone. Go at once to M——, the owner of the *Clara*, and tell him to deliver to you *immediately* all the luggage belonging to the two ladies, take them to my storehouse, and make a list of them, bring it here to see if it be correct, and then put the things on board the *Flora* early to-morrow morning," and the Colonel dropped the 'phone, turned to us, and changed the subject.

E—— manifested the most lively gratitude, and the deepest regret that she was dining out and could not join us. I thoroughly enjoyed listening to the Colonel's wonderful experiences, which presented the many sides of his character most vividly. Justice, enormous will-power, and strong individuality predominated over all else. The grandest courage in trying moments was manifested last year when famine stared the many in the face, and he alone quelled the riot when no one else dared to face the anger of the mob. Filled with a keen

THE FLORA.

sense of justice, the men knew that he would patiently listen to their grievances, and that their wrongs would be righted, so they were willing to abide by his decision, whether for or against them. Many a man had he helped, many a devoted slave had he, but not from him did I learn all this, as he was one who let not his left hand know the doings of his right, and if one expressed admiration for his splendid qualities, he would laugh him to scorn, and tell of a side of his nature which was filled with "deviltry," as he expressed it. Stories of home-life also were told and his fondness for music was spoken of, and this reminds me that whenever he entered the dining-room of the Fairview the little orchestra always played *Ben Bolt*.

The Colonel would accept no praise for the wonderful way in which he has developed the interests of the Alaska Commercial Company in Dawson ; said he was but an instrument in the hands of men who are at the head of a grand scheme, and told of their deeds of generosity and kindness until I confessed shame at the criticisms with which the first part of my journal was filled. "Yes," said he, "you should be ashamed. Can you not recognise the grandeur of the pioneers ?—their schemes to develop new countries, to aid the miner, to provide him with food even when a corner in the market would allow them to ask enormous prices ? Their charges never vary, so that the miners feel that they are to be depended upon under any and all circumstances. You may have met with some unfaithful servants, but why should you criticise the whole, of which you know so little ? Oh, woman, woman, why can you not be noble and generous ?" "You make me feel like wiping out many pages," said I, "but still, mine is only a journal of daily events, faithfully and truly recorded." "Yes, but should you not regret it if your statements caused others to doubt the efficiency of so noble a company ? And now, madam," said the Colonel, "it is ten o'clock. I must work all night, and see the *Sarah* started for St. Michaels early to-morrow morning. I shall be too busy for words, so it is better to say good-bye now and wish you *bon voyage*. I am only sorry that we did not meet when you first arrived, so that I might have saved you from impositions, and have arranged your affairs in such a way that your stay would have been a pleasure instead of being filled with much anxiety as it seems to have been." With this the noble fellow departed, and I saw him no more.

The manager of the hotel came to me, saying, "One of your former neighbours, Mr. O——, is here ill with typhoid fever. He is quite alone, but recognised your voice and wants to know if you won't stop and speak to him." I hastened to comply with his request, and found the poor fellow burning with fever, and looking very thin and wan. There was absolutely nothing to be done for him, except to try and cheer him up a bit, which I did until the fear of tiring him sent me to my room—the best in the hotel, but tiny and heated by a pipe that went through the hall. Although the windows had been ordered months before, they had never arrived, so a sheet was tacked up to keep out the air; there was just room enough for a home-made bedstead, with a real mattress, and although it was one which my maid at home might have scorned, it seemed luxurious to me, as I slipped in between sheets once more instead of rolling up in blankets. How this kind of life teaches one to appreciate even the commonest comforts of home, and yet how stuffy and uncomfortable will seem overheated rooms after such an abundance of pure air. As I turned to blow out the candle, I stopped to admire the ingenuity of the candlestick, a flat piece ot wood long enough to hold a cake of soap at one end, on the other three long nails sufficiently separated to admit of a candle being slipped in between. On the table was a tin basin, but no pitcher—that and a slop-bucket, and a few pegs in the wooden wall completed the furnishings except for the unusual luxury of a carpet and curtains. One puff, the light was out, and then oblivion.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ADIEU TO DAWSON

Friday, September 23d.

CALLED at seven, and after dressing went into E——'s room to make plans for the day and we divided duties as usual. I went to the warehouse at the other end of town, and found not only all our goods and chattels, but also the protégé of Colonel K—— with the list for me to examine. Nothing was missing, so with a line of thanks to our good friend, whom I would not disturb, as he was still engrossed in trying to clear the *Sarah*, I started for the office of the Crown Agent, who, fortunately, had arrived at an early hour. When he heard that our land had not only been "jumped" but the cache torn down, he said, "The stakes will still be there, as it is a six-months' offence to pull them out."—"No, even the stakes are gone."—"Impossible! Don't you worry. I 'll go to-morrow and find out all about it, and you may rest assured that your rights will be protected." So, thanking him, and receiving best wishes for a prosperous trip, I went to the post-office, as a home mail had recently arrived. "Not ready for distribution," said the postmaster as he opened the door in answer to my repeated knocks. "But my steamer goes in an hour, and it would be cruel to leave without letters from home." "We 'll see what we can do, if you have time to return in half an hour." I glanced about the office which had been transformed since the arrival of this new and energetic postmaster. Many more boxes had been put up, instead of having just a few against the wall as formerly, leaving the large room to be crowded with men.

Having had some friendly hints, I purchased bread, butter, sardines, and jam, and other delicacies. The flannels which we had brought with us were not nearly heavy enough for a climb over the Pass. The articles desired had been received by the Alaska Commercial Company, but as so many of their steamers had come into port with heavy cargoes, the warehouses had been filled to overflowing. For three days the obliging men had been searching for the box containing the goods we were in need of, but, as the last moments drew near and we dared not wait longer, we bought men's flannels instead. Back to the post-office, accompanied by "Arizona Charlie," where I found a dozen letters. "Did you get any for me?" said he.—"No; unfortunately they had only reached the H's, so I could not get all of mine, and not even one for Miss V——."—"I 'm going to the steamer to see you off, and hope you 'll come back next year." We were joined by Von M——, who said, "The *Clara* has already gone. Don't you wish you 'd had the first start?"—"No, for we are sure to pass her."

Down on the dock we were joined by neighbours, acquaintances, and friends, all but the busy Colonel K——, we who had arrived strangers and friendless, with only one to meet us. Mr. W—— was among the many who turned up to see us off. I immediately began another attack. "If you *would* sell me just a little of that beautiful Bear Creek gold." "Why can't you let her have a little?" said Von M——. "Because I may go out by the next steamer myself if I can make it, and should then need it; there 's nobody else I 'd rather give it to. Captain B—— has been begging for it for a week, as he has a claim on the other side." Others crowded in with their good wishes. The last moment had come, when W—— appeared, saying, "Well, I 've concluded to let you have it upon condition that you 'll advertise half my interest for sale, so that I can get money enough to work it in fine style."—"Gladly, and send you and your wife each a copy of the paper or papers," and with a sigh of pleasure I accepted the small paper of the prettiest gold I have ever seen—but perhaps I am prejudiced.

W——, Jones, and other friends raised their hats as the whistle blew for the last time, the steamer slowly moved from her wharf, and this was the last of Dawson and of some of the most unusual experiences women could have. There were tears in E——'s eyes, and my own felt misty as I thought of the kind, good fellows obliged to remain through the winter, shut in by ice and snow from all communication with home and loved ones, though longing to be on the homeward-bound steamer. Some had to stay to protect their interests, others to work their claims, many were ashamed to leave without having made their pile, and were daily growing poorer, and so we were carrying back letters for them filled with hope of what another year might bring, and hiding from their families their trials and privations. Dawson was soon far in the distance, although the usual late passenger had called us back that he might scramble on board. It took us a long while to stow three telescope bags into a place where there was scarcely space for one, and to spread out our blankets on the narrow bunks. Finally we were at liberty to sit on the bench outside the door and watch the magnificent scenery with mountains on either side. The captain very kindly asked us into the pilot-house, where we enjoyed the superb view until dinner-time, 6 P.M. We went down with Mr. F—— and his fascinating little wife. Hash was the only hot dish; there were one or two kinds of tinned meats, stewed apples, and a dry cake. Two dollars each! E—— and I concluded that the box of delicacies we had with us would provide food quite as nourishing, and more palatable—so decided not to patronise the table again.

After dinner I had an interesting conversation with a fellow passenger, who, after a thorough survey of this part of the world, has concluded that the mines in Australia are far superior. While admiring Ivan he inquired if I had ever seen the Australian dog. "You would like him, as you care for *big* dogs; he is larger than the Great Dane, in shape like a greyhound, and is trained to kill the kangaroo. He always springs at the throat. A man not far from where I was ranching went out to visit one of his mines, taking his dog with him. She had recently had pups, and must have felt some uneasiness about them, for she deserted her master, fortunately, and went back. On his return much later, he found three blacks lying in front of his cabin dead, each with his throat torn. They had come to attack and steal, noticing that he had taken the dog with him on his departure, but were surprised and killed before they had had time to murder wife or child, or even to beat a retreat."

Saturday, September 24th.

What luck that we did not go on the *Clara!* She is now far behind us on a sand-bar, and we are mentally thanking good Colonel K—— for his advice. Our captain is chuckling over having passed her, and told the story in this way: "I saw the *Clara* in shoal water, moving slowly and evidently waiting for me to pass so as to follow in my wake, so what did I do but go round the island and take another channel, and she, in trying to get out, went high and dry on the bar." "Do you never stop to tow off a boat in that condition?" "Not much! that belongs to a rival firm and our business is to beat her by just as many hours as possible." The next event was being signalled for, by a large scow. As we approached we saw nine bunks in rows of three on a side, a long table, at which sat at least a dozen men at dinner, of which the most prominent dish was one of beans. "What do you want?" shouted the captain. "Want to give you a passenger," so we tied up alongside. A man scrambled on board, and off we started again, leaving behind us this scow belonging to the Arctic Express Company. This company, we learned from the *Klondike Nugget*, "is a British one with President Battenbury of the *Ora*, *Flora*, and *Nora* line of steamboats at its head. It is engaged in perfecting a plan of building provision cabins all along the Yukon River and upper lakes, with relays of dog teams all the way. It is also planned to provide a mail service twice a month." If this plan is carried out, it will be of inestimable benefit to the Klondike region during the coming winter.

Towards evening a scow passed and was stopped in order to send off one of our passengers in her. The story told was that he had come on board intoxicated, thinking that he was bound for St. Michaels. When he recovered and found himself going in the opposite direction there was a scene, and he wanted to get off at the first landing-place, but his story was regarded as a Yukon fable, and rather than give him a lift of forty or fifty miles, and land him at the station which he was desirous of reaching, they decided to insure his return to Dawson by placing him in special charge of the captain of the scow, who called out as we were leaving, "We 'll treat him right. We 'll feed him well." We also stopped twice during the day to land passengers on shores which looked most forbidding and inhospitable. Two mounted police came on board from the Stewart River station to see if some commissions had been attended to. There was the most magnificent of pyrotechnical effects, which would have been beautiful to watch had it not been so dangerous as to drive us all into our cabins at 8 P.M. The cinders from the funnel fell in showers. Poor Ivan, who had been lifted by four men onto the upper deck (as he seemed to me so much in the way on the narrow corridor where we all sat) had trembled all day at the rifle shots, as the passengers aimed at ducks that were to be seen in great numbers ; had started at the sound of the whistle ; had shivered with the cold, and now presented a pitiable appearance as many of the sparks fell upon him, so the men were called and he was lifted down again.

Some men near by were telling stories. W——, of Seattle, contributed this : "A boy's mother heard that he had been swearing. When she accused him of it, he said, in a fit of indignation, 'Who told you ?' 'Oh, a little bird.' The boy thought for an instant, and then cried, 'I 'll bet it was one of them d——d sparrows.'" This reminded me of a child at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The father was executive officer of the ——, and the boy often accompanied

LIFE ON A BARGE.

him on board. He had taken a great fancy to a German sailor whom he always sought and remained with until the last possible moment. One morning as Master B—— was planning to go on board his mother interfered with his pleasure by keeping him at home to have his head shampooed. The child's head was over the basin as he submitted to the operation with poor grace; finally the little fellow could bear it no longer, and cried out, "When they do anything to my German sailor that he don't like, he just calls on the Lord—an' he ain't prayin' neither," said B—— stoutly, looking his mother squarely in the eyes, to see how she would take it, and whether he would dare do the same. "You let me hear you calling on the Lord, my boy, when you are not praying, and you shall never see your German sailor again." So B—— decided then and there not to imitate in one respect the man whom he so greatly admired.

Sunday, September 25th.

We peeped out this morning, but finding the decks covered thickly with cinders, and sparks flying in all directions, decided that it was much better to lie in our bunks and write, as there was not room to sit in the cabin and do so. The door was left slightly ajar, so that we might get the magnificent view yet not be seen. The mountains became more grand, the banks more brilliant. Here and there patches of red mingled with green and made the scene variegated and a delight to the eye. We heard the whistle of a steamer, which was high and dry on a sand-bar. The passengers said that they were from Vancouver with a cargo of cattle and sheep which they declared had been turned ashore to graze for a while—a story which seemed to us most highly improbable. Shortly after we heard talk of the *Willie Irving* in the distance, so concluded to dress and get pictures of her, and were just in time for a couple of shots; she was pushing a scow and had been on a sand-bar for two days. Our passengers sang,

"We've been to Dawson City,
Oh what a pity
That we've left it behind."

The next point of interest was a sailboat stranded on the beach and abandoned. We also passed a good-sized steam-launch, and although the only sign of habitation on shore was a tent, we saw two women, nattily garbed in golf costume, tramping along the bank. A mile or two farther on a Peterboro' canoe approached, the occupant signalling us. We stopped as he came alongside, asked for Mr. F——, had his interview, and departed.

The mountains on either side are becoming higher, some of them snow-topped. Now that we have grown accustomed to such close quarters, and such tiny rooms, the trip would be ideal were it not for the constant shower of cinders which penetrate even the cabins. A carpenter has been in and put up three small shelves for us and taken out the box, which was only large enough to hold the basin and a tin cup of water. After dinner a kind fellow passenger loaned us the canvas from his bunk to put up over our heads as an awning. This protected us from cinders, and we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. F—— and one or two others, who sat spinning yarns until quite late. Ivan narrowly escaped a fall overboard, and this evoked a story of a traveller whose pet dog had fallen into the water. He begged the captain to stop and pick him up, but the captain replied that he could not, except to save human life. "Then save mine," said the owner of the dog as he sprang over and swam to him.

Monday, September 26th.

At seven we tied up to a bank for wood, but our stay there was short, as the wood was all green. At 8.30 tied up again, and I took a number of snap-shots of some of the passengers as they felled trees to supply us with fuel for the remainder of the trip to Fort Selkirk, which is less than forty miles distant. The passengers returned, bringing beautiful leaves of variegated colours that grow along the edge of the bank. Poplar trees are very abundant; also birch. The felled trees soon covered the lower deck, the whistle blew "all aboard," and we were off. The men then began sawing the wood into proper lengths for the mouth of the ever yawning furnace.

The purser kindly offered E—— his room and a desk at which to write. After a while she came to me saying, "Read this letter; it will explain itself. I found out about it last night. It really ought to be headed the 'Parrot Mystery.'"

"ON BOARD THE 'FLORA.'

"DEAR COLONEL K——:

"I have just discovered something in connection with our affairs which I think you would like to know. About a fortnight before our departure from Dawson Mr. —— took our parrot, to have it raffled. The following day, he told me the parrot had died. Both he and —— related how they had taken it out of the cage and nursed and petted it until it breathed its last. I asked to see the bird, but was told it had been thrown away. A week later, as —— started to row me across the Yukon, he was hailed by a man who asked for 'a lift.' This passenger asked what had become of the parrot, saying that he missed it. —— assured him that it had died within twenty-four hours of its removal from West Dawson. The man denied this, saying it was the liveliest bird for a dead bird he had ever seen. One of the passengers on this boat now tells me that the parrot did not die; that it was a put-up job between —— and ——, who wished to have the bird for Mrs. ——. Our fellow-passenger overheard a conversation between these two men and insisted upon an explanation. The parrot was perfectly well when it left our tent and undoubtedly is now in the land of the living. We valued him at fifty dollars. It seems incredible that ——, who was always so kind, would have attempted to cheat us in such a manner, but here are the proofs, and if you can find out anything about it, we should be greatly indebted. The empty cage was taken to M—— and S——'s store a couple of days before we left.

"Very sincerely,

"E—— V——."

The next steamer passed was the *John C. Barr*, tied up some miles below Fort Selkirk, taking on board cattle. On we went, admiring the beautiful rocks, the walls of volcanic formation, the red patches which we were told was very fine moss ; at length a promontory of rocks came into view, with a head of the same material so clearly defined that general attention was at once attracted to it. It had been reclining there for ages, and will probably be visible to future generations who may make this trip when all on board this little steamer shall have passed away. Before dinner we saw the *Ora* in the distance tied to a bank and evidently awaiting us. We were soon alongside only to hear the sad news that our captain, purser, and the most obliging of stewards had orders to exchange with those on the *Ora*. Our second captain was much disgruntled at having his crew broken up and his plans changed, and expressed himself accordingly.

We had news that the *Domville* was " stuck on a bar " fifteen miles beyond Selkirk. Great was the rejoicing, not because she was in hard luck, but that we should pass her in all probability. Towards dusk, we tied up at the famous Fort Selkirk, too late for photographing, and the banks were so steep that climbing them was an obstacle we did not care to surmount, although sorely tempted to do so, when we saw the good missionary and his wife, who had been our fellow passengers from San Francisco. Their invitation to land was most cordial, but the time was so short that we contented ourselves with chatting from steamer deck to shore. The moon, which we had heretofore seen only peeping for a short while nightly above the mountain-tops, now came forth in full glory and presented a view of what appeared to be most perfect silhouettes of the hundred or more inhabitants on the banks, mingled with some fine specimens of Canadian officials and soldiers ; but the aurora borealis, which was so often visible from our home in West Dawson, has not during this trip favoured us with its beautiful light. Great flocks of crane flew high above our heads, southward bound.

" There 's something for you to get a shot at," said to me early in the afternoon the tall passenger who had been so nearly left behind at Dawson, as he pointed to an enormous drove of cattle grazing on the side of a mountain. Thanking him, I touched the button, although the sun was in the wrong direction. We were soon engaged in conversation. He had been one of the fortunate ones in the land of gold; had not been "out" for four years; had a few hundred thousands in gold dust with him, and was leaving many fine claims to which he must return in the spring. "I never thought one could enjoy life so much," said he, "as I did on my last return home, and now, after another four years in the mines, I am expecting the same pleasures again. I went to Alaska ten years ago, and am one of the pioneers. At that time there was not one woman in the country." Here the Virginian was called away by some of the men with whom he seemed to be most popular. "Well, how d' yer like Bill?" called out another passenger. "Did you ever read that long article in the paper about him, a-callin' him a Klondike King? No? Want ter see it? I been makin' a collection to see how many Klondike Kings we 've got, an' I have stories about fifty of 'em with me. I 'll go an' get yer the one about him," and he soon returned with the following:

"MINING KING OF ALASKA

"HOW BILL L—— AND HIS CLAIM NO. — PANNED OUT IN THE NEW EL DORADO

"A Typical Story by a Newspaper Correspondent to the *Cincinnati Post*, January 30, 1898, showing the Turns of Fortune's Wheel in a Gold Camp.

"DAWSON, YUKON RIVER, N. W. T.,
"Nov. 30, 1897, 6.50 A.M.

"There is an El Dorado King snoring peacefully within six feet of me. He occupies the far side of my cabin bed, from which I have just arisen, and, for aught I know, he is dreaming of steam-yachts, Delmonico suppers, and gifts to orphan asylums. My friend, Bill L——, the unconscious object of these remarks, is a six-footer from H—— ——, West Virginia. He entered the world under somewhat discouraging circumstances in the year 1860. His father was by no

From a Photograph by E. A. Hegg.

PIONEERS OF DAWSON.

means a wealthy man, owning a small farm, and Bill, together with his six brothers, began early to hustle for a living. Most of the boys drifted West, and entered various pursuits. Bill tried farming in Kansas, but finally drifted north, using the polar star as his guide to fortune.

"In the spring of 1889 he entered the Yukon country, boating down to Forty Mile Creek, where I found him working on a claim a few months later. In the summer of 1890, I again visited Forty Mile, and discovered L—— sluicing an unprofitable claim. He accepted an offer from me to pack one hundred pounds of provisions across the Tanana River at fifteen dollars per day, and thus became a member of the Leslie expedition. There was something about L——'s grit that struck me most favourably, and after we had parted company through the expiration of our agreement, I aways kept him in mind. His determination to win a fortune out of the Northlands was the most patent characteristic of the man, and grimly he stuck by his job.

"After I left Alaska, L—— kept on mining, showing considerable judgment in selecting profitable ground. Twice he made small strikes on Miller Creek and Birch Creek, taking out a few thousand dollars surplus cash each time, which he carried back to West Virginia and salted down in farm mortgages, returning again to the Yukon.

"The subject of this sketch, as the professional biographers say, did not come to Klondike with the first rush, although near by at other diggings. He discredited the fabulous stories that flew upon the winds from camp to camp, and stuck to his job of sluicing some moderately good ground. But, finally, the reports came too thick and fast to be doubted longer and Bill made an off hand decision. Dropping his pick where he had been working, he rushed into his cabin, seized a few necessary articles of food and apparel, and bolted down the gulch for the Yukon, leaving behind all his other property, mining claim, cabin, cooking utensils, tools, rifle, and a big stock of provisions, none of which he has seen again to this day. Jumping into a skiff he rowed furiously down the river, arriving in Dawson April, 1897. He quickly legged it out to the gulch and began surveying the ground. Other people had been before him in staking off the best territory, and Bill's chances were slim. But he was not to be downed easily. Casting his experienced eye over El Dorado Creek, a branch of the Klondike, he decided to make or break by the biggest gamble of his life.

"Turning to the owners of claim No. —, and scouting the unlucky number, he boldly offered thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for a three-eighths interest in the five-hundred-foot strip of ground. The offer, which seemed to be a phenomenally large one, was eagerly snapped up and Bill found himself installed in three-eighths possession with Messrs. C—, owning one-eighth, G——, two-eighths, M——, one-eighth, and T——, one-eighth. As Bill had loaned out all of his ready money, and was only worth at best ten thousand dollars, he was obliged to run in debt for his entire interest, promising to pay from the proceeds of the claim when he struck bed-rock. His partners considered him the best man to operate the claim, and put everything into his hands as superintendent at twenty dollars a day. And now Bill did some of the finest hustling of his life. Having only sixty days in which to pay for his interest, he rushed work night and day, labouring in the drift-hole with em-

A KLONDIKE KING.

ployees and shovelling out pay-dirt with frantic energy. 'I never sweat so hard in my life before,' remarked Bill one day to me. 'That thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars was hanging over my head, and I knew if the money was n't paid on the minute when due I would lose my interest, as the ground showed up much richer than the late owner had expected. How we dug and sluiced! Great Scott! but the dirt was rich! I could hardly believe my eyes; nothing like it was ever known before! Well, we got the thirty thousand dollars out on time all right, and I made my payment. That 's how I got in on the El Dorado.' The claim is studded with nuggets like plums in a pudding. The largest nugget taken out weighed one hundred and five dollars, while the largest selected pan of dirt yielded four hundred and five dollars. Pans of one hundred dollars and one hundred and fifty dollars are a common thing. If the claim continues to yield two thousand dollars to the foot, as there is every reason to expect, the entire five hundred feet will produce a cool million dollars.

"This is no dream. I have seen the gold and the pay streaks, and know whereof I speak. And this claim, No. —, was recorded in Dawson, September 29, 1896, by unlucky J. H——, who sold one-half interest in it for one thousand dollars, and got rid of the balance before the big find was made. Another striking feature of affairs is the intention of my friend L——. He wants to get out of the country next summer, sure pop, and proposes to mine what gold he can this winter and then sell his interest in the unworked portion of the claim. 'I 've had enough of this country,' remarked Bill to me, 'and I want to leave next summer, sure. Eight years in the Yukon is a big chunk taken out of a man's life. If I wanted to stay here I could make piles and piles of money. But what would I do with it all? I could n't spend it. No, I will sell out and go to the States. Probably I shall never marry. My disposition is too wandersome. I shall go to the tropics and try mining there. My strength is not what it used to be. The climate here is breaking me down. I feel it.'"

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RACE WITH THE "DOMVILLE"

Tuesday, September 27th.

VERY early in the morning we were hailed by the *Columbian*, which has gone into winter quarters. Thirty passengers were to be taken from her. The tramping on deck and noise of many voices prevented sleep after 6 A.M.; bits of conversation drifted through the canvas walls into our cabin. "Well, before we got here, the question was how to get out of the country. Now it 's where we 're goin' to sleep."—"Watch and watch, I guess—hang up some while others get their places."—"Hulloa, Billie! that 's a fine cigar you 've got! Could n't you give a feller one o' them?"—"Egad, Tommie, I 'm deuced sorry, but it 's the last one I 've got."—"They 'll have to keep the hash table going all day long to feed us. 'T will be a short order affair."—"Well, I 'll be glad to get even a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. Hulloa! where 'd you get that cup?" and we saw through the crack of the door (which had been left slightly ajar for a breath of air) one of those pink affairs with gold-rimmed border and "Remember me" in big gold letters.—"It 's a relic of the *Columbian*."—"Why did n't you bring the saucer?" "So I did," said the fellow, as he fished it from a coat-pocket. "Suppose the ladies ain't up yet. I ain't seen one for years."

As I stepped on to the crowded deck, plenty of room was made for me, and loud songs of praise were sounded for Ivan. All admired his size, his beauty, and his training. "Whose dog is that?"—"Gad, what a noble beast!"—"He belongs to Mrs. H——, of San Francisco" (confounding me with another).—" Well, she 'd oughter have the finest specimen living, she 's got lots o' ducats." Men with coffee-pots, men with frying-pans and tinned goods were taking their turn at the stove. I went forward to find that the bench kept for me before the pilot-house had fallen overboard, but was not allowed to feel the want of it, as two men immediately sprang forward to fetch me the long one used by them.

The smoke from the *Domville* was just ahead but around a turn in the river. She had been pulled free from the sandbar and was apparently tied to a bank. We tried to reach her, but not only was the current unusually strong just there, a head-wind was also blowing such a gale that, work their best, the engines could not force the *Flora* a foot ahead ; on the contrary, she was slowly but surely drifting back. A Mississippi River captain, who was one of the passengers, said, " Captain, there is only one thing to do—order all the men on shore ; tell them to climb this hill, and you 'll pick them up around the corner, where the current is not so strong. The Captain hesitated between his reluctance to accept advice, and his knowledge that lightening the load would be of great benefit. Finally his good sense gained the mastery, and the order was given. Nearly fifty men jumped from the deck onto the narrow, rocky bank ; one fell into the water, but his wet, pitiable state elicited no sympathy, only evoked shouts of laughter in which he thought it wise to join as he scrambled up the slippery surface. As the passengers scrambled and pulled themselves up the steep hillside, a rope was thrown out from the *Flora* far in advance of the *Domville* (which was still helplessly hugging the bank) and made fast to a tree. The engines were hard at work, but the steamer was only holding her own. No sooner had the line been attached to the capstan than we began creeping, first neck and neck with the *Domville*, then a length ahead, and finally there was a shout of triumph as we showed her our stern wheel and rounded the point. Just as we were about to take on our passengers and start ahead, the tree was uprooted. The *Domville* by the same tactics was soon able to follow us, but not for long.

The next object of interest was a rudely constructed scow going to pieces, of which we were told the following story. A widow with her son and daughter had invested all the money they possessed in a cargo of live stock. They were on the scow and were being towed by a steamer to Dawson, when an accident took place and the scow was broken. The live stock floated for a while down the river, but finally drowned, and the owners, sad and penniless, passed us on the *Ora* yesterday. I forgot to mention that last evening a man came on board with newspapers of the 13th inst., from Seattle, for which I gladly gave fifty cents; read to my sorrow of the sad assassination of the beautiful Empress of Austria, whom I so greatly admired at a ball in Vienna in 1887. Another item, which I failed to understand, was headed, "Admiral Dewey has asked for reinforcements. Needs two additional warships at Manila. Trouble is in sight. General Hale forces a backdown. Aguinaldo expects Americans to withdraw." All this after private letters have assured us that the war is a thing of the past.

About one o'clock loud whistles informed us that the *Domville* was rapidly overtaking us, then came cheers from her passengers, and groans from ours, as she came alongside; a moment more and she was forging ahead. Ropes were held toward us, and there were derisive shouts of "Won't you have a tow?" Someone answered, "You may laugh now, but I 'll bet you two hundred and fifty dollars we shall beat you yet." Another cried out, "We 'll take your back-wash to-day, but wait till we get to the Rapids." A cornetist on the *Domville* responded by playing *Home, Sweet Home*. The Virginian approached, saying, "You told me you would like to see the tooth of a mammoth which I found in No. —, when I was working my claim at bed-rock twenty-two feet underground," and he handed me a most curious-looking molar, with two roots which seemed out of all proportion to the size of the tooth. "It weighs seven pounds, and I found another half that size last year in the same claim. A full set o' them must 'a' been mighty heavy for any animal to carry in his head." "Why don't you present them to the Smithsonian?" said I. "Because I 'm going to start a museum in my own state," he answered with pride.

An hour later we saw the *Domville* just ahead tied to a bank, and her passengers were all on shore with axes in hand, felling trees for fuel. Our turn at that operation would soon come, and as the engines of the *Domville* are much more powerful than ours, we knew that it was only a question of a short time before she would overtake us. Our only hope in a final triumph lay in the fact that she drew much more water than we, had already been aground two days, and that we were now to go through many shallow places where sand-bars were to be seen on all sides.

THE DOMVILLE PASSING US.

We tried to photograph several Indian graves, which were built on the banks overlooking the water, the possessions which the departed ones had most prized being hung in plain view of all passers-by. At last, as the moon rose in full glory, we tied to a bank, near the cabin of the Arctic Express Company, to take on fuel. There is great variety even in this work. Last night some of our passengers felled trees, while others made an enormous bonfire about them. To-night we find the wood all cut and stacked in cords on the bank. The men form two lines which lead from the wood-pile down the bank across the gangplank on to the deck ; the one nearest the wood, or rather the ones at the head of each line, seize a long, heavy log, pass it on to the next, and so it goes from arm to arm until it is landed near the engine-room. There is great rivalry between the two captains as to which one can pass down the greater number of logs, and the way in which it is handed over causes amusement and sometimes evokes shouts of laughter. Some mean business, and are in a hurry, others play to the gallery (the women on deck) and take the log carefully in arms as though it were a baby; others pounce upon it as a cat upon a mouse; but no matter in what way it is done, 't is quickly done, and we are off in eager chase of the *Domville*.

The moon, which was high and beautiful, caused the captain to vow that he would run all night. The passengers, all excitement, were in the bow straining their eyes for the object of the chase. Just out of sight ! so the captain decided on a short-cut through shoal water. We were speedily gaining, when we felt the well-known crunching sound, and with one voice shouted "aground," while from below came the cry of "Stuck !" Backing began but was useless, so the machinery for getting off was brought into requisition with such success that in a few moments came the cry, "She 's off." "Get your pole and take soundings," shouted the captain, as we advanced slowly. "Four feet, three feet six, three feet," she 's stuck. "That beats me !" he cried, "how she can be stuck in three feet of water ; she 's done three feet and less many a time and how she can get stuck here is more 'n I can make out." "Perhaps it 's only her belly that 's caught," suggested another of the captains, who were all gathered together around the pilot-house, each one aching to take the wheel. "Push her on a bit." But it was no use, so after many unsuccessful trials we had to beat an ignominious retreat and go around the island to the deeper channel through which the *Domville* had successfully passed. "It 's all the fault of them hoodoos we took from the *Domville*; we 'd never 'a' been aground but for that," were the mutterings we heard on all sides.

Inquiries were made and we found that one woman and three men, fearing that the *Domville* could not finish the trip, and having great faith in the powers of the *Flora*, had paid their passage money over again in order to come with us. We soon made the acquaintance of the woman, whose story interested us. She had been caught in the ice before, and was determined not to have a similar experience if it could be avoided, so, said she, "although I had a bunk in the *Domville*, and have only the barroom table on which to sleep here, I preferred to change. It was very lively on the *Domville*. There were six bunks in my cabin, and there were six women on board. On my side Swiftwater Bill's housekeeper had the bottom one; she 's only a tiny little thing and could scarcely close her eyes because the woman in the bunk above her weighed over two hundred pounds, and every time she turned it seemed like she was going to fall through; she said she kept her hands up most all the time to ward her off; but we asked her what good her little hands could do against such a weight as that.

"My bunk was over the fat woman; on the other side were Elise and another woman. The sixth lady had an invalid husband, and preferred sleeping outside with him, even if it was among the men, and that took the bunk away from a poor fellow; when we found that he had had no place to sleep for two nights, we all felt so sorry for him we told him that after we were in bed, he might roll up in his blankets in the top bunk if he would keep his back turned, and you can imagine he was grateful! Such is life on the Yukon, in some cases and places! Elise was having a beautiful time on board. She taught W—— to play cards and would keep it up sometimes till 5 A.M. The first night she won fifty dollars; but the second she lost over two hundred dollars, and swore she would n't pay; but one of the men she owed vowed he 'd sell the clothes off her back if she did n't pay him, and I don't know how it will end. A—— M—— had all his plans made to change to this steamer, but the captain took it greatly to heart and swore that he 'd land him safely even if he had to break the boat to pieces, so he finally prevailed upon him to remain."

During the day the Virginian pointed out to me some horses going along a very good trail. We watched them with interest, and were finally told that they belonged to Jack D—— and his party, and had eighty thousand dollars' worth of gold on their backs. We soon saw the famous Jack tramping over his well-known Pass, and many stories were told of his life and adventures. One of the passengers presented me with a Klondike cup made from a tin can. E—— had been telling a couple of passengers of our Custom House experiences, when suddenly one of them said, "Will you make an affidavit to that effect? as we are expecting as passenger a man who has been sent out to inquire into just such actions."

Wednesday, September 28th.

A little before nine o'clock the steward appeared with a cup of cocoa, saying, "I 've been trying to get here all the morning, but have already fed over eighty, have many more to feed, and have to get a lady out who slept in the bar." At nine, one of the "boys" began a lusty song, but was interrupted on all sides by shouts of "Too early in the morning!" "Don't! you 'll break my head!" "We 'll throw you overboard and never give you a line." "Why, I 'm just feeling good," said the poor fellow. "So are we; but we 're not shouting it." The next sounds brought to our bunks were, "She 'll not overtake us again—bet you drinks." "Oh, that 's the first thing I heard this morning, 'We 've beat the *Domville!* we 've beat the *Domville!*' so I says, To h— with the *Domville!* and let a fellow sleep.

Let her get ahead—who cares!"—"Guess you 'd care a lot if she passed us and got stuck in the Rapids, where the channel is so narrow that we never could pass her again."—"What you feelin' so good about this morning? You ain't got all the gold dust aboard this here craft. By George! the fellers what 's got eddercation seems to think that they own the earth, but they ain't in it with the fellers what can't read an' write. It takes them to make their pile every time, and they 're the only Klondike Kings. Yes, you, for example, you 're doin' so much talkin'—what have you got in your sack?"—"Well, I 've got just that much that when I get to Seattle I 'm going to light my cigars with five-dollar bills, ten, too, if I like." "Good reason why!" interrupted a loud voice; "his bills is all counterfeits; he knows the police has got onto it and he thinks the quicker he gits rid o' them the better."—"That 's where you 're wrong. It 's with good U. S. greenbacks my cigars are to be lighted, every time. I 've got money to burn, and I 'm a-goin' to burn it too."—"Well, then we 'll come with our shooting-irons and take aim at your feet."

Scarcely had I appeared upon deck when a comfortable seat was made for me out of a bag filled with blankets, and placed in front of the pilot-house. The view was fine, and the sun resplendent, taking the severe chill from the air. On the other side of the island the *Domville* was going at full speed. We were both bound for the same point in the centre of the channel. Her powerful engines were doing their work well, and we soon saw that we were again to have the "back-wash," in Yukon language. "Let 's go down below, so they 'll see no one to shout to."—"Look at that broom up at her top. That 's a sign they mean to sweep us off the face of the earth. They can go now, but we 'll beat them in shallow water," etc., etc. "Don't you think a little exercise would do you good?" said the Virginian to me; "we 're going to stop at a cattle-yard, and if you 've never seen one in Alaska you might find it of interest. Afraid to climb the bank? Nonsense! I 'll help you up." The deck was covered with wood, over which the kind fellow assisted me to scramble. We enjoyed a short but delightful tramp through a most picturesque spot, while the new purser was laying in provisions for the extra number of passengers.

The whistle sounded, and we rushed on board, feeling much better for the exercise. The Virginian seated himself by me and told me a story of the only lynching scene he had ever witnessed during his ten years' stay in this country. A young Indian had been kindly entertained by a poor old white man; in return for which he shot him, stole his boat and provisions, and escaped; but the old man's friends were soon on his track. Meeting one of the Alaska Commercial Company's boats, they told the story to the captain, begging him to turn back and with the help of his powerful engines to assist them in overtaking the assassin, but the captain was loyal to the company, and refused. Putting their own men in pilot-house and engine-room, they turned the boat back until they reached their destination, then landed, and followed the murderer for miles until they discovered his hiding-place. They told their story to his tribe, and the murderer was immediately delivered up to the lynching party, who made short work of him, and thus justice was satisfied.

At 11.30 a cry went up, "The *Domville* 's aground again!" Such shouts, yells, and cat-calls as we slowly overtook her! Her passengers were on shore, and two carpenters were mending her broken wheel. How our men tried to rival each other in such consoling remarks as the following: "What are you going to do on shore? Tend sheep?" "Be men! stand up, don't get discouraged; we 'll send the *Flora* back for you, *perhaps*." "Why don't you walk ahead and show the *Domville* where the rocks are, so she won't break her wheel again?" "We 'll send you a box of oranges from Southern California, for you 'll never see the States again." As we were passing out of hearing someone improvised a song which he shouted lustily and which the others caught up with such a will that the words must have been borne back to the unfortunates:

"There 'll come a time some day,
When the *Domville* will get away."

"Do trim ship," shouted our captain ; "why do you all want to stay on same side ? Did you never see a steamer stranded before ? Can't you see we 're approaching the Rink Rapids ? How can the sailors hear my orders if you keep jabbering so ?" All this was uttered in such an excited tone, that quiet soon reigned as we found ourselves in the unusually low water of the Rink Rapids, and heard the calls six feet, five feet six, five, four feet six, four and a half, five, six, and then the suspense was over. Some one caught sight of a *Domville* passenger who had wandered far away from his companions, and shouted, "Where you goin' ? Lonesome ? Better come on board, we 'll give you a lift. Come on, gentlemen," (as they caught sight of others,) "we 've got plenty of good grub. Well, good-bye, if you won't ; we 'll tell them that we saw you." "Do you gentlemen never get tired ? When we 're in a bad place like this you 'd oughter keep quiet," shouted the poor captain ; "'cause we ain't out o' danger yet."

An hour afterwards we stopped at a lonely spot to let a passenger disembark. First one man and then another appeared, as though from underground, until a dozen or more were waiting to greet him. "Captain, will you wait five minutes, please ? Sandy wants to go this trip with you, and he 's running as hard as he can to get his bag." "All right," said the captain. The five minutes had almost expired when we saw Sandy in the distance, making good time, though heavily laden ; the silent men stood on the bank, and as he approached, stepped up one by one to give him a last grasp—it seemed a life parting. He jumped on board, the ropes were cast off, and we were under way when one of the silent ones called out, "May we speak to the captain ?" "What do you want ?" "Can you let us have an injector ?" "Do you think we 're a travelling hardware shop ?" he shouted in reply, but, although his voice was harsh, he was consulting with others as to whether one could be spared on the return trip. A passenger quietly remarked, "Well, to think o' them durned fools standing there like statues an' never askin' for what they wanted until we was almost out o' hearin'. Don't it beat all?"

"We 'll soon be at Five Fingers," said the Virginian, approaching, "where we have a drop and a narrow passage to go through between the rocks—so narrow that the steamer must graze either side. Everyone has to get off and walk around." "Even the women?" said I, in alarm. "Even the women; but you won't mind it, it 's a nice, easy trail." Watching with anxiety as we approached the nice, easy trail, I saw high hills to climb and rocks, then a sharp descent. The *Flora* was tied up to a bank. "Must we get off, Captain?" said I. "Not if you will sit perfectly quiet." So with a sigh of relief, we watched the eighty or more passengers cross the gangplank and begin their scramble up the hillside. Someone

FIVE FINGERS.

called Ivan and I made no objection, thinking the exercise would be of benefit, so off he ran, following the procession. The gangplank was hauled in, and we started on our perilous trip. Soon we were in the whirl, and dashing between the gigantic rocks. As we touched the one on the port men were ready with long poles to push her off ; scarcely had they done so than the captain shouted, "Pole her off on the starboard !" They had but just time to obey the order when we ran so close to a partially hidden rock that we shuddered as we saw the water rippling over it. "Well done, Captain," was shouted on all sides as we found ourselves once more in smooth water, and looked up to see our fellow passengers wending their way in Indian file along the banks. Some on high rocks were taking snap-shots of the *Flora* in her perilous trip, some on the pebbly beach were waiting to come on board, but, although the entire line was distinctly visible, there was no sign of Ivan. We shouted for him and the passengers took up the call and whistled ; still no sign of the noble beast. One of the crew then said : "We never wait for a dog; four were left here last time."

I rushed to the captain, who, notwithstanding his gruff voice, was indeed most kindly disposed. He said, "It 's against the rules to wait, but the manager, Mr. F——, has gone back for the dog, and I can't leave without him." Sure enough, there over the hill, tramping back for Ivan, were not only Mr. F——, but two or three others. But they called and shouted in vain. Ivan had gone back to the spot on which he had landed, and was waiting for the return of the *Flora*, and could not be inveigled into deserting his post. They finally had to catch him, tie their handkerchiefs around him and drag him back. As they came into view they waved their hats, and shouted, "All right," and we felt the deepest gratitude towards the men who had so kindly taken the long tramp. Everyone on board expressed pleasure, and no one objected to the detention, with one exception, and that, I am sorry to say, came from a woman, who said, "What a shame to lose *fifteen minutes* waiting for a dog !"

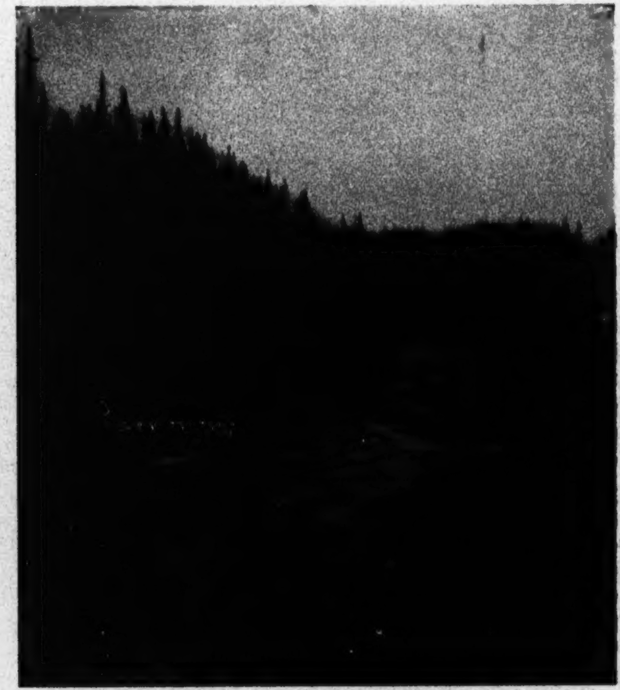
One of the passengers had a long stick with a string tied to one end and a cup to the string. "What 's that for?" called one of his friends. "What 'll you have?" he replied; "a glass of lemonade?"—"No, a gin cocktail."—"Can't give it to you; nothing but lemonade at this bar."—"All right, I 'll take that." Down went the fishing-pole until the cup touched the Yukon River, filled, and was drawn up again. From the fisherman's pocket came out a bottle of lemonade tablets, from which one was extracted and put in the cup, which was then handed to the waiting man, with instructions to stir with a lead-pencil.

"Look at the bear!" was the next cry. "No—sheep."—"I 'll bet you drinks."—"All right—done." We rounded the point, and there on the banks, on the hilltops, everywhere in sight, were sheep grazing as though at home, but look where we would, there was no shepherd in sight. Another Yukon mystery! Was the scow lost? Was the owner dead? Did the sheep swim to shore? There was no way to solve the mystery. We stopped for wood, which was lying on the bank already cut. "Lucky the *Domville* did n't come along first, as there 's mighty little to be had now between here and the end o' our journey," said one of the boatmen.

E—— retired at eight to get warm, so I took her place by the stovepipe under the awning, where I was soon joined by the Australian. He has been prospecting all over Alaska, but has found nothing to compare with Western Australia, where the mines, he declares, offer greater chances for investment than any others. He strongly advised a trip throughout that part of the world, leaving Sydney and Melbourne until the last, and said that the accommodations were generally good and inexpensive. We were interrupted by cries and exclamations—the beautiful Northern Lights were vying in splendour with the moon; three long, golden rainbow-shaped orbs filled the heavens with glory, and kept us silent with admiration.

Thursday, September 29th.

Wakened at six. Boat motionless; no sound of the axe nor of piling wood on board; no calls of six feet, five, four, three, so we are not aground and working to get off. What can it be? I unlatch the hook and peep out; the small cabin immediately fills with a fog so dense that for a while nothing can be seen, then we distinguish the railing covered with frost. An hour passes by and the tops of the trees become visible. At eight the sun's powerful rays pierce the density. Soon the banks appear, finally the battle is won, the fog



MILES CAÑON.

beats a slow retreat, and we are in the full glory of sunshine which one never so much appreciates in any other part of the world. We steam slowly ahead, close to the banks. One could imagine oneself in Florida, as the frost has given to the trees the colouring of those covered with the grey moss so well known on the St. John's and Indian Rivers. The chilliness of the air and the falling of cinders contribute to a feeling of laziness which keeps all hands in their bunks. There is loud talking on every side, but no tramping of decks.

At ten o'clock, the lady who bunks on the barroom table appeared at the door, saying, "Oh my! but you 're lazy! No you ain't, though," she adds, as she sees in both upper and lower berths pens flying over paper. "What are you writing — love stories?"—"Far from it."—"Something about me?"—"Have n't begun on you yet."—"Well, I 'll give you my pedigree from way back, when you 're ready for it." A moment after we heard Mrs. T—— and Mrs. H—— in the adjoining cabin being accused of laziness, so inferred that they also dreaded the iciness to be found outside, and preferred remaining in their bunks. At 10.30 we tied up for a short while, but knew not the reason why, as the land was not on our side. We were rather amused last night upon being told that our big boxes, which are stowed in the hold are being used as beds by some of the men, "as they are so *nice and soft*," was added.

At 11.30 the *Golden Star* (which we strongly suspect of having been the *May West*) passed us on her way to Dawson. The few who were on deck responded to the cheers of those who are to be prisoners for the winter. With door slightly ajar we watched her from our bunks. Suddenly there was a crack, and the board which supported E——'s bunk partly gave way: a rip, and the canvas upon which she was lying began to tear from the nails. In an instant the door was locked and she was dressing. Hardly had she been on deck five minutes when she called back, "It 's not cold out at all, and the cinders are falling on the other side, so you had better come up." Her suggestion came in good time, as the canvas holding my mattress had also given way and I was resting on the life-preservers that were stacked under the bunk. Towards evening we saw in the distance many cords of wood. The cry was, "Don't let the *Domville* get it, whether we need it or not." We stopped, but were able to add only three cords to the load we already had, so many were the groans at leaving arms to aid the enemy in beating us. One lone woman stood on the bank, and holding a paper novel high in air, called out, "Will anyone exchange a book with me?" It was quickly done, and many were the expressions of sympathy as she was left alone in that dreary spot, but her face was wreathed in smiles as she waved adieu and the *Flora* passed out of sight.

"Do you know that Mrs. 'Domville' has just sold one of her claims for fifty thousand dollars?" said one of the passengers to me. We have christened thus the deserter from the *Domville*. Immediately I became interested and desirous to know how in three months she had been so successful. My curiosity was soon gratified, as she came and seated herself beside me and began to talk. "I did more walking than any other woman this summer," said she. "Have only been in a few months, but staked out two good claims and have just sold one for nearly five thousand dollars." "And the other?" I queried.—"Oh, I have that still." And so another Yukon exaggeration was nailed on the head. "Mr. L—— (the Virginian) has been awfully good to me," she continued; "I cooked for him all summer."

The captain's wife then came to inquire if she could do anything for me. She was a tender, delicate little woman, waiting on everybody, doing the work of ten men, everywhere at once, always smiling, and, notwithstanding the close quarters and the many times she was called upon not only to give up her bunk but also her blankets, was ever in good humour. I scolded her for coming from the close quarters below to the icy air above without a wrap, saying that she cared little for her health, whereupon she gave me a short sketch of the year or more that she had just spent in the hospital, never expecting to come out alive. Such courage as she has shown is rarely seen. The purser next joined us, saying, " Well, I shall be glad to turn in at ten o'clock. I have loaned my bunk all day, three hours at a time to each fellow, and the last one got it at seven. I hate to waken him, but am dead tired myself. Poor fellows, they are thankful even to have the space to lie down on deck, after everyone has retired."

Friday, September 30th.

The glorious rays of the moon were not only beautiful, but also of such assistance that the *Flora* was enabled to run all night. By six o'clock men were seated outside the door and the following conversation was overheard, " Well, we 'll soon reach the cañon. I came through it in a scow. If a fellow once falls in he can't get out without help. I saw a fellow trying to row out for forty-six hours."—" I saw a scow go to pieces there and two fellows go down like a shot. They 'd 'a' been all right if they 'd 'a' stuck to the wreck, but some one threw out a rope and they tried to get to it, lost it, and went down. Once you fall in, you 're dead."—" Not much ! I swam all through it, and here I am."—" Bet you 're the only fellow who ever did it and lived to tell the tale."—" You have to work like the devil to escape the whirlpools ; if you ever get in them it 's all day with you."—" Ever been up the Klondike ? "—" Was up it eighteen times this summer. Falls pretty fast, and my, what a current ! Been over all these rivers for five years and never got a thing wet until I got on to the Klondike."—" Well, White River 's a h— of a hard river. Always muddy, and you can't tell where you 're at."

Just here Mrs. " Domville " opened the door and said, " Why, it 's nine o'clock ; are n't you ladies up yet ? " " No," said E——; " I 'm waiting for my coffee ; they seem to have forgotten it." " I 'll go right down and get it for you," said the kind little woman ; she soon returned, holding the cup by the handle, saying, " It was impossible to find a saucer or anything else." Fortified by coffee, E—— was soon out on deck and under the awning which one of her admirers rigged up for her daily.

The captain's wife came as usual to proffer her services, and presented me with a gold blower made from a coffee-can by the same man who had made the Klondike cup from a tin can. " I am going to get him to make you a Klondike candlestick next," said she. " Will he take pay for them ? " I asked.—" Oh, no ! he 's a real nice man, and just loves to do it."

The last few days there has been no opportunity for writing. Events have crowded upon each other so fast that they leave little detailed impression upon the memory. " Hootalinqua Post," " Thirty Mile River," " Canadians in winter quarters," have been jotted down as objects of interest *en passant*. Then came a morning on the little *Nora*, whose side decks were so very narrow that men had great difficulty in using the common wash basin and maintaining their equilibrium. Suddenly there was a shout of " dog overboard " and a splash was heard in the water ; as the engine was stopped and the steamer backed, I rushed to see that Ivan was safe. Just then the head of ex-Mayor W—— appeared and he began to strike out boldly for shore through the icy water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, as the life-buoy thrown to him went wide of the mark, and he soon landed on the barren shore, which, in that particular spot was not quite so rocky and inaccessible as elsewhere. The passengers were all deeply relieved as the steamer sheered alongside and he was assisted on board. Men crowded around him all anxious to " rub him down " and dose him with remedies, but, although shivering, he laughingly assured them that no harm had been done, and that his bath was only a few degrees colder than usual, and that he felt no anxiety in regard to his sudden immersion.

There was no one on board to bring us water or to care for our cabins, so we impressed into our service one of the men

MILES CAÑON BETWEEN WHITE HORSE AND BENNETT.

who was working his passage, in order to get out of the country, and had him thoroughly clean for us an empty lard pail which was about to be thrown overboard; by attaching a rope to this, we could lower it from outside our door and have fresh water from the Yukon as often as we pleased.

CHAPTER XXX

THE FIRST PORTAGE

ON Saturday, October 1st, we were told to prepare our bags and be ready for a tramp. We were soon tied up to the bank where we were to make the portage. Flat cars—truck cars probably they would be called, as they had no railing, only a piece at the back to hold the boxes—were drawn each by one horse, and exclamations of surprise were elicited as one heavy box after another was added to the car. The driver said, however, " Why, these horses can carry a ton each." The other passengers walked the four and a half miles over a fine road with most gorgeous scenery, while I, mounted on top of bags, shawl-straps, and boxes, sat on the last of the seven cars with an umbrella over my head to protect me from the rays of the sun, which were rather powerful as we emerged from time to time from the protection of the few shade trees.

Along by the rushing, dashing, foaming torrent of White Horse Rapids, we wound our way for a time, then came a cut through a bit of woods. The driver entertained me with a short history of the road and of himself, as he stopped to put in a more secure position the gold-box containing several hundred thousand dollars. The road was begun last May, cost only about three thousand dollars, and belongs to a company of ten men who have taken in twenty thousand dollars in the short time it has been running. The rails are of wood instead of steel iror on. Each driver receives four dollars and fifty cents daily, with board, and fifty cents an hour for overwork. "I 've always been a jockey," said my driver, "and all my brothers are jockeys, but this pays better than the jockeying business, where you 've plenty one day and nothing the next, and I 've already laid by several thousand dollars; besides, I 've broken every horse the company uses, and get five dollars apiece for them. Perhaps you would n't believe it of these meek-looking animals, but they never had a collar on before I took them in charge."

PORTAGE BETWEEN LAKES.

We were soon at the foot of quite a little hill. Here all the cars were waiting, the horses were unhitched, and two taken to haul the heavy load up the steep incline. I jumped down and walked on, having already been a bit nervous as we skirted the edge of the precipice, where the car tipped a little towards the dashing torrent below. It took some time for the horses to be rehitched and I was quite half a mile

WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

ahead when I saw something that looked like a bear trotting along in the distance. In a second my cowardly instincts obtained the mastery and I beat a rapid retreat, gladly taking refuge with the entertaining driver. As we approached the little steamer *Nora*, the horse, either through seeing the stable so near at hand or feeling that his master, absorbed in conversation, had forgotten him, turned off at right angles from the track with such speed and strength as almost to tip over the car with its heavy burden. With a shriek I started to jump, a dozen arms were held out to me, as there were many miners awaiting the arrival of the luggage, and I landed safely.

Being the first one on board the steamer I asked for choice of cabins for E——, Mrs. F——, and self. "How many ladies in the party?" said the purser, rising, as he hastily finished his luncheon.—"Six altogether."—"Then follow me." Through the engine-room we went, where the passage between boiler and boards was so narrow that my wrap had to come off before it was possible to pass, up a steep ladder to a narrow deck and into a dark room where there were three bunks on either side, made of boards, with canvas stretched, on which to lay one's blanket and pillows. "Choose your bunks," said the purser in a kindly manner. "But have you no cabin with only two bunks?" "Not such a thing on board for passengers," he replied. The lower berths, being just off the ground, were out of the question, owing to my fear of mice, so I selected the two in the middle and one on top, for which the purser wrote our three names and in which he deposited our bags. E—— had joined the walking party with Ivan as companion, while I had promised not only to secure the accommodations, but also to attend to the luggage, which had to be weighed and paid for. Great dissatisfaction was expressed by many of the owners of the boxes, as some boasted that they had stipulated in the purchase of the ticket that the luggage should be landed at Bennett, free of charge, while those who had paid the same price, but had made no such arrangement, were taxed three cents a pound portage, which made E——'s bill and mine amount to nearly twenty dollars. [Let me add a friendly word of warning to those who follow in our footsteps—have it thoroughly understood before starting that there are to be no extra charges.]

E—— arrived shortly after, escorted by the Virginian, who invited us all to lunch with him at the White Horse Cañon Hotel. How we did enjoy the "human" potatoes once more! "Was you the two ladies that A—— M—— took over the trail to his mines?" said the Virginian Klondike King. "Well, do you know I was right mad with him that day, 'cause he generally stops to pass the time o' day with me, but that day he went right on, an' I says to myself, Well, if he don't want to bring them ladies in, I ain't a-goin' to ask him, an' as it was the first time that A—— was ever seen with ladies he got no end o' joshin' afterwards."

At 5 P.M. the whistle blew and we were just starting when a shout of "A bear—a bear!" was heard. Everyone rushed to the stern and there came my bear trotting down to the water's edge for a drink as unconcernedly as though he were in the primeval forests and had never heard of his enemy, man. There was a dash for rifles. One of the mounted police was far in advance of all others, rifle in hand. Others without arms followed, shouting and yelling, so that poor Bruin had no chance to quench his thirst. The small cub on board which had been kept a prisoner for weeks, whined and howled. Suddenly there was a shot, we could see the smoke and the dogs in wild chase, but were too far away to learn whether the bear had been killed or even wounded.

The next entries in my journal are: "Mounted Police Station. Marsh Lake. Tagish Lake. Nine Mile River. Lake Bennett." But they convey no meaning and are probably places passed in the night. Upon going to the cabin for six, the first thing I discovered was that "Madam Selfish" (as she has been nicknamed) had moved out my bag and belongings from my bunk and put her own in place. This was soon changed, only to be rechanged by Madam S., who was caught in the act by the purser, whereupon he said to her, "Madam, had you come first and made your selection, I should certainly have protected your rights. I must do the same by the one who got here nearly an hour before you and engaged these three." From the purser's decision no appeal could be taken, so we were left in peace.

THE NORA.

We stayed on deck for a short time to enjoy the beautiful view, but were soon driven away by the cinders. There was no place in which to seek protection. Below, every place was packed, so that there was scarcely gangway, and the cabins were so tiny that there was no room in them to sit. Three of the women went to bed at seven as the only way out of the difficulty. The poor "Siwash" dog who had been kept on deck from the time of leaving Dawson, not only had his long fur badly burned, but the burn went so deep that it made a large running sore, the size of the palm of a hand. To leave Ivan outside was out of the question, so I asked E——, who manages so well with her travelling companions, to try and persuade them to allow him to sleep in the tiny corridor which was portioned off as a "wash-room for ladies." Not even "Madam Selfish" objected, which fact immediately washed out all her sins in my eyes.

The Virginian invited me down for supper, and, although I objected on the ground of not being hungry, his arguments that he did not want to eat alone and that we would have a nice place in which to sit with no danger of being burned, quickly persuaded me. So we worked our way down the narrow ladder, squeezed past the furnace, and came to that part of the boat where eighty new passengers were huddled together, sitting on bags, boxes, and logs of wood, but singing at the top of their voices. As we passed this mass of humanity, the song was stilled, hats came off and shouts were heard. "Three cheers for Bill L——, the Klondike King, and the best man on earth! three cheers for the lady —God bless her for being kind to the sick 'boys'! and three cheers for the handsome dog!" The table and the benches in front of it were close to the engine, and we had to work our way carefully in order not to be caught in the machinery. The place was stifling, but we were safe from the sparks flying through the air, and as we soon became accustomed to the temperature we were able to enjoy the supper. The manager's wife told me that small and uncomfortable as are the quarters on the *Nora*, they are now far better than in former times, when there was not even a partition for the live stock. After supper the cheering recommenced as we once more wended our way back to the narrow upper deck.

Although it was but a little after eight, there was nothing for it but to retire, so I said good-night to my kind Virginia friend and joined the small party who were waiting for me to extinguish the light of the kerosene lamp. The next difficulty was how to wriggle into the middle bunk. "I had to get my feet in first," said E——, "and then draw myself in gradually. You 'd better try the head first, or you run the risk of breaking your back." I tried each way, but being unaccustomed to gymnastic performances, was in despair. Finally the feat was accomplished, the light was out, and we tried to settle down to sleep, but through the cracks in the floor we could see the motley crowd below and hear their songs—mother songs, darkey songs, duets, quartettes, choruses—then a shout of "Oh! Jim 's going to sleep! stick a pin in him," then a grunt, and Jim was evidently wide awake. "Look-a-here, Bill, if you 'll put your back ag'in' mine, we kin sort o' steady each other, and that 's the best kind o' bed that we kin git to-night." "Go on, Jack, give us another song; give us the *Wabash*," and so they kept it up until 5 A.M.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SKAGUAY PASS

SUNDAY morning we arrived at Bennett, of which we had read so much. A heavy snowstorm greeted us and we groaned, fearing that we could never get over the Pass. We all went to the Hotel Dawson for breakfast, and as we sat on the benches waiting for food, the discussion began as to whether we should take the Chilkoot or the White Pass. Neither E—— nor I felt equal to the perpendicular descent of the former, but many of the men preferred it owing to its being so much shorter. We used all our persuasive powers to urge them in favour of the White Pass, feeling that we should be so much safer in their company, and finally, as the blinding snowstorm became more fierce, we were successful, as no one dared attempt the Chilkoot under such circumstances. The runners for Dyea did all in their power to dissuade us, telling us that one of the Lakes was frozen, navigation stopped, the railway not running, etc.; but in the face of all these announcements our decision was unalterable. An agent for a new transportation company started by the railroad, which wished to make a record for itself, came to get our luggage to be landed in Skaguay for ten cents a pound, and promised that we should have everything the following day at two o'clock. Mark the result. We booked all through except our blankets and toilet bags which were specially marked for the Old Log Cabin Hotel, eight miles farther on, where we were to spend the night. A man "going in," seeing the fine quality of our blankets and noticing the newness of them, was most anxious to purchase them, telling us that we would find bedding all

CHILKOOT RAILWAY AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

the rest of the trip, but we said that nothing would induce us to sleep in any but our own.

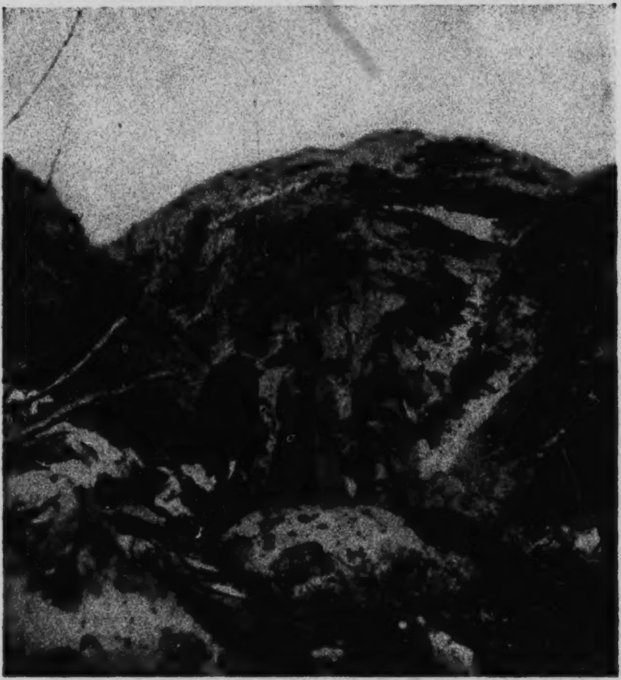
At 10.30 the party started, the Virginian being told off to head the line, his partner N—— to bring up the rear. E——'s escort was a charming Englishman, a Captain

Copyright, 1898, by E. A. Hegg. ONE MILE RIVER, BETWEEN LAKES LINDERMAN AND BENNETT.

T——, who had been eight years in command of one of the Mitsu Bishi steamers in Japan, and who was well acquainted with E——'s brother. Consequently, there was much of interest for them to talk over during the eight-mile tramp. My escort was a Mr. T——. We passed the steamer that we should have taken had we gone *via* Dyea, skirted wonderful Lake Linderman, and I was so intensely interested in the gorgeous scenery that suddenly one leg was up to the knee in a deep marsh. Pull and tug as I would, I could not extract it ; we had been walking single file and my escort was a little in advance. Happening to turn, he saw my predicament, and notwithstanding his heavy load, he was soon back, pulling with all his might as he firmly gripped my hand. For a short time the suction below was greater than the force from above, and it seemed as though the boot at least must be left as a memento on the trail, already covered with the dead bodies of more than horses ; a last effort, and boot and all came slowly, slowly from the marsh, while the perspiration rolled in streams from my forehead.

I had read so much of the icy atmosphere of the summit, that I had prepared for it by wearing two thick suits of woollen flannels, a jersey, cloth jacket, and sealskin wrap and collar. [Another word of warning! Never overburden yourself with heavy clothing for an eight-mile tramp even to the summit, as each pound becomes an insupportable burden with each step.] My escort kindly offered to carry the sealskin, but his pack was sufficiently heavy as it was, so I staggered on until finally we were overtaken by the newspaper boy, lightly clad, and with nothing but a few papers to carry. I asked him if he wanted a job of packing, promising that he should be well paid for it. He willingly took the wrap, but was off before remuneration could be offered.

The trail wound up-hill, over rocks, across swamps, and over log bridges which threatened to turn as we stepped on them. We picked up our short skirts and waded through shallow streams (bloomers are much safer without the skirts), reaching hilltops from which we could see the advance guard and those far in the rear, went down into ditches and swamps from which no sign of the trail was visible, and here Ivan came to our assistance, as it was only necessary to say to him, "Run ahead, good doggie," and, by following him, we soon had the leaders in full view again. Half a mile before reaching our destination we stopped at a tent on which we saw the sign "Restaurant." Never did oranges seem more delicious than those which Mr. T—— presented to us! No thirsty, fever-parched patient could have enjoyed them half so intensely.



ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

Refreshed, we continued our tramp, reaching the Old Log Cabin Hotel just as the more rapid walkers in our party had finished dinner. Their shouts of welcome were pleasant to listen to. E—— and her escort arrived an hour later; she was thoroughly exhausted, and delighted to find that we were to go no farther that night. The quarters were crowded to overflowing. We looked at the bunks, one above the other, and felt that it was no place for the night. After a short talk with the proprietor, he accompanied us to a small tent, one hundred and fifty yards beyond, a new American Hotel and Restaurant. We passed through the latter, entering a long canvas-covered room, containing thirty-two bunks, sixteen lower and sixteen upper, with places made for two in each; all were of logs over which, as usual, canvas was tightly stretched. The part to be occupied by each person was clearly defined, as a pole was lashed down the centre, although the same blanket covered both individuals.

I immediately engaged the bunk in the corner, which was curtained off by a bit of canvas, for E—— and me. At the foot of the bed was a small space in which some old bags were stored, and this I secured for Ivan. Shortly after, the other members of the party (feeling that the night was to be a noisy one at the Old Log Cabin Hotel) followed my example. The five women engaged lower bunks and had them curtained off, then came the men of the party who also desired a quiet night's rest. The place I had secured for Ivan was coaxed from me as a dressing-room, all gladly consenting, however, to allow the dog to remain. There were shouts of "flies!" No wonder they attracted attention, as they are not known in that part of the world from which we were returning.

While the men were out smoking, or preparing for dinner, we divested ourselves for a while of rubber boots and warmed our feet. I asked for a basin of warm water in which to wash my hands while waiting, but the American proprietor and wife said that if I wished to wash my hands I must come out in the wash-room and do it. The pack-train came along with the blankets, the man stopping to know if I still wanted them. "Most assuredly I do; put them on this bunk."—"Can't do it, madam; have to leave them at the Custom House."—"Will you ask them to send them directly here?"—"Yes 'm. Gimme a piece o' pie," he shouted, grabbed it, and rushed off.

After waiting some time without receiving the desired package, I asked the proprietor, in as meek a tone as possible, if he could find some one to go to the Customs and get my pack. No, he could n't. So my weary feet were dragged into the rubber boots once more, and I went in search of the missing bedding. It was not to be found. At last, meeting the chief, and stating the case to him, he called his assistant, who said that the leader had left the pack in his care, but that the last man in charge of the train had told him that the articles were to go on to Skaguay, and so had put them on his

A BUNK HOUSE.

horse. "How far ahead is the pack-train?" said Mr. S——, who had kindly accompanied me; "I might go on and overtake it," but, as the poor fellow had already walked his eight miles, I assured him that we could get on without the things in question perfectly well. A fine predicament! No blankets, no pillows, not even a comb or brush, although instructions had been carefully written out and given with the positive assurance that they should be carried out to the letter. There was nothing further to be said or done. When E—— was informed of the great mistake that had been made, she mourned the loss of her films which she had placed in the bag specially for use on this trip. "Never again shall I do the White Pass," said she, "and the thought that such stupidity should prevent me from taking photographs annoys me beyond measure."

After dinner the men joined us and we sat around the stove on boxes telling stories. We had seen the bodies of horses lying all along the road, and were told that over three thousand have perished since June one year ago. From what we had read, we had fully expected the odour to be almost unbearable, but, fortunately, were disappointed. The Virginian told the sequel to the story of the Indian lynching: "A white man started out with three Indian guides to explore the Tanana River, but, getting discouraged with the hardships, determined to return. The Indians were averse to so doing, as they were expecting big results, but the white man insisted and finally started back alone. He was soon followed by one of the Indians, who said, 'I must take you back, if you will go, as the river is running strong, and should you go under, three Indians would be lynched.'" Someone then told about the fence put up by the Indians from Forty Mile to Tanana, where they corral caribou, stationing members of their tribes at watch-posts where they have gates.

Captain T—— came in and announced that if we wanted to catch the train at the summit we must be ready to start between five and six o'clock in the morning. This so startled the slow walkers that they insisted upon being allowed to retire at once. Although our part of the tent was well

From a Photograph by H. C. Barley.

JOHNSON GLACIER, NEAR SKAGUAY.

screened off, we demanded that the men should clear the cabin and wait until they were called in. We undressed rapidly, realising that it was icy cold outside, and were soon rolled up in the blankets we had sworn not to use. "Come," shouted Mrs. M——. There was a pell-mell rush and a kicking off of boots. Funny stories were told, which elicited peals of laughter from women as well as men. Someone commenced filling up the stove with wood, at which we shouted loudly in protest, and, finally, requested one of the men to stand guard over it. The laughter became almost hysterical; it seemed like a lot of girls at boarding-school. At last all was quiet. We were just about to doze when Ivan stretched his weary limbs, giving such a grunt of satisfaction at being in warm quarters once more that there was a general shout and the laughter recommenced.

At 2 A.M. we were awakened by loud snoring from one of the men in the top berth. Movements on all sides showed that he had succeeded in arousing everyone but himself; finally there were shouts of "Pinch him." "Hold his nose." "Put a clothes-pin on his nose." "Wake him up." "Kick him out"—until, with a louder snore than usual, he awoke. There was a general peal of laughter. "What time is it? Time to get up?" Someone looked at a watch, "Two o'clock, go to sleep." So much noise awakened Ivan, who roused himself to stand, stretch, and shake. As I tried to reach him and make him understand that he was to lie still, the pole which partitioned E—— from me broke, and we rolled together into the pocket formed by the drooping canvas. We tried to cling to the pole on the edge, but our efforts were in vain, so we had to rob ourselves of one blanket and form a new partition. The temperature soon became freezing, and we were all shivering with cold. Some good soul got up at four and made a fire and we dropped asleep again to the sound of the crackling of the wood.

At five the alarm-clock sounded, and the men began dressing. As soon as the last one was out of the tent we were making as much of a toilet as was possible without the aid of toilet articles, washing with one handkerchief, drying with another, combing our hair with hairpins, and arranging it without a mirror. Breakfast consisted of beefsteak, potatoes, coffee, bread, butter, and apple sauce, and then we were off on the trail once more. As we were among the slow walkers, one member of the party after another passed us and disappeared from view, so that when we had accomplished our tramp of two and a half miles along Shallow Lake, and had reached Middle Lake, we found the sail-

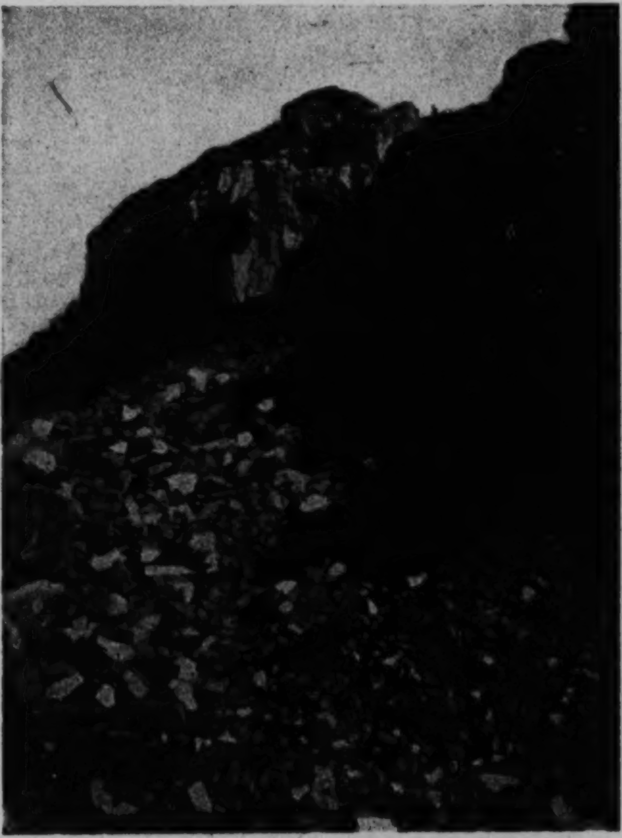
CAN YOU GO NO FARTHER?

boat, the Peterboro' canoe, and the party all waiting for us. A sail of five miles brought us to another portage of one and a half miles over a hilly, rocky, but not too difficult road. Nevertheless, it took us so long to cover the distance that we failed to reach Summit Lake in time to join the party who had sailed away nearly half an hour before our arrival.

Being much refreshed, however, by an hour's sail through the beautiful islands, we changed our minds in regard to remaining over night at the first stopping place, and decided to push on to the Ford, two miles distant, where we were to lunch. These two miles we found to be the roughest part of the journey. After a luncheon of egg sandwiches and lemonade, we started over rocks, climbed a steep hill, finally coming to a long stretch which was being graded for a railway. We welcomed level ground once more with great joy, and were quite certain that as we had only five miles ahead of us before reaching the train the remainder of the journey would be easy walking. Alas! the grading soon came to an end, and a turn in the road brought us to the brink of a steep precipice—absolutely perpendicular. Down, down, we looked upon the immense rocks far below us, and on the other side could see the narrow trail clearly defined, but how to reach it! Evidently we had come too far. It resolved itself into a question as to whether we should retrace our steps for a mile or more or try the dizzy descent.

Poor patient Captain T——, who had been kindness itself, was ready for either, but to impose upon him all that additional tramp seemed selfish and cruel. So we screwed up our courage and began the descent, the Captain taking the lead. How he found a place to rest even the toe of his foot, much less the sole, is beyond my comprehension. Each rock or stone upon which we tried to depend immediately proved treacherous, slipped, and rolled until we heard the thud far below. Slipping, sliding, sitting down at times while feeling for something solid, we gradually descended, holding our breath and making no sound from very terror.

The bottom was finally reached, then began a scramble, pulling, slipping over the rocks until at length, with a feeling of the utmost satisfaction and relief, we were on the other side, and were complimented by the good Captain, who said



A HARD ROAD FOR TIRED FEET.

that his heart sank when he first saw the precipice, as he did not believe that we could possibly accomplish so perilous a descent.

E—— said that her great terror had made her quite forget her lameness, and she felt much better for the unusual experience. Gayly we walked along, thankful for a level road once more, enjoying the dashing torrent below the tremendous rocks overhead on the other side, when, suddenly, there was a noise as of thunder; we stopped; another blast, followed by a third, and down came some gigantic rocks, down, down, almost by our very feet and into the chasm below. That we were not crushed instantly was not the fault of the railroad employees, as no lookout had been stationed on the path and no word of warning given. A white flag was to be seen on the mountain-top, but we did not know the meaning of the signal. A sort of yodel we had heard also and answered, thinking that it came from other members of our party, but it seemed to us that lives were endangered both carelessly and needlessly. From that time on, the blasting was almost continuous, and as we could not tell in which direction to look for danger we tramped steadily on, trusting to the Lord for protection.

Two men appeared in search of a pack-horse which had rolled down the precipice with his load. We looked carefully but could see no trace of horse or pack; one more carcass added to those which already strew the White Pass! At last the railway could be seen through the loop in the mountains as we crossed the bridge and went along the main street of White Pass City or Heney, passing tents and houses. A member of our party approached, greeting us with loud shouts of welcome. "We 've been so worried about you we were about to send some of the party back; we thought that you *never* could do the precipice. The ladies are all in that hotel resting, as the train does not go till five and there are still three hours to spare." As we entered the small building honoured by the name of hotel, the four women of the party jumped from their beds to greet us as though we had risen from the dead. "How did you ever do the preci-

From a Photograph by H. C. Barley.

BLASTING ON THE SKAGUAY PASS.

pice?" they cried in one breath; "we 're light and accustomed to tramping; but we got so frightened about you that we were just sending the men back for you," and one brought fresh water, another towels, another soap, while still another assisted in taking off our wraps.

Thank the Lord, we 've accomplished the terrible White Pass, and our tramping is at an end forevermore! We would n't have missed it for the world; neither would we do it over again.

The proprietor and his wife begged me to do them the honour of naming their hotel, but as the one opposite was called "Ham-Grease Saloon," and seemed to be very popular, I did not feel equal to competing where such names were in favour. After resting a while, Captain T—— accompanied me to the railroad station to attend to the luggage, and to purchase tickets. The station was at the bottom of a hill seven hundred feet high, the train at the top. "Do you mean to say we must climb that to reach the cars?" I asked of the agent; "why that is steeper than anything we have done on the entire Skaguay Pass." "You might go up in the car with the luggage," he replied. "I don't advise you to try it, lady," said a bystander, "coz sometimes it slips back."

We went out to inspect. The power house was above, the car below, and a stout cable-line connecting them. It looked perfectly safe, while the climb seemed a dizzy and a dangerous one. E—— arrived, and said that the latter she could *not* do, so she decided that she would take the risk of going up in the car. Then she took her seat on top of a trunk, while Mrs. F—— and Mr. F—— accompanied her. When the car had reached the steepest part of the road, more than half-way up, the cable suddenly slackened, allowing it to slip backwards. "Jump for your lives," shouted the man in charge. Mr. and Mrs. F——, seated in front, were out in a second, but poor E—— was imprisoned by a trunk which the employees had scarcely time to remove and extricate her from her perilous position before the car dashed down to the bottom of the steep hill. Two men

From a Photograph by H. C. Barley.

CUTTING ROCK FOR A GRADE ON TUNNEL MOUNTAIN.

helped her up to the top. This accident prevented all others from entering so dangerous a conveyance.

To those of us who had congratulated ourselves too soon upon having reached the end of all fatiguing exertion, this seemed in reality the last straw. We gazed upward and shuddered. Two men kindly offered me assistance, which I most gladly accepted. The entire trail seemed as nothing in comparison, for we dared not use the rails, with the cable now slack, then tight, then flapping so that we were in danger of being caught by it if we approached too near. There was not even a rolling stone on which to rest the foot for an instant, and, as we neared the train, it was by main force that the two stout men carried my weight until some of the employees leaned over the embankment and drew me up. I sank into the first seat at hand, and looked down the steep hill of which no photograph can give a realistic picture.

At last the whistle sounded. "All aboard!" was shouted. Then the Klondike "boys" began to exclaim joyously, "A train at last after all these years!" "How long since you been in one, Jim?" "Too long to talk about," said Jim, as the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks. The "boys" began to sing *Home, Sweet Home.* "My old mother don't know I 'm a-coming. Poor Bill! his people have all died, he 's been away so long, and he ain't got even a sweetheart to welcome him back, but he 'll have a hot time in Skaguay to-night with all his nuggets disappearing." The "boys" caught up the strain and *A Hot Time in Skaguay* was predicted from dozens of throats.

Some stiff, stately persons seated in front of us drew themselves together, their noses high in the air, and gazed contemptuously upon the noisy rabble. They could not see the pathetic side of the picture—of how the poor "boys" had tramped, footsore and weary, for days, months, and even years; putting up with privations of all descriptions, suffering from lack of proper nourishment, half frozen in winter or risking their lives in going to the assistance of a less fortunate comrade, or they would not have frowned upon those shouts of joy at being once more within the bounds of civilisation. A sudden whistle! "A cow on the track, boys! let 's get off an' look at her. I 've forgotten how one looks." We listened to *Suwanee River*, *Old Folks at Home*, everything which suggested itself to the "boys," until at last "Skaguay" was called out.

How odd it seemed to descend from a railroad train and see signs of "Beer, ten cents," instead of one dollar, and "Peaches three for a quarter." All signs were read aloud by the leaders of our procession and comparisons made. We soon reached "Brannick's," where the ladies of our party had determined to stop for the night. What luxury! a frame house, not one built of logs! carpets! plenty of lamps and curtains! A book was moved towards us and we were asked to register, another unusual proceeding. How pleasant to see once more a "four-poster" with spring mattress, sheets, and pillow-cases! "What is the dinner-hour?" we asked. "We only let rooms, but there are several restaurants and an oyster-house very near." "Oysters! we must go and get some at once, before we forget how they taste." So E—— and I started on ahead. Accustomed to Dawson and the deep respect with which we had been treated by the brave, honest miners, we were quite astonished to have the Skaguay men stop and stare at us as we passed, although it was not yet 8 P.M., so we hurried into the first restaurant, ordered oysters, salads, and many other things that we had been deprived of so long, and begged for the newspapers while waiting. We were greatly interested in the wonderful letters in the papers describing life in Dawson, and were much amused at the exaggerations which we found in each article.

SKAGUAY, October 4th.

At last our tramp is at an end, all perils are over; the terrible White Pass has been traversed, and we look back upon it with a shudder, wondering how we ever dared attempt such an undertaking, yet glad at having accomplished it. E—— and I have both vowed that nothing under heaven would ever induce us to make such a trip again, and yet we are proud of ourselves for having mustered sufficient courage to surmount the dangers of which we had read, and we would not for the world have missed such an experience.

The weary Klondikers were aroused at an early hour this morning from their luxurious slumbers in comfortable beds, after months of rolling up in furs and blankets, by the loud and persistent lamentations of a passenger who had missed a steamer. Sleep being out of the question, I arose and soon became so absorbed in writing that twelve o'clock came before I was aware. E—— rushed in, saying, "There is a steamer to leave at three this afternoon—can you be ready at such short notice? If so, I 'll get the tickets, as the luggage has just arrived. We can go by this and see Sitka and other interesting points, or wait until to-morrow and go directly to Seattle."—"I 'll be ready." So E—— went off for the tickets, then returned to go with me to the restaurant. We stopped to purchase photographs which we had not time to take ourselves, and were in the carriage on our way to the

THE CEMETERY, SKAGUAY.

MRS. HITCHCOCK.

steamer *City of Topeka* just as the hotel proprietor said she was blowing her last whistle. "Cut rates," whispered E——, "so that we have only twelve dollars each to pay for the week's trip." It seemed impossible, but we were very willing to take advantage of such an opportunity.

Mr. L—— and more than half of our party remained behind, some because their luggage had not arrived, others because they could not secure a bunk. We waited two hours at the wharf notwithstanding that "last whistle."

The purser had told E—— that the top or third berth in our stateroom would probably be unoccupied, so she did not purchase it. As we started, however, we saw extra bags in our cabin, and hung about to see our new travelling companion. She proved to be a nice, quiet, but entertaining little woman who fitted in most agreeably. Although it was quite cold we walked the decks (where there were scarcely any seats to be had, everything was in such an overcrowded condition) until late, admiring the great contrast between the snow-capped mountains and the beautiful verdure-covered islands. We asked the purser for seats at table, but his reply was, "Sit anywhere." The rush was so great when the gong sounded, that we stepped back, preferring to let "the pushers" enjoy their feast while we waited for the second table. We had the luck, however, to get an unusually good waiter, who promised to reserve the same seats for us during the entire trip.

* * *

CHAPTER XXXII

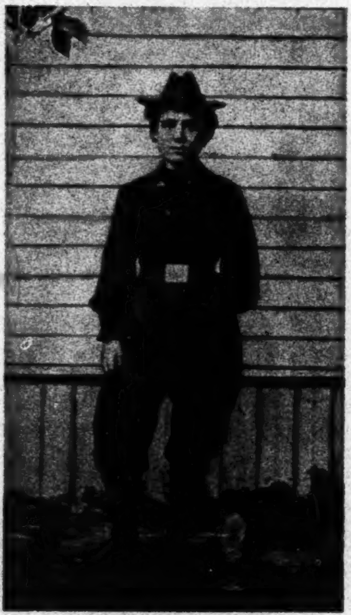
A DAY IN SITKA

Wednesday, October 5th.

AS the shutter was opened, beautiful verdure on all sides gladdened the eye. Mrs. B—— was up and dressed almost before we were awake. E—— and I had determined to be lazy and to get up only in time for luncheon, but when Mrs. B—— rushed in, saying, "We shall be in Sitka in half an hour," we scrambled into our clothes as rapidly as possible. As we landed, Indian women hurried down to the wharves and seated themselves along the road, spreading out their wares on the ground before them—curios of all sorts and descriptions. I decided to do the town first, examine everything, then select the very best. This was a mistake, as the supply was so small and the demand so great that soon all the best things had been taken and prices were going up materially for the few remaining articles. I secured two walking-sticks, the handle of one an eagle's claw, of the other a deer's hoof, a curiously carved pipe, which must have been so heavy as to have detracted from the pleasure of the smoke, a carved salad fork and spoon, a beaded bottle, finely braided basket, and one of the daintiest pairs of moccasins I have ever seen.

The next search was for photographs. We stopped at the Hotel Millmore long enough to see what a hotel in this part of the world looked like—very primitive and old-fashioned, but comfortable. We went through the Indian village, stopping to talk with the most interesting natives. Many times my camera was turned towards them but as they generally objected, I did not press the subject, nor the button. I questioned one woman as to the cause of her objection. She explained to me, in sign language, that if I would wait for her to change into her Sunday costume she would give me the great privilege. E—— was just about to snap a most picturesque group of children, when the mother came rushing upon her, shaking her fist. E—— told the children to look in her camera and see the reflection, and as they were standing about her, peeping into the top of the camera, their expressions of surprise brought the mother, who wanted to see also. While she was investigating with them, I snapped the group.

From natives and from dogs Ivan attracted general attention and was always surrounded, but seemed as unconscious of the snapping, snarling, barking curs at his heels as of the exclamations of admiration heard on all sides. An old chief arose as I approached, and inquired the value of the noble beast. "Five thousand dollars," said I. He looked stupefied. "Quite beyond his comprehension," said my companions. "Two hundred dollars my dog," said the chief, as he whistled for him. We decided that he was telling us what he paid for his, but the men of the party insisted that he was a "sporty" old man, and was offering to



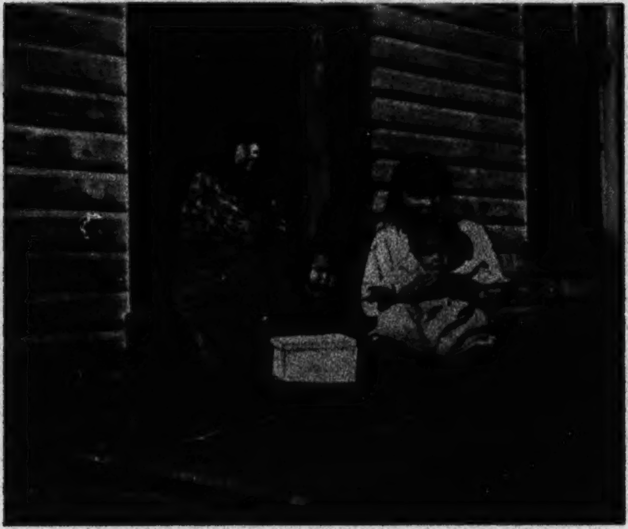
OUR ROOM-MATE.

back his dog against mine for that amount, particularly as he clutched his throat, made signs of a hearty shaking, and then imitated someone's having dropped lifeless. I did not stop to see whether or not he expected that "someone" to be Ivan, but beat a rapid retreat, as his eager whistling began again.

A little farther on, we found an Indian carving a salad fork and spoon; the design seemed so much more unique than on those I had bought that I waited for him to finish and sandpaper his handiwork. His wife soon made her appearance with her head bandaged, and apparently in such pain that she could neither sit nor stand, but moaned and walked, moaned and sat down, only to start off again. From her description in broken English and in signs, I inferred that she had had no physician, but had suffered agonies from neuralgia. "Come with me to the steamer," said I to the husband, "and I will give you a cure which will relieve her of all pain in a few hours." He caught up his cap and followed. During the walk some Alaska dolls attracted me and I stopped to purchase them; the Indian looked sternly at me and grunted, "Medichin." On we went until an article made of deer's nails, to be used either as a plaything for children or by a warrior in his dance, was more than I could resist; fearful lest someone else should secure it, I was handing the money for it, when a reproachful voice called out "Medichin." Quite near the steamer sat a woman with unique curios—another temptation to which I yielded, but the voice grew threatening as I heard "Medichin" for the last time. The Indian followed me up the gangplank to my cabin, where I opened the bag and handed to him four of my precious tablets, explaining to him just how they should be used. He listened attentively. "Cover," said he. I wrapped them for him, he turned on his heel without a word of thanks or salutation, and soon disappeared from view.

Having seen the natives, their homes, their handiwork, their wonderfully beautiful harbour with Mount Edgecombe, an extinct volcano, a little over twenty miles from Sitka, clearly to be seen, my attention was turned to the government buildings, consisting of United States Court House and Jail, located near the wharf on the southeast side of an old Russian log building, containing court-room, jail, and quarters for government officials.

I went first to the mission, being most courteously received by Judge K——, who showed me through the large, bright sunny school-rooms, where the children looked happy and interested in their studies. After a short chat with the teachers, we paid a visit to the culinary department, which looked large and clean and attractive, after the make-shifts of Dawson. A short visit to the spotless dormitories—a few words of thanks and encouragement to Judge K——, who has spent so many years of his life so far away from home, and then on with a fellow passenger for one of the most romantic walks imaginable to the Indian River and along its



INDIAN CHILDREN AT SITKA.

banks. It reminded me greatly of "Flirtation Walk" at West Point, so dear to the heart of the cadet.

We went next to the Russian church, with its beautiful Russian paintings, many of which were covered with gold and silver. A description given by the *North Star* says: "In the year 1816, a small chapel was built in Sitka by Baranoff, but the present cathedral of St. Michael was built and dedicated in 1844 by Ivan Veniaminoff, when he became Bishop of the Diocese of Russian America, and this church occupies a quadrangle in the centre of the city. The chime of six bells was sent from Moscow, and rich vestments, plate, pictures, and altar furnishings were sent by Veniaminoff, then Metropolitan of Moscow, and by members of noble families in Russia. The interior furnishing is in gold and white, and the inner sanctuary, which is forbidden to women, is separated from the body of the church by very handsome, elaborate bronze doors. Massive candlesticks stand on each side of the doors, and on the screens are full-length pictures of St. Michael and St. Nicholas in robes and armor of beaten silver, with jewelled halos and helmets.

"The chapel and the altar in the right transept are dedicated to John the Baptist. The chapel of St. Mary on the left is used for services in winter. The altar picture of the Madonna and Child with their sweet faces and fine silver draperies, is considered very beautiful. The church treasures consist of rich vestments, jewelled crowns, crosses, reliquaries, and caskets, some illuminated breviaries and missals with jewelled and enamelled covers, and a fine baptismal bowl. The crowns used in the marriage ceremony and the mitre of the bishop are of elaborate workmanship. In 1869, the Russian church was robbed, by United States discharged soldiers, of plate and the jewelled Bible, which were in part recovered.

"The Czar of Russia maintains the seventeen churches and ninety-three chapels in Alaska and the chapels in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and the churches in many other places of the United States at a cost of about ninety thousand dollars per annum. Before the See was transferred from Sitka to San Francisco, the bishop resided in the long green-roofed building on the Governor's Walk (now the Russian Orphanage), and there is a small chapel within the building in which there are many fine silver icons. Before the transfer, the Chapel of the Resurrection in the stockade was used for the natives. During the rising of the Indians it was once held by them as a fort. It decayed, and was destroyed a few years ago, and all now worship together in the church of St. Michael."

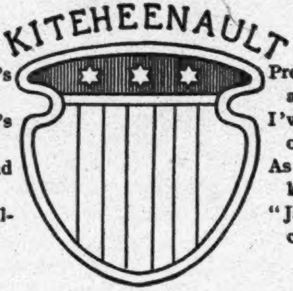
Everywhere we met Indians wearing the large "Dewey button." On returning to the steamer I was disappointed to find that we had missed the visits of Dr. W——, U.S.N., and Captain Y——; U.S.M.C. At seven, the latter called again. Social Hall was crowded; the dining-room ditto; passengers were even seated on all the steps of the stairway, so, cold as it was, we were obliged to remain out on the deck, as there were sixty more passengers on board than there were cabins for, even allowing three in each room. The Captain's time had almost expired; he was expecting his relief, and anticipating with great pleasure the thought of being once more stationed at Annapolis. My old friend Captain S—— had just left in command of the *Pheasant*, and the *Wheeling* is expected in a day or two. One of my husband's old sailors sent on board to me a *Leslie's Weekly*, which was greatly appreciated. The Captain extended an invitation for E—— and me to spend the evening in his comfortable quarters, to meet the Governor and see something of home-life in Sitka, but, unfortunately, we were obliged to decline.

CHAPTER XXXIII

JAKE AND HIS RIVAL

Thursday, October 6th.

LEFT Sitka at 6 A.M., reaching Killisnoo at one. "Five minutes will be more than enough for this place, so don't hurry," called out one of the passengers, but we were not deterred from starting on a voyage of discovery, and were fully justified in not heeding the warning. On our way to the Russian church, we were told that many years ago some Americans visited this town, but were attacked and killed by the Indians. Immediately afterwards a man-of-war was sent in, which bombarded the place. We searched for a book, pamphlet, or paper from which to gain some reliable information, but in vain. We soon came to a house, upon which was the following sign:

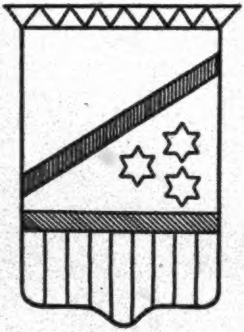


By the Governor's commission
And the company's permission,
I am made the grand Tyhee
Of this entire Illahee.

Prominent in song and story,
I've attained the top of glory.
As Sacinaw I'm known to fame.
"Jake" is but my common name.

While copying the sign, who should come up the road but

Jake himself, the only smiling Indian among the entire sullen band. He invited us to enter, and his roomy house was soon filled to overflowing. He brought out costume after costume, some made of red cloth embroidered with white and blue beads, some entirely of marten tails—war suits and dancing suits galore. We begged him to dress himself in one of these costumes, but pleaded in vain. To one of the young men of the party, however, he took a decided liking, and put on him his favourite suit, even to his crown of feathers and mask. Suddenly he said, "That 's enough," and looked at the door. Each guest felt that the audience was at an end, and only stopped to get a peep at the dozens of beautiful red trunks with their heavy brass nails, which seemingly contained stacks more of weird costumes. We wandered on until we discovered by a sign above another house that Jake had a hated rival :



Rightful chief of all Neltusken,
Gungh-Tah Kooch and Kooch ka pen,
Known as such I am, Kah Chuckte,
From Yabulat to Far Stickeen.

Yes my name it is Kah Chuckte,
Manslayer in the Boston tongue,
Old as yonder Granite Mountains,
Is the lineage whence I sprung.

Stores of furs and blankets pillaged
By the "Adams" pirate crew,
Hough Kah Chuckte ever neutral,
Dwelt afar from Kootznakoo.

Now I ask not for positions,
Such to Jake I will concede,
While Kah Chuckte from your nation
Will for justice only plead.

Such a pathetic plea for justice aroused deep sympathy in the hearts of those who read in favour of the absent chieftain, and gave us a still keener desire to learn the history of the little village. To the one store in town I went—to find a locked door. I asked the only European visible in that part of the village for information. None to be had. He directed me to the side door of the shop, saying, "The proprietor is there, but is a crank, and will open only when he feels in the humour to do so." To the side door I applied, and asked a gruff-looking man who was seated at a desk, writing, "Can you give me a book or pamphlet or any information about this place?" "None whatever," he replied, so I bowed and left. I climbed thirty or forty steps to photograph the little church, but as the day was dark, could not hope for good results. There was nothing more

KILLISNOO.

to be seen or done except to buy a curio in the shape of a tiny canoe with two men in fur—one paddling, the other with spear in hand.

Just as I was going on board followed by the faithful Ivan, who had attracted the usual amount of attention, someone called, "Bring your camera quick—here 's the chance of a lifetime," and I hastened to the edge of the wharf to see a scow so laden with silvery herrings that men were standing knee-deep among them, scooping them into receptacles which were hauled up over a bridge, from which they were emptied in a shower into a waiting car. The car was then hauled by cable to the warehouses, through which the head man soon escorted me saying, that it was the only establishment of the kind on the Pacific coast; that they made no fuss about what they were doing, but employed one hundred men when they were running full time. Caught one hundred and thirty-five tons of fish in a net one hundred and forty fathoms long and seventy feet deep, yielding one thousand three hundred and fifty barrels. The oil is used by miners, as it is non-explosive, and is also boiled for paints. The processes, as we followed them, interested us greatly, and we left, deeply impressed by the industry of the Alaska Oil & Guano Company.

At four o'clock we were off again and watched the wonderful scenery until dinner-time. The Captain says we shall reach Juneau after midnight, leaving by 6 A.M., so that we shall not have the desired opportunity of visiting the famous Alaska-Treadwell mines.

Friday, October 7th.

Through the window this morning we saw small icebergs, some in the shape of beautiful swans, others resembling animals of different descriptions. At nine came a knock on the door and an inquiry whether the ladies were in, as a big paper bag was handed to E——. We peeped to see the contents as eagerly as children, shouting with exclamations of delight and surprise over bananas, peaches, even grapes, bonbons, peanuts! "A slight souvenir of Juneau," as Mr. M—— (the kindly fellow passenger who had provided E——

with an awning during the previous trip) modestly put it. An hour after we received a similar gift from Mr. ——, of Vancouver, another fellow passenger from Dawson.

The rain was falling, the steamer overcrowded, and there was not a place to sit and be comfortable, for even the dining-room chairs were all in use, and when the hour approached for laying the tables, their occupants were obliged to stand, or go to their cabins. E—— and Mrs. B—— went to breakfast, after which the latter returned and entertained me with stories of her camp-life. To have spent two years in that country, without paying a visit to Dawson was the part that astonished me. Having purchased in Skaguay photographs of "'Soapy' Smith at rest," "'Soapy' Smith sleeping with shooting-iron," and "'Soapy' Smith's grave," his story interested me greatly, but it was told in many different ways. The following version was repeated oftener than any other:

"SOAPY" SMITH AND HIS GUN.

"He was a 'bunco steerer' from Denver, who went to ——, but was ordered away. Finally he settled at Skaguay with twenty or more of his followers. One of the latter was a newspaper-man, whose duty it was to interview all new arrivals. When he found that they had money, he and 'Soapy' disposed of them and took possession of the funds. At length a man appeared with several thousand dollars in gold dust which he wanted to exchange at the bank, but was told by one of 'Soapy's' band that a certain friend of his would give a dollar more an ounce, so decided to transact the business with him, and was 'made way with' in the usual manner. Whether from the fact that the money was not divided, or that his men were tired of being ruled by him, is not known; certain it is, however, that one of them 'peached.' A mass-meeting of the townspeople was held, and as they were trying to decide what disposition to make of 'Soapy' and his gang, the former walked in, very much under the influence of alcohol. A scuffle ensued in which 'Soapy' and the marshal were the principal combatants and were both mortally wounded. The entire gang was soon caught and lodged in jail and the town was relieved from the desperadoes who had made life a burden."

Another story of him was as follows: "Soapy" Smith called one day on a new arrival—a missionary—pretended great interest in his work, and asked if he had been sent out empty-handed. "Yes," said the man, "but if you will assist me I shall soon have enough to enable me to be of much use." "Put me down for a thousand dollars," said "Soapy," "and when 'the boys' see my name at the head of the list, they 'll all chip in; then when you 've got all you can from them, come to me and you may have the gold dust." The missionary, greatly encouraged, searched the camp diligently for subscribers. A few weeks later he received another visit from "Soapy" who asked whether he had met with much success. "Yes, thanks to you," said the missionary, "I have now nearly two thousand dollars." "Hand it over!" exclaimed "Soapy" and his startled host, looking into the muzzle of a revolver, obeyed orders.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FAREWELL TO ALASKA

ALTHOUGH the rain was still falling, we prepared to go on shore at Wrangel, and passed the time before arrival chatting pleasantly with Captain T——, who is still obliged to sleep on the dining-room table, although it is loudly whispered that there are a number of vacant bunks on board. The first time he asked the purser for one of them, he was told that it had been partially promised to another man; the second time, that he might have it "if the other man did not apply before night"; the third, that if he could discover which bunk was vacant he might put in an application; so, rather than be subjected to further indignities, he decided to endure being ordered from his short repose on the table at four each morning. As we tied up to the dock at Wrangel, the night was black, and the rain still falling in torrents; although we landed, we were not able to see our way into the town without the aid of a lantern, which it was not possible to obtain. Fortunately, a man came on board with samples of rocks from the Stickeen River, in which were embedded large garnets, and I managed to secure some fine specimens as souvenirs.

October 8th.

A rainy, nasty day! We reached Ketchikan at six o'clock, too early to dress and go on shore, and after that, were only to stop at Mary Island for a few hours to leave there the winter's supply of coal. "Absolutely nothing to see," Mrs. B—— assured us. "We do not even go to a dock, as there is none to go to, and the coal is put off in bags, on a boat." We had heard most alarming stories of the roughness of the waters at Dixon Entrance, so we three concluded to be on the safe side, and remain in bed. Our suspicions of "a bad day before us" were confirmed by the unusually early arrival of the man in charge of filling the lamps, who said, "I must do them now, as it may be too rough later." One of the stewards looked in, to see that everything was well secured, telling us that, on a previous trip, a tremendous wave had knocked in the door of this very cabin, split open the bunk in which I was lying, and washed out a mother and babe, who were in E——'s bunk.

After such preparations, the reality was indeed tame, for we had but a gentle rocking motion which lasted only a few hours, and soon rounded the point and were in smooth water again. I forgot to jot down that before leaving Wrangel there were several boys on the dock shouting, "Seattle papers of the 4th and the 6th." That they should have papers of so recent a date aroused my suspicions, so that, for the first time, I did not call for the latest news. Several men did, however. The boys sold their papers and ran. By the time they had disappeared, their victims had discovered that 6th of July, instead of 6th of October was the heading of their reading-matter.

Monday, October 10th.

A rough night! Reached Departure Bay at 9 A.M. As the Captain decided not to stop at Victoria, owing to the fact that only three passengers were booked for that port, and that the cost of wharfage was very great, Mr. M—— and Mr. —— bade us good-bye and left by train. Late in the evening we made Port Townsend, reaching Seattle after midnight.

Tuesday, October 11th.

We three women suffered veritable torture last night! We were shut in a cabin six by eight, with bunks so near each other that to sit up was an impossibility. One or two of the passengers who had not been able to procure extra blankets

BEAR TOTEM, FORT WRANGEL.

had asked to have the steam turned on, and turned on it was! At midnight, we compared notes and found that no Turkish bath could have surpassed in temperature that which we were enduring. There were no bells to ring, and no one to call. How we longed for morning! At four o'clock I could bear it no longer, got up, dressed, and sat on deck, and the others were not long in following my example. At the same time, I must in justice add that the steamer was clean and the service wonderfully good, taking into consideration the fact that there were three sets of passengers for each meal, so overcrowded was the ship; the cuisine was really excellent. The only other cause of complaint is the way in which the three bunks are crowded together one above the other, but that seems to be a custom of the Pacific coast.

We reached Hotel Butler in the early morning and were soon surrounded by reporters, many of whom it would perhaps have been advisable to see, in which case they would not have written, "The ladies were obliged to travel through the Klondike in men's clothing," or, "The ladies astonished the miners with their silks and satins, laces and diamonds."

We soon received many invitations, and were shown that cordial hospitality for which Seattle is famous, but we could not tarry long, as we were anxious to reach our own firesides. Our trip had come to an end, and although the privations had been many, they had been more than compensated for by the kind friends we had made, by the insight we had gained into a phase of life hitherto unknown to us, by the magnificence of the scenery, and by the novelty of the experience.

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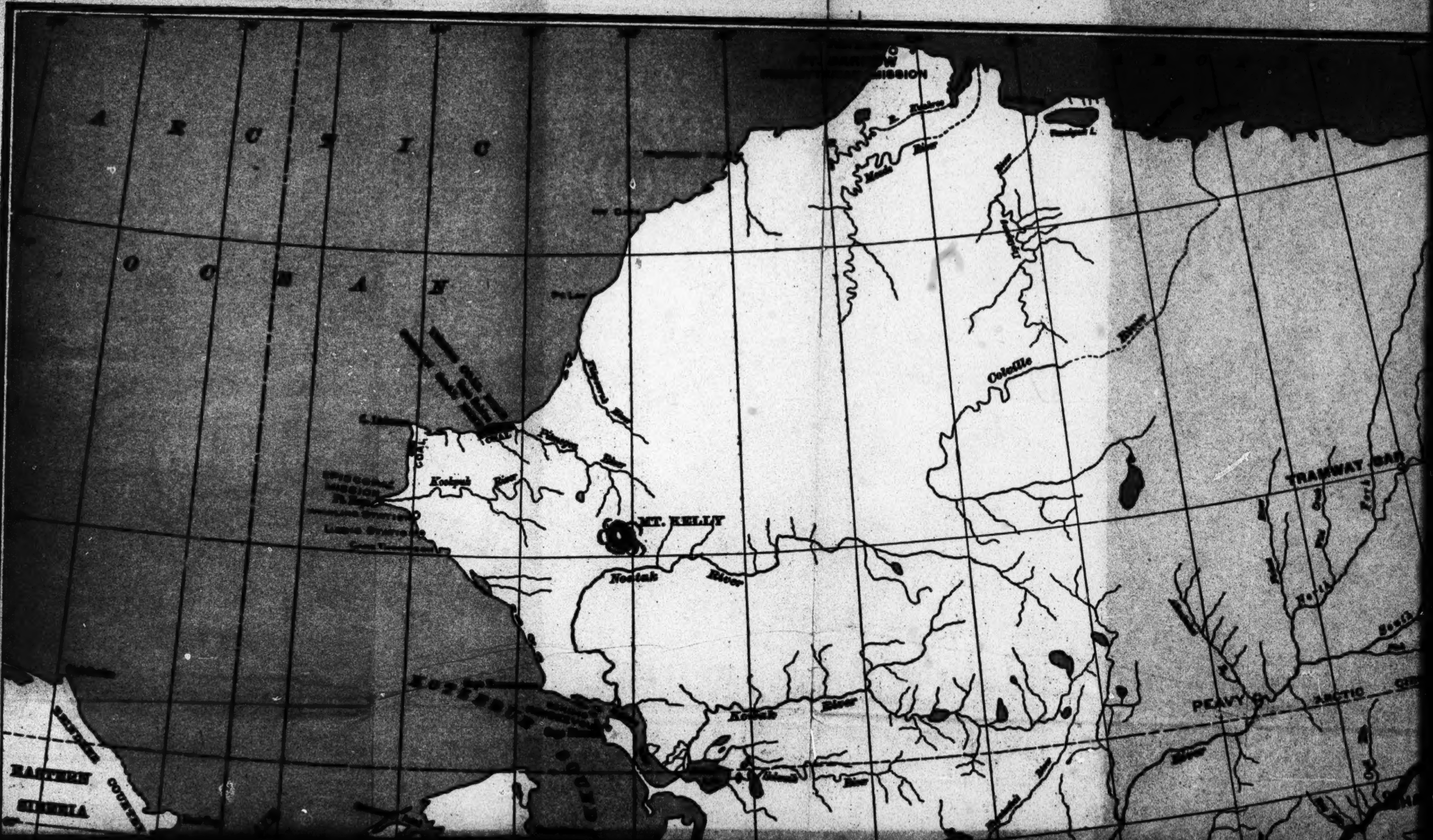
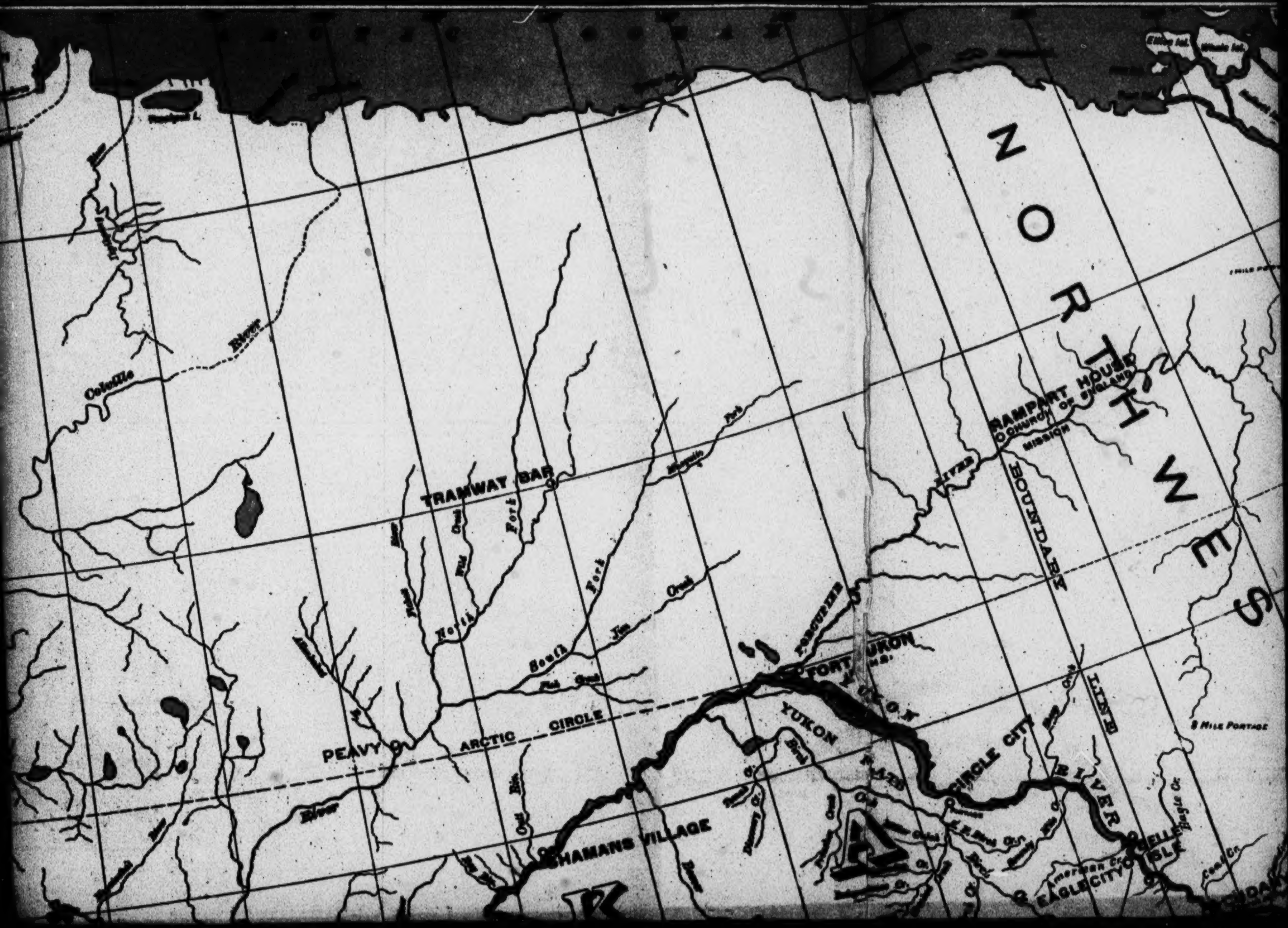
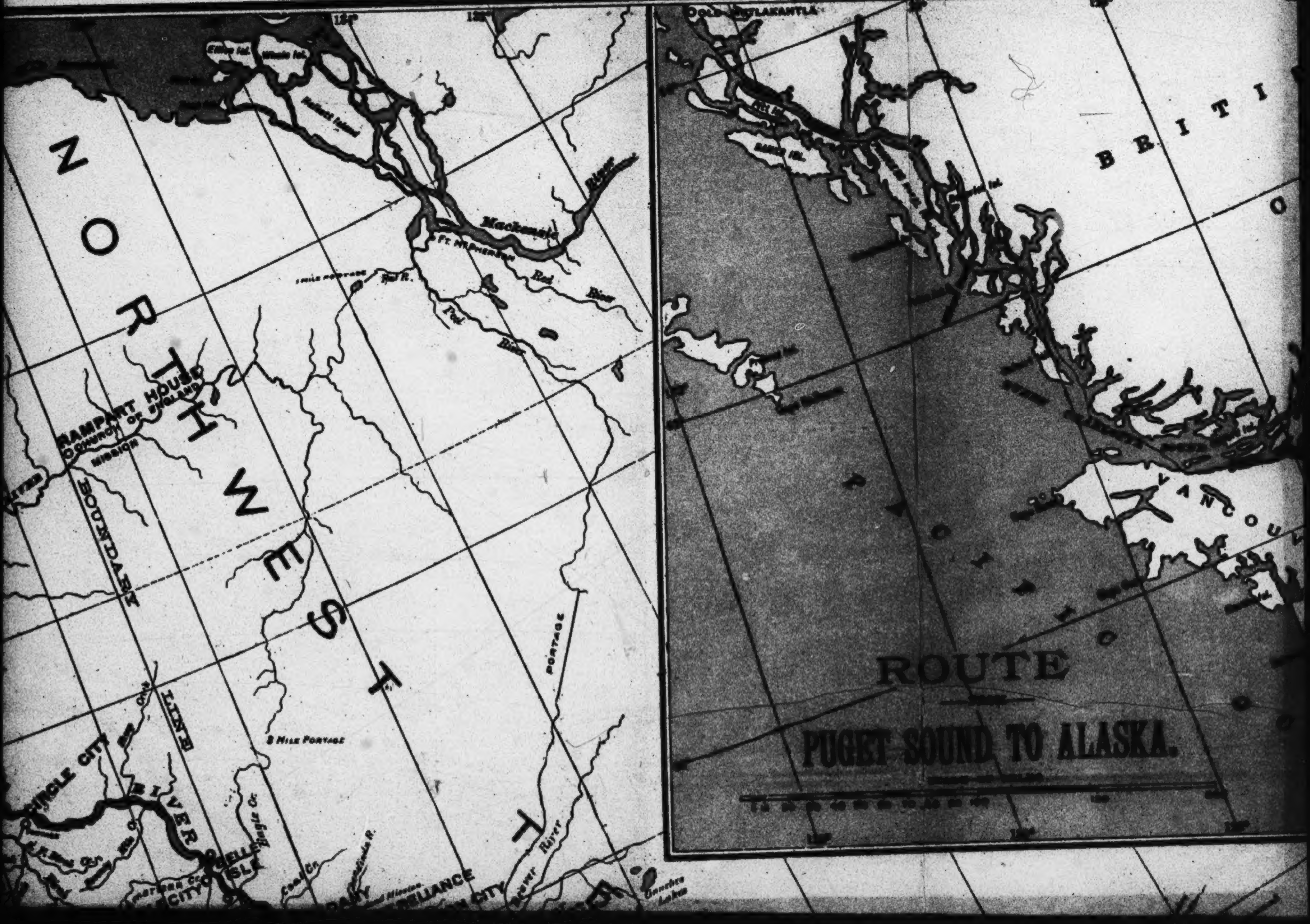
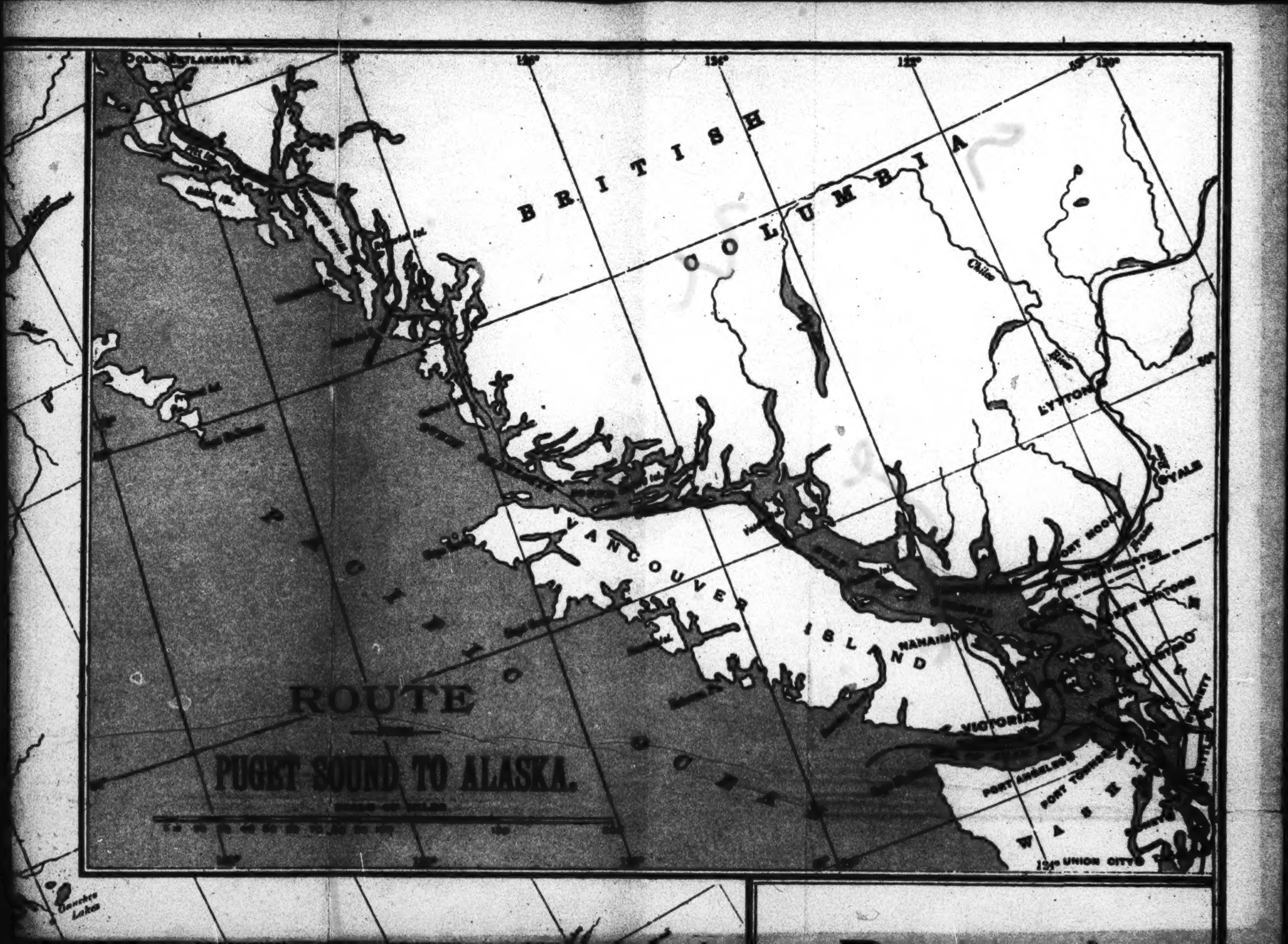
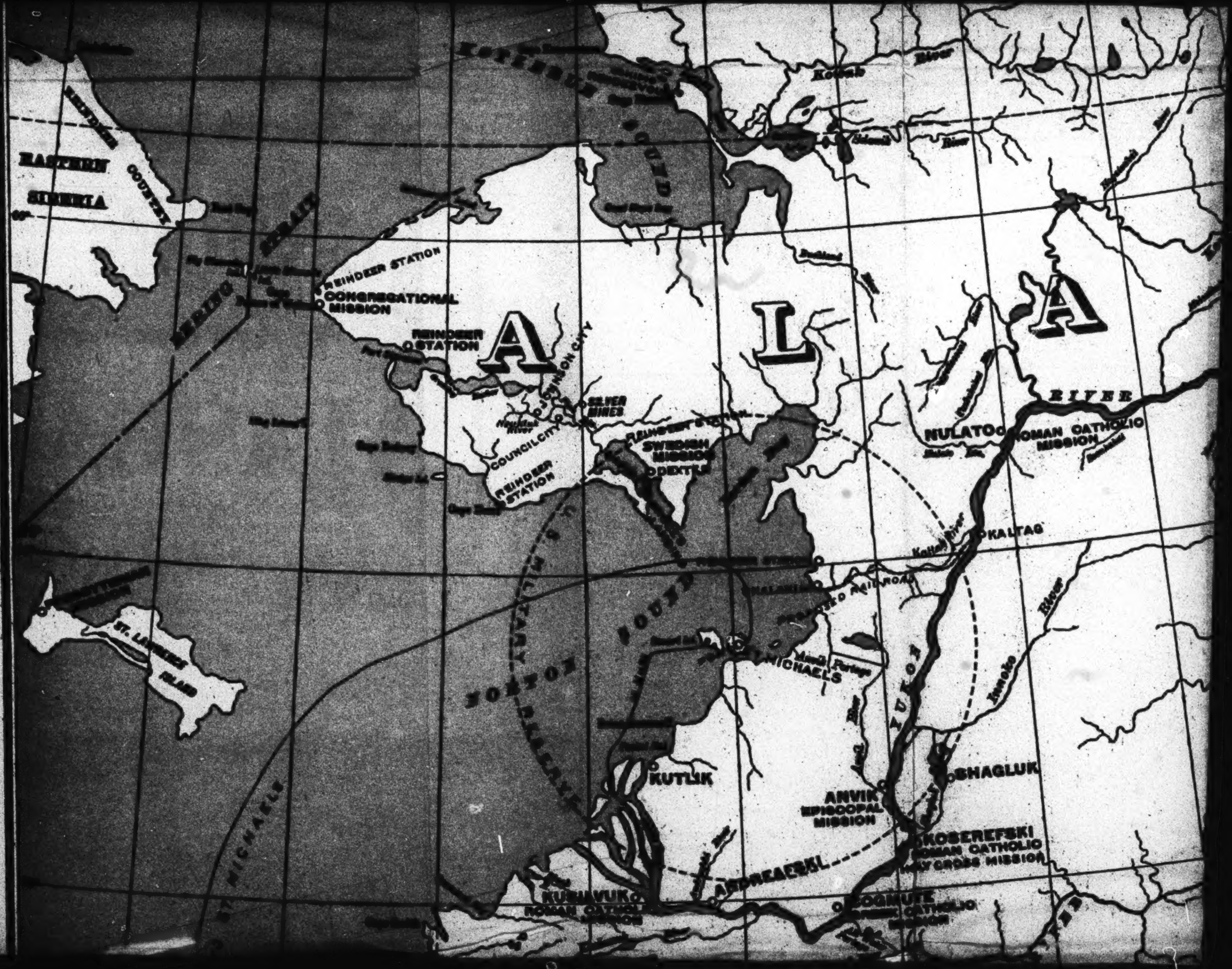


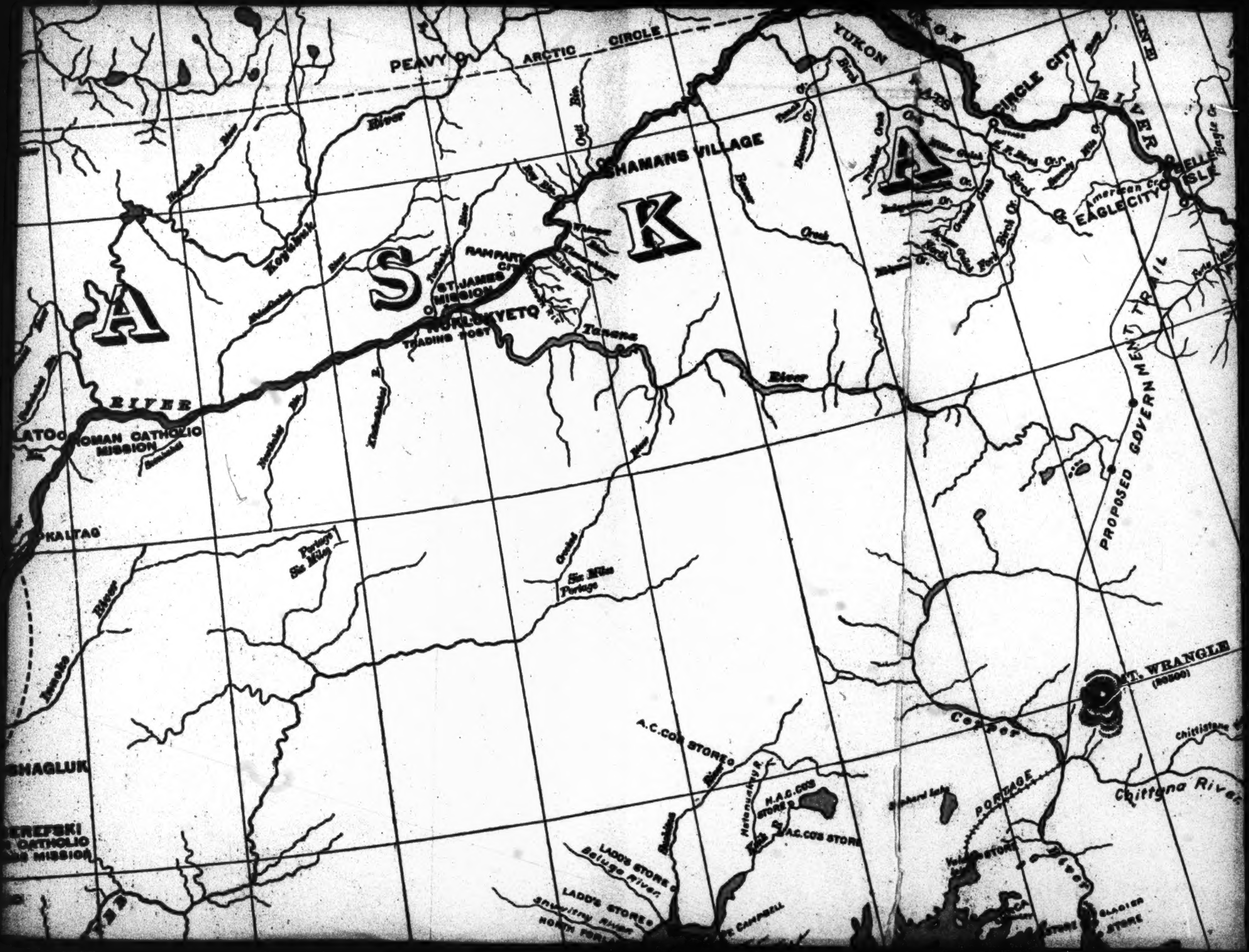
A R C T I C
O C E A N
PT. BARROW
MISSION
Meade River
Colville River
COAL
COAL
COAL
EPISCOPAL MISSION
Kookpuk River
Pitmegea River
MT. KELLY
Noatak River
Kowak River
TRAMWAY BAR
PEAVY
ARCTIC
EASTERN SIBERIA
SOUND


Colville
River
TRAMWAY BAR
North
Fork
Wild
Creek
South
Fork
Jim
Creek
PEAVY
ARCTIC
CIRCLE
River
SHAMANS VILLAGE
K
PORCUPINE
FORT YUKON
YUKON
Y U K O N
Birch
FLATS
CIRCLE CITY
R I V E R
E. F. Birch Cr.
American Cr.
EAGLE CITY
BELLE
ISLE
Eagle Cr.
Coal Cr.
8 MILE PORTAGE
RAMPART HOUSE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
MISSION
RIVER
BOUNDARY
LINE
N O R T H W E S
1 MILE PORTAGE

NORTHWEST T
Mackenzie River
Ft. McPherson
Rat R.
Peel River
RAMPART HOUSE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION
BOUNDARY LINE
CIRCLE CITY
RIVER
BELLE ISLE
CITY
Eagle Cr.
Coal Cr.
8 Mile Portage
PORTAGE
RELIANCE
CITY
River
Lakes
OLD METLAKAHTLA
BANKS ISL.
BRITI
VANCOU
P A C I F I C
O C E
ROUTE
PUGET SOUND TO ALASKA.


ROUTE
FROM
PUGET SOUND TO ALASKA.
SCALE OF MILES
OLD METLAKAHTLA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER ISLAND
PACIFIC OCEAN
NANAIMO
VICTORIA
PORT ANGELES
PORT TOWNSEND
LYTTON
YALE
PORT MOODY
NEW WESTMINSTER
UNION CITY
WASHINGTON
Chilco
Omenica Lakes
128°
126°
124°
122°
120°


EASTERN
SIBERIA
COUNTRY
BERING
STRAIT
KOTZEBUE
SOUND
A
L
A
REINDEER STATION
CONGREGATIONAL MISSION
REINDEER STATION
JOHNSON CITY
SILVER MINES
COUNCIL CITY
REINDEER STATION
REINDEER STATION
SWEDISH MISSION
DEXTER
NULATO
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
RIVER
KALTAG
Kaltag River
PROPOSED RAIL ROAD
ST. MICHAELS
ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND
NORTON SOUND
U. S. MILITARY RESERVE
ST. MICHAELS
Innoko
River
YUKON
KUTLIK
ANVIK
EPISCOPAL MISSION
SHAGLUK
KOSEREFSKI
ROMAN CATHOLIC
HOLY CROSS MISSION
ANDREAFSKI
KUSILVUK
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
OGOMUTE
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION


A
S
K
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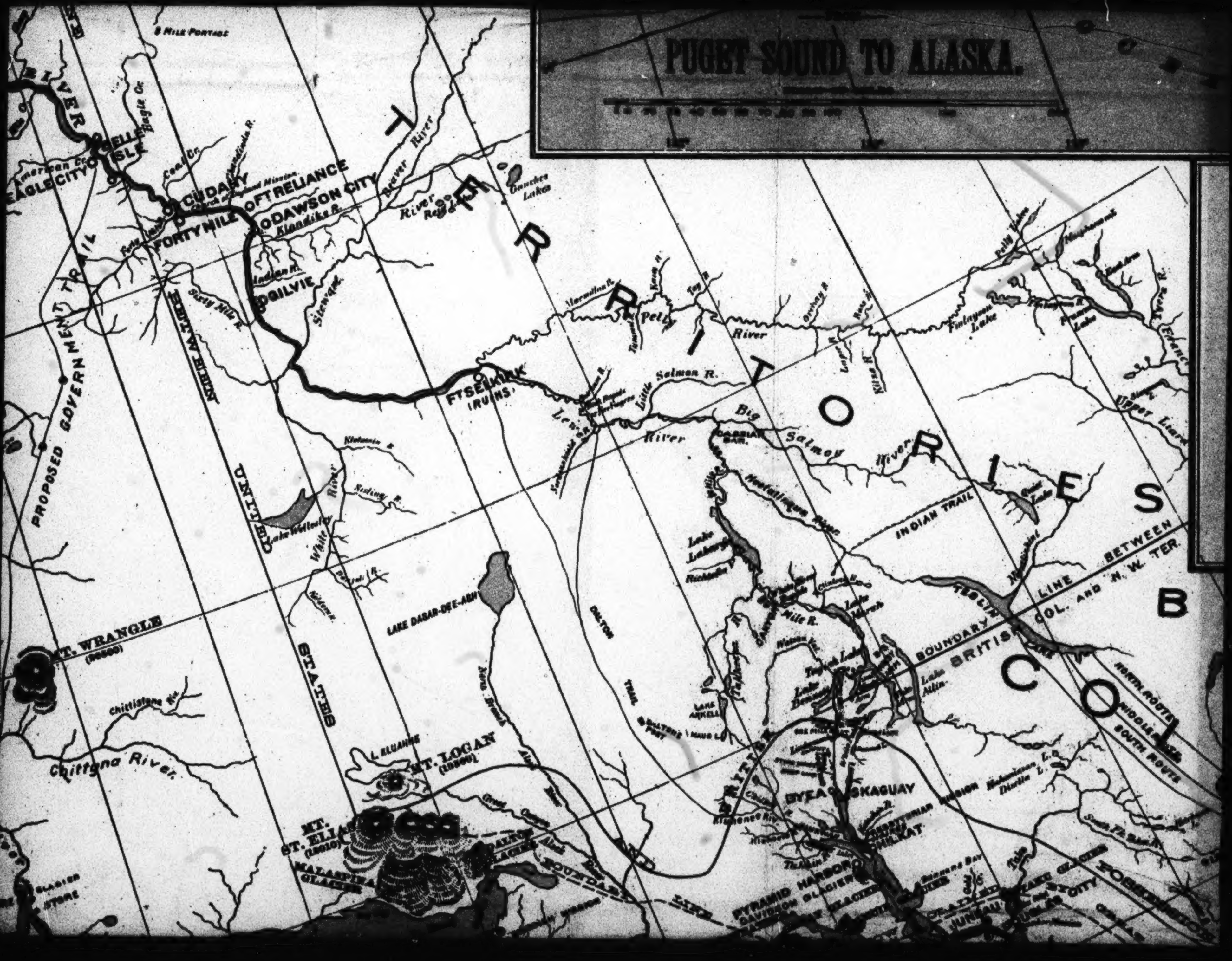
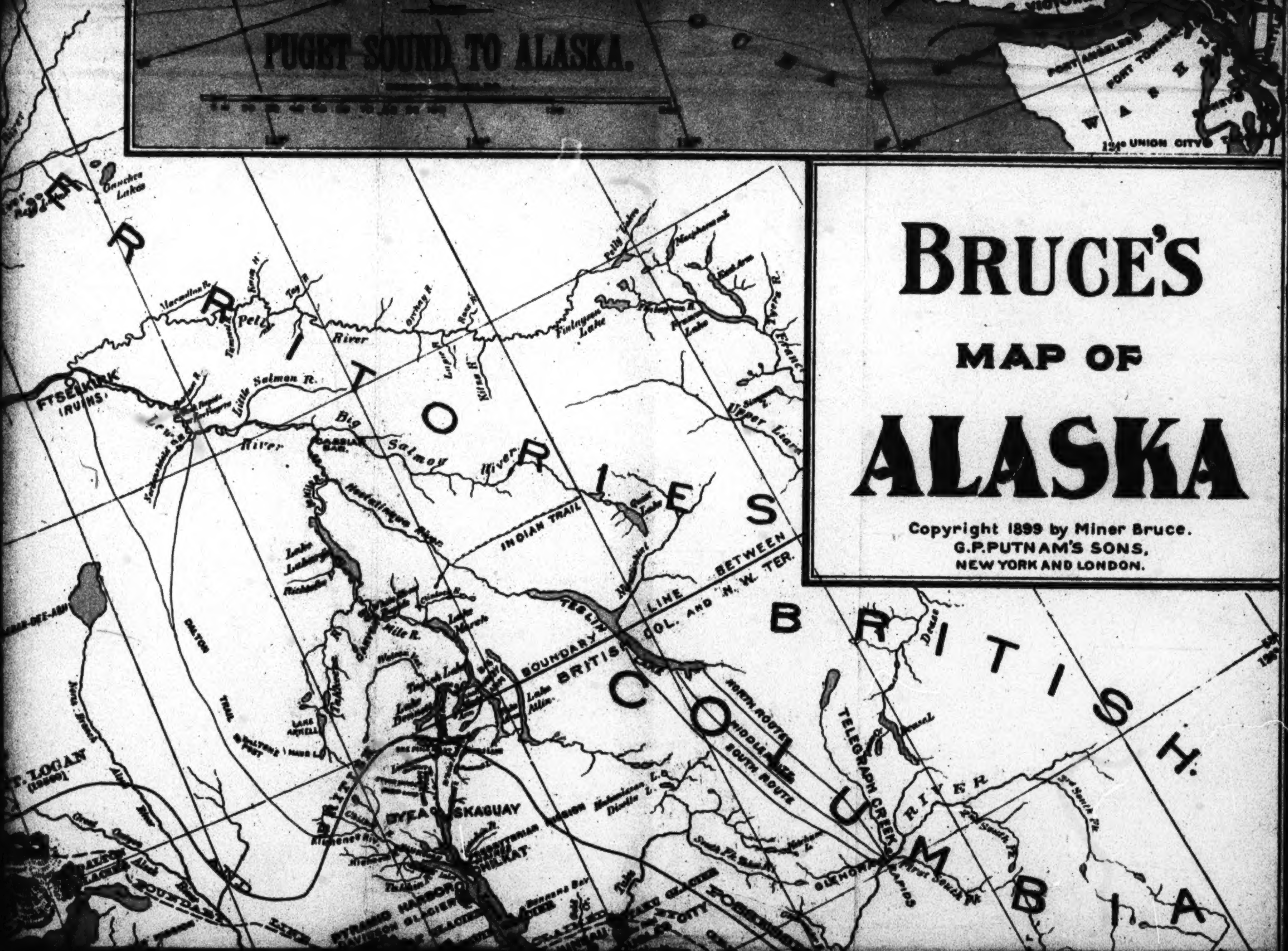
PEAVY
ARCTIC CIRCLE
YUKON
River
Koyukuk
SHAMANS VILLAGE
RAMPART CITY
ST. JAMES MISSION
NUKLUKYETO
TRADING POST
Tanana
River
CIRCLE CITY
RIVER
EAGLE CITY
American Cr.
Birch
Birch Cr.
Beaver
Creek
Discovery Cr.
Miller Gulch
Eagle Cr.
BELLE ISLE
PROPOSED GOVERNMENT TRAIL
RIVER
LATO
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
KALTAG
Portage Six Mile
Six Mile Portage
Crooked
River
Innoko
SHAGLUK
EREFSKI
CATHOLIC
MISSION
A.C.CO'S STORE
H.A.C.CO'S STORE
A.C.CO'S STORE
Matanuska R.
Knik
LADD'S STORE
Beluga River
LADD'S STORE
Skwentna River
NORTH FORK
CAMPBELL
Copper
MT. WRANGLE
(20200)
Chittistone
Chittyna River
PORTAGE
STORE
GLACIER
STORE


PUGET SOUND TO ALASKA.
8 MILE PORTAGE
RIVER
EAGLE CITY
American Cr.
Eagle Cr.
BELLE ISLE
Coal Cr.
Chandindu R.
Church of England Mission
CUDAHY
FT RELIANCE
DAWSON CITY
FORTYMILE
Fortymile R.
Klondike R.
Indian R.
OGILVIE
Sixty Mile R.
Stewart
Beaver River
River
TERRITORIES
Lakes
Macmillan R.
Pelly
Pelly River
FT SELKIRK
(RUINS)
Little Salmon R.
Lewes
River
Big Salmon River
Hootalinqua River
Lake Laberge
Richthofen
Pelly Lakes
Finlayson Lake
Frances Lake
Upper Liard
INDIAN TRAIL
TESLIN LAKE
BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN BRITISH COL. AND N. W. TER.
B
C
O
L
NORTH ROUTE
MIDDLE ROUTE
SOUTH ROUTE
Lake Marsh
Tagish Lake
Lake Bennett
Lake Atlin
LAKE ARKELL
DALTON TRAIL
DALTON'S POST
DYEA
SKAGUAY
PRESBYTERIAN MISSION
CHILKAT
PYRAMID HARBOR
DAVIDSON GLACIER
JUNEAU
Taku
BOUNDARY LINE
PROPOSED GOVERNMENT TRAIL
UNITED STATES
Lake Wellesley
White River
Nisling R.
LAKE DASAR-DEE-ASH
MT. WRANGLE
(20600)
Chitistone Riv.
Chittyna River
L. KLUAHNE
MT. LOGAN
(19500)
Great Canyon
MT. ST. ELIAS
(18010)
MALASPINA GLACIER
GLACIER


PUGET SOUND TO ALASKA.
VICTORIA
PORT ANGELES
PORT TOWNSEND
UNION CITY
W A S H
TERRITORIES
Onuchee Lake
Pelly Lakes
Pelly River
Finlayson Lake
Frances L.
Upper Liard
FT SELKIRK (RUINS)
Little Salmon R.
Lewes River
Big Salmon River
INDIAN TRAIL
TESLIN
Lake Lebarge
Lake Marsh
Mile R.
Tagish Lake
Lake Bennett
Lake Atlin
BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN BRITISH COL. AND N. W. TER.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
NORTH ROUTE
MIDDLE ROUTE
SOUTH ROUTE
TELEGRAPH CREEK
STIKINE RIVER
GLENORA
Dease
DALTON TRAIL
DALTON'S POST
MT. LOGAN (19500)
DYEA
SKAGUAY
CHILKAT
PYRAMID HARBOR
DAVIDSON GLACIER
PRESBYTERIAN MISSION
BOUNDARY LINE
First South Fk.
2nd South Fk.
3rd South Fk.

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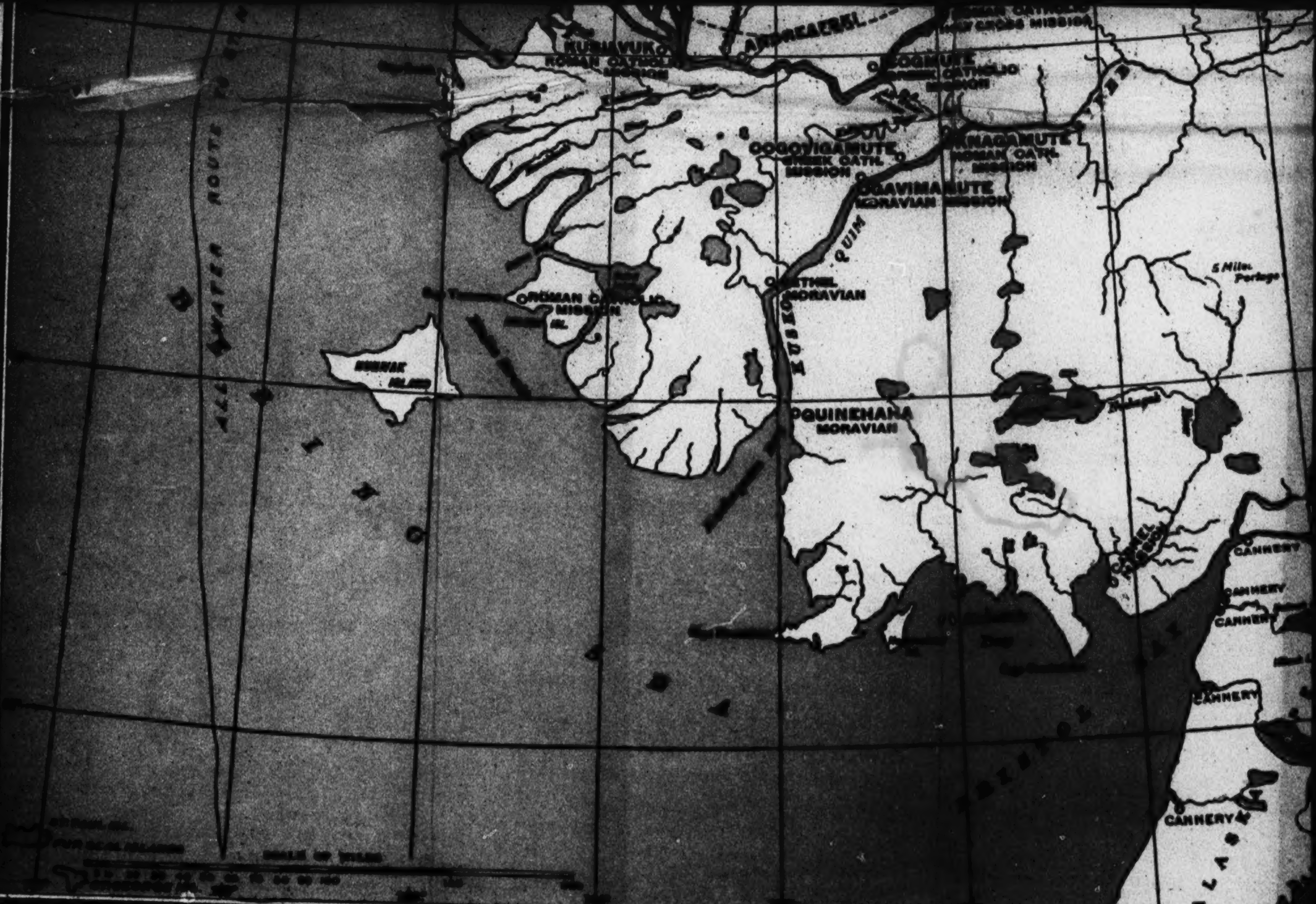
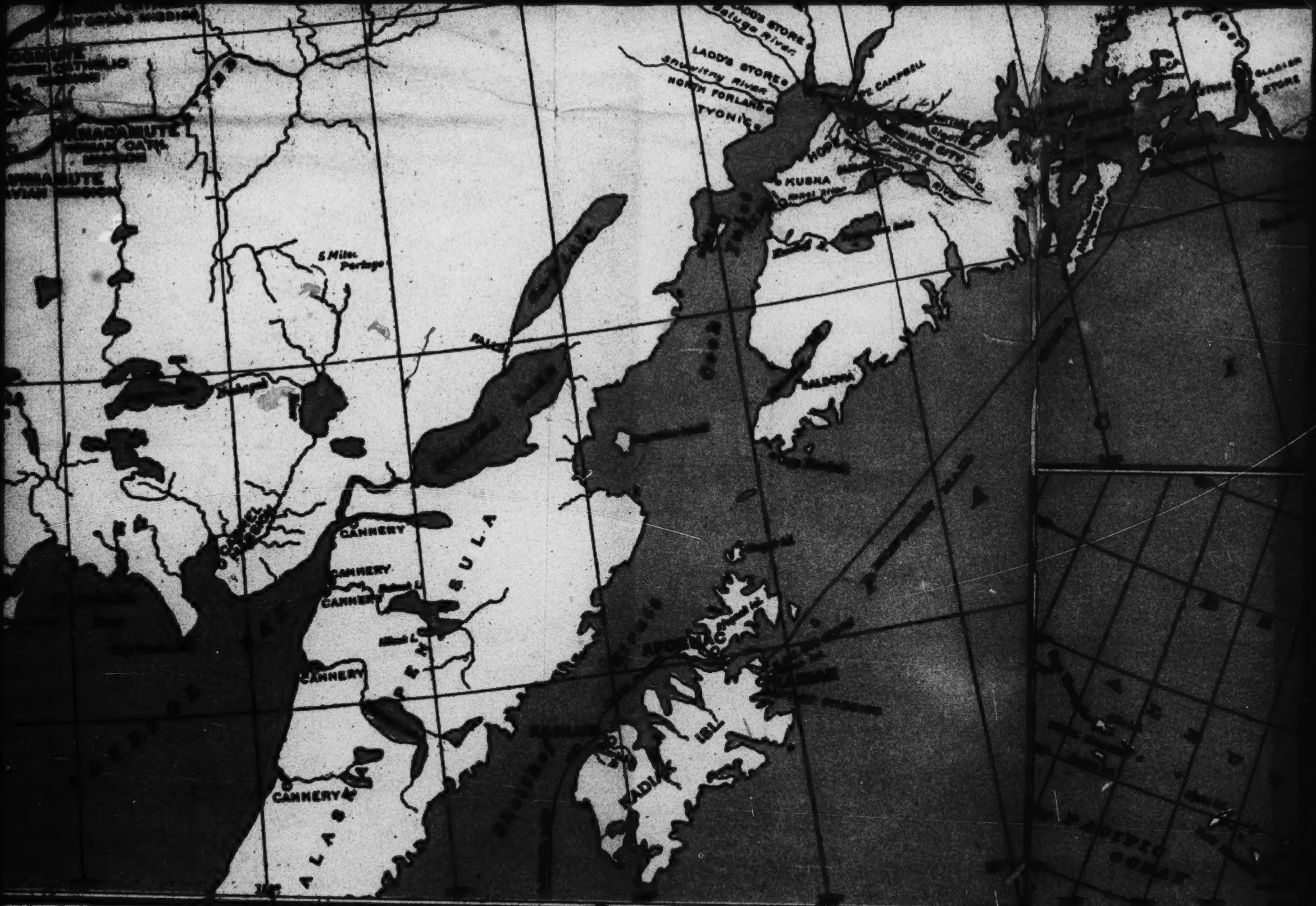

KUSILVUK
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
ANDREAFSKI
ROMAN CATHOLIC
HOLY CROSS MISSION
OGOGMUTE
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
OOGOVIGAMUTE
GREEK CATH. MISSION
KNAGAMUTE
ROMAN CATH. MISSION
OGAVIMAMUTE
MORAVIAN MISSION
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION
NUNIVAK ISLAND
BETHEL
MORAVIAN
KUSKO
QUIM
QUINEHAHA
MORAVIAN
5 Miles Portage
Nushagak
CARMEL MISSION
CANNERY
CANNERY
CANNERY
CANNERY
CANNERY
ALL WATER ROUTE TO ST. M
BERING
BRISTOL BAY
ALASKA
SCALE OF MILES

MISSION
CATHOLIC
NAGAMUTE
CATH.
MISSION
5 Miles Portage
LADD'S STORE
Beluga River
LADD'S STORE
River
NORTH FORLAND
TYONIC
FT. CAMPBELL
SUNRISE CITY
HOPE
River
KUSKA
STORE
GLACIER STORE
CANNERY
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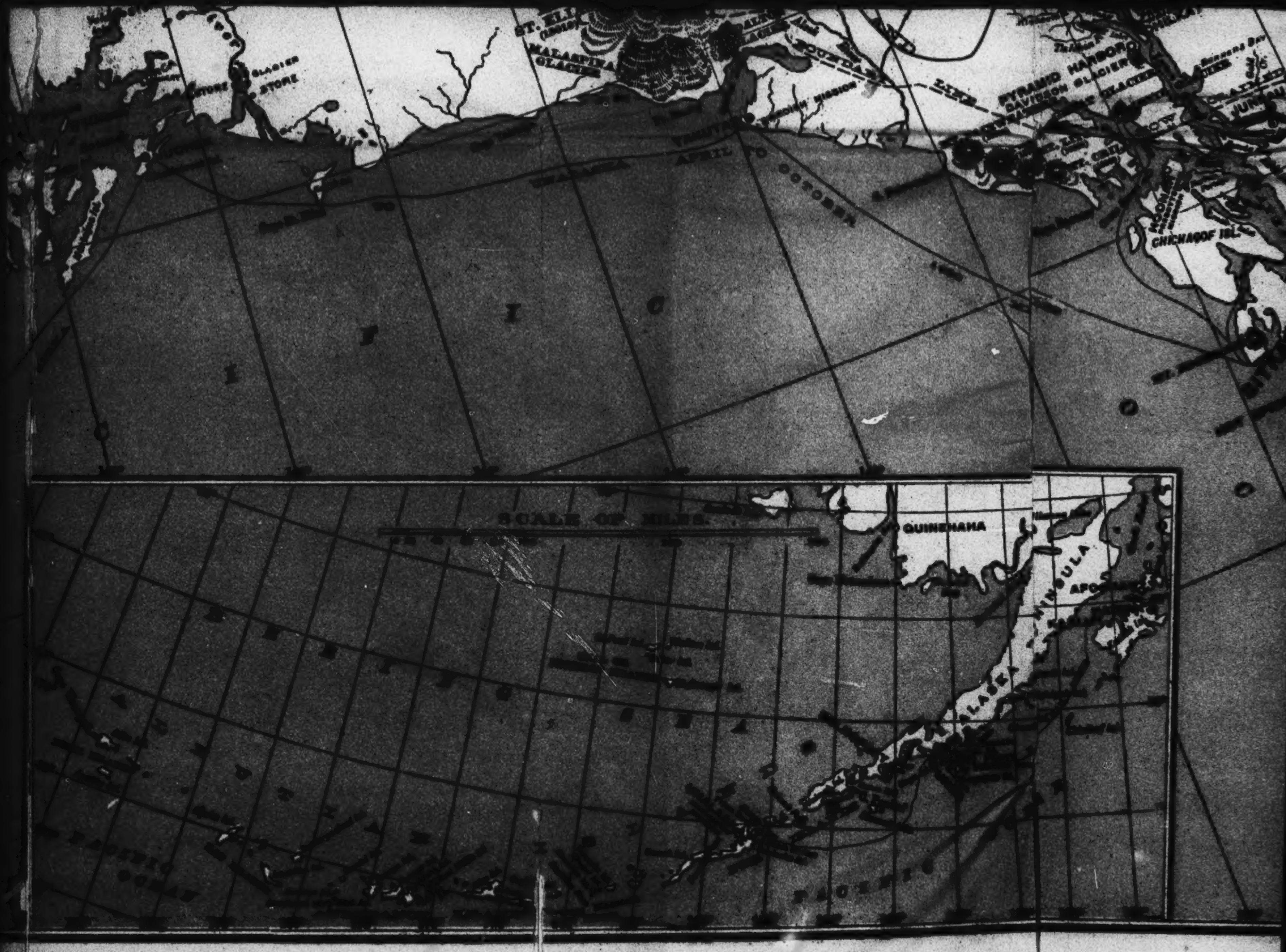
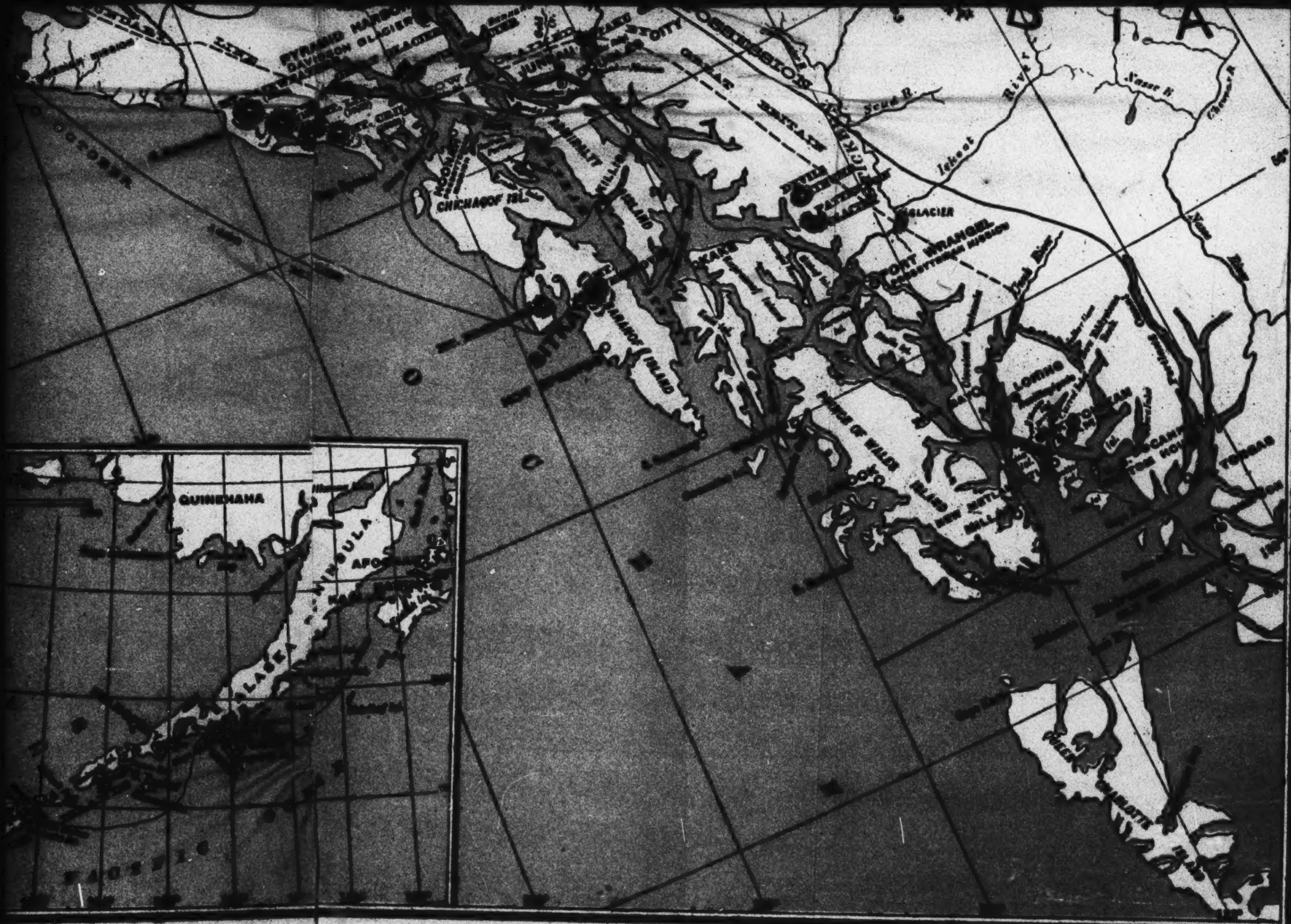
CANNERY
CANNERY
PENINSULA
ALASKA
KADIAK ISL.
PACIFIC OCEAN



ST. ELI
MALASPINA GLACIER
STORE
PYRAMID HARBOR
DAVIDSON GLACIER
GLACIER
JUNEAU
CHICHAGOF ISL.
APRIL TO OCTOBER
SCALE OF MILES.
QUINEHAHA
PENINSULA
ALASKA
PACIFIC OCEAN


B I A
PYRAMID HARBOR
DAVIDSON GLACIER
GLACIER
JUNEAU
CITY
ADMIRALTY
ISLAND
CHICHAGOF ISL.
SITKA
BARANOF ISLAND
KAKE
Scud R.
Iskoot
River
Nasse R.
Chismore R.
GLACIER
FORT WRANGEL
PRESBYTERIAN MISSION
LORING
PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND
NEW METLAKAHTLA
TONGAS
OCEAN
QUINEHAHA
PENINSULA
ALASKA
PACIFIC